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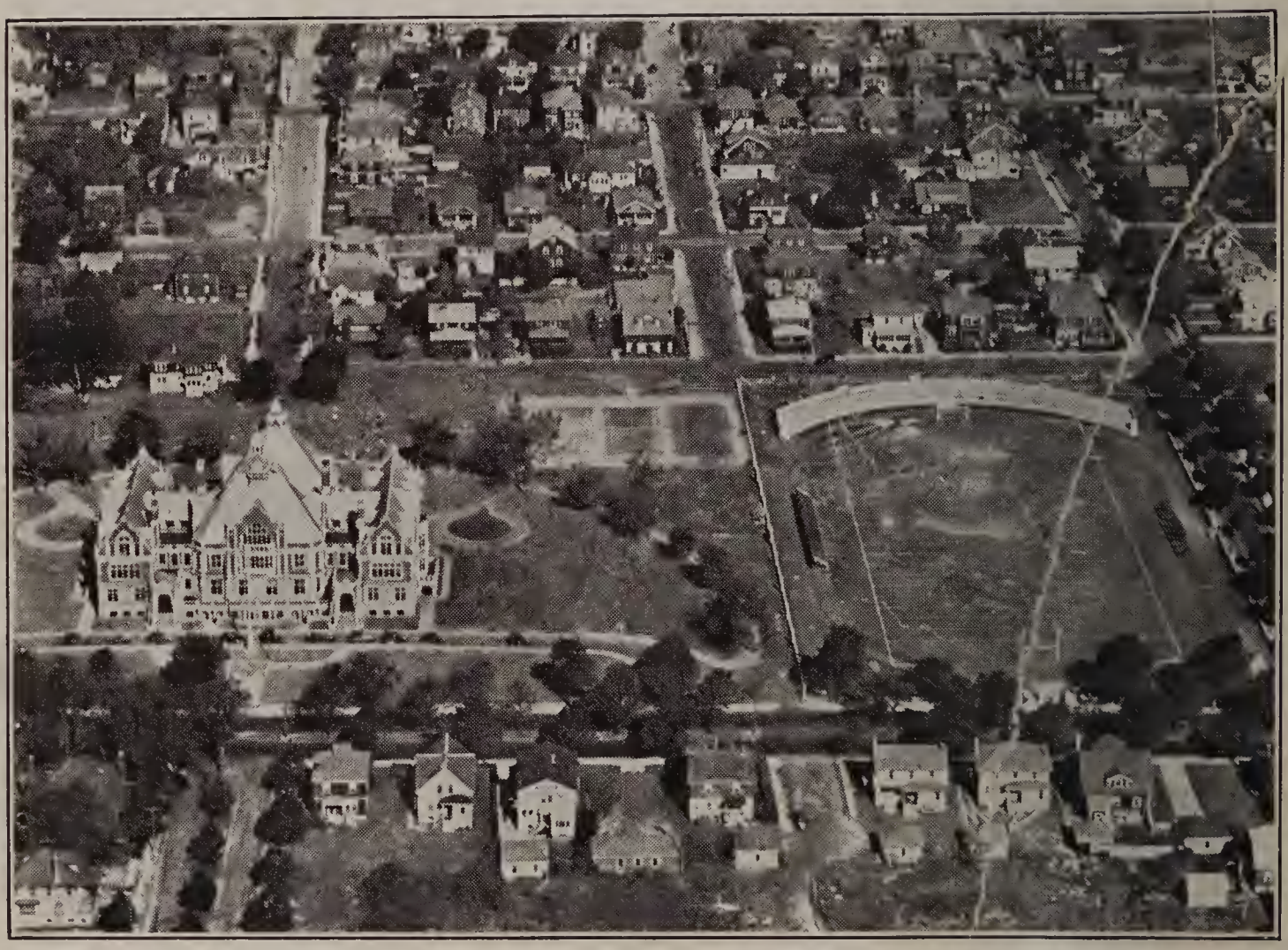
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FAIRHAVEN, MASSACHUSETTS

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Dedication 17

Editorial Staff 18

Memories of Fairhaven High School 19

Class Officers 20

The Roster of the Class of 1931 21

Jazz Songs Here and There 35

Class Prophets 36

Prophecy of the Class of 1931 37

Class Historians 44

History of the Class of 1931 45

Hero and Heroine of the Senior Play 50

Impressions of "The Poor Nut" 51

Memorable Senior Activities and Participants 1930-1931 53



To

LINN S. WELLS

A man whose advice and counsel have shown us the true spirit of cooperation, we the Editorial Staff, dedicate this issue.

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Memories of Fairhaven High School

(With acknowledgments to Samuel Woodworth)

How dear to our hearts are the memories of high school,
That Fairhaven building so splendid to view;
The classroom, the stadium, the rope-hung gymnasium,
The lunchroom where hunger its recompense knew;
The widespread green lawn and the flag that waved o'er it,
The dark-cindered track where our school heroes strove,
The hall where we gathered for singing or speeches,
And long rows of lockers where others now rove.

Sharp contests of football we've welcomed with pleasure,
And bonfires of victory have burned on our field,
Mass meetings and banquets are memories to treasure,
In thoughts of our team-men who never would yield.
How tuneful were dances 'mid soft lights and laughter!
How slowly we lingered while farewells were made!
Then headlights and starshine and moonlight came after;
The high school grew dark but our happiness stayed.

Our classrooms and lessons, ah, often we've faced them;
We've studied great authors and struggled with math.
Exams we have written and much we've erased them,
Till now we are nearing the end of school's path.
Our teachers so fine have instilled us with knowledge
Of nature, and history, and language, and such,
And ready to enter in business or college,
We're thankful for leaders who've taught us so much.

Blue skies and white clouds in the heavens remind us
Of blue and white colors beloved of our school,
We think with regret of the bright days behind us,
And sigh for those hours spent beneath high school's rule.
Like ships now we turn to strange seas we must charter,
Our courage is buoyed by the thoughts of our past,
Farewell, oh Fairhaven, revered Alma Mater!
To port all successful you'll bring us at last.

Susanne Gidley, '31.



John Plezia



James Hayes

CLASS OFFICERS

President John Plezia

Vice President James Hayes

Secretary Thomas J. Foley, Jr.

Treasurer Merritt Huckins



Thomas J. Foley, Jr.



Merritt Huckins

The Roster of the Class of 1931

ALMY, GERTRUDE M. "Gert"

"Might have gone further and fared worse."

G. A. A. 2, 3, 4. Chorus 2, 3, 4. Candy Committee of Senior Play 4.

ALMY, MARY E. "Mamie"

"Naught venture nought have."

G. A. A. 2, 3, 4. Chorus 2, 3, 4. Candy Committee of Senior Play 4.

ANDREWS, EDMUND "Eddie"

"He is hailed a conqueror of conquerors."

B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. President 4. Football 4. Tennis 1, 2, 3, 4. Captain 4. Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4. Baseball 3, 4. Track 3, 4. Vice-President of Student Council 4. Orchestra 1, 2, 3. Civics Club 2. Debating Club 3.

University of Alabama.

ASTIN, MILDRED M.

"Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt."

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3. Commercial Club 3, 4. Chorus 3, 4. Typewriting Awards 3.

AXTELL, GEORGE M. "Moody"

"He was so generally civil that nobody thanked him for it."

B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Science Club 1. Foreign Language Club 1, 2. Chorus 3, 4. Senior Play 4.

BAKER, HAROLD C. "Red"

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Science Club 1.

BAKER, LAURA A. "Josie"

"Whose armour is her honest thought
And simple truth her utmost skill."

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Science Club 1. Commercial Club 3, President 4. Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4. Basketball 2, 3. Chorus 2, 3, 4. Typewriting Certificate. Senior Play Candy Committee.

Business School.

BAKER, RALPH D. "Dasher"

"A cheerful temper joined with innocence."

B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4. Band 3, 4. Class Football 4. Service Certificate.

BELCHER, RICHARD G. "Dick"

"None but himself can be his parallel."

B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Science Club 1. Debating Club 2, 3, 4. President 4. Traffic Squad 3, 4. Lieutenant 4. Class Football 4. Chorus 4. Student Council 4. Banquet Committee 4. Senior Play.

BENNETT, DONALD T. "Don"

"He sat—wrapped in the solitude of his own originality."

B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Football 1, 3. Class Football 4. Class Basketball 4. Science Club 1. Debating Club 2. Aviation Club 3, 4. Chorus 2, 3, 4. Glee Club 4. Traffic Squad 4. Service Certificate and Pin. Student Council 1. Dance Committee 3. Senior Play.

BOSWORTH, DAVID N. "Red"

"Strong to run the race."

B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Football 1, 2, 3, 4. Track 1, 2, 3, 4. Basketball 1, 4. Baseball 1, 2. All Bristol County Half-Back 1930.

BROWN, FRANCES D. "Fran"

"Variety is the spice of life."

Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4. Captain 1. Basketball 1, Track 1, 2, 3, 4. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Cheer Leader 4. Literary Club 4. Foreign Language 2, 3. Chairman of Pin Committee 3. Science Club 1. Chorus 2, 3, 4. Traffic Squad 1, 2, 3, 4. Senior Play. Student Council 3, 4. Junior Dance Committee 3. Senior Dance Committee 4. Service Pin and Certificate. Chairman Decorating Committee 3. Freshman Initiation Committee 2, 3, 4. Decorating Committee for Brown Concert 4. Decoration Committee for Poverty Party.

BROWNE, ROBERT E. "Brownie"

"Let the world slide, let the world go;
A fig for care, and a fig for woe!"

Class President 3. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Class Football 4. Tennis 4. Science Club 1. Debating Club 2, 3, 4. Foreign Language Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Secretary 2. Literary Club Treasurer 4. Glee Club 4. Traffic Squad 4. Dance Committee 3. Student Council 1, 2, 3. Senior Play—Wisconsin Runner.

BRYANT, LILLIAN E. "Buttercup"

"A sweet attractive kind of grace
A full assurance given by lookes."

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Hockey 2. Track 2, 3. Cheer Leader 4. Civics Club 1, Commercial Club 3. Debating Club, Vice President 4. Student Council 4. Chorus 2, 3, 4. Traffic Squad 4. Debating Club Dance Committee 4. Freshmen Initiation Committee 2. Banquet Committee 4. Chorus 2, 3, 4. Typewriting pins and certificates. Punch Committee of Senior Play. Poverty Party Committee 3.

BURNS, ANNE V. "Speed"

"Great contest follows, and much learned dust
Involves the combatants."

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4. Basketball 3, 4. Track 3. Cheer Leader 4. Freshmen Initiation Committee 4. Debating Club 4. Nominating Committee of Debating Club, 4. Student Council 4. Science Club 1. Traffic Squad 4. Chairman Punch Committee of Senior Play 4. Picture Committee 4. Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4. Service Pin and Certificate.
Swain School.

BURRELL, ADELLA M. "Dell"

"She loved not wisely but too well."

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Science Club 1, Debating Club 2, Art Club 1, Foreign Language Club 1, Literary Club 4, Entertainment Committee 4, Chorus 2, 3, 4. Tennis 2. Traffic Squad 4. Costume Chairman Senior Play 4.
Art School.

BURY, EMILY "Em"

"I know on which side my bread is buttered."

Civics Club 1. Executive Committee of Commercial Club 4. G. A. A. 4. Chorus 2, 3, 4. Service Point certificate and pin. Typewriting certificates. Punch Committee of Senior Play. Business Manager of Huttlestonian 4.
Business.

42576

BUSBY, MARION S.

"Fortune, the great commandress of the world,
Hath divers ways to advance her followers:
To some she gives honor without deserving,
To other some, deserving without honor."

French Club 2, 3, 4. Latin Club 1, 2, 3. Honor Society 3, 4. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Science Club 1. Student Council 1, 2. Orchestra 1, Chorus 2, 3, 4.

Pembroke College.

CHADBOURNE, BARBARA W. "Barb"

"Nature fits all her children with something to do."

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4. Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4. Varsity 3, Track 1, 2, 3. Athletic Pin 3. Executive Committee G. A. A. 3. Cheer Leader 4. Science Club 1. Secretary Art Club 1. Foreign Language Club 2, 3. Literary Club 4 . Chorus 2, 3, 4. Traffic Squad 3. "Julia Winters" in Senior Play 4. Chairman Entertainment Committee Poverty Party. Senior Dance Committee 4. Service certificate and pin.

Massachusetts School of Art.

CORDES, ALICE L. "Allie"

"The cautious seldom err."

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Civics Club 1. Treasurer of German Club 4. Chorus 2, 3, 4. Service Pin and Certificate, Typewriting Certificate. Punch Committee Senior Play 4.

COREY, AGNES M. "Mike"

"Men of few words are the best men."

G. A. A. 2, 3, 4. Chorus 2, 3, 4.

DAVIS, MARGARET E. "Hon"

"My dear, my better half."

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 2, 3, 4. Commercial Club 3, 4. Secretary-Treasurer 4. Science Club 1. Chairman of Entertainment Committee. Typewriting Certificates. Candy Committee, Senior Play.

Business School.

DEFORGE, ALBERT J. "Snooper"

"What a frosty-spirited rogue he is."

B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Class Football 2, 4. Class Basketball 4. Class Baseball 4. Tennis Manager 4. Science Club 1. Debating Club 1, 2, 4. Glee Club 4. Chorus 3, 4. Class President 2. Civics Club 1. Service Certificate and Pin. "Hub Smith" in Senior Play 4.

University of Alabama.

DUXBURY, HARVEY L. "Abner"

"His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated."

B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Treasurer 3, 4. Vice President French Club 4. President, Science Club 1. Chorus 3, 4. Glee Club 3, 4. Traffic Squad 3, 4. "Colonel Small" in Senior Play 4. Service Certificate and Pin."

R. C. A. Radio Institute.

ENTIN, MELVIN "Kelley"

"Above the pitch, out of tune, and off the hinges."

B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Football 1, 2, 3, 4. Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4. Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4. Tennis 3, 4. Track 3, 4. Foreign Language Club 2. Chorus 2, 3, 4. Traffic Squad 2, 3, 4. Glee Club 3, 4. Service Pin and Certificate. "Doc" in Senior Play.

University of New Hampshire.

ERICSON, ERIC R. "Swede"

"He preferred to be good rather than to seem so."

B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Class Football 4. League Basketball 3, 4. Glee Club 3, 4. Science Club 1. Chorus 3, 4.

Bentley School of Accounting.

FOLEY, THOMAS J. "Jerry"

"All his faults are such that
One loves him still the better for them."

B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Football 3, 4. Class Football 4. Baseball Manager 2, 3, 4. Basketball Manager 4. Science Club 1. Debating Club 1, 4. Treasurer 1. Class Secretary 4. "Magpie Walsh" in Senior Play 4. Chorus 3, 4. Glee Club 3, 4. Traffic Squad 2. Student Council 2, 3, 4. Service Certificate and Pin. German Club 3. Bat-boy 1. Assistant Advertising Manager of Huttlestonian 1. Class Prophet 4.

North Carolina State.

FORMAN, MARION A. "Sis"

"Your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure."

G. A. A. 2, 3, 4. Secretary-Treasurer Commercial Club 3. Student Council 3. Debating Club 4. Chorus 3, 4. Traffic Squad 4. Representative to New Bedford Women's Club 4. Hockey 2, 3, 4. Basketball 3. Typewriting Certificates. Senior Play Punch Committee. Chairman, Pin Committee Debating Club.
St. Luke's Hospital.

GIANTE, ANTONE J. "Tony"

"Silence is more eloquent than words."

B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Science Club 1. German Club 3. Honor Society 3, 4. Secretary 4. Chorus 4. Service Certificate and pin.

GIDLEY, SUSANNE H. "Susy"

"Knowledge is power."

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Honor Society 3, 4. President 4. Class Secretary 2, 3. Latin Club 1, 2, 3, 4. French Club 3, 4. Literary Club 3, 4. Secretary 4. German Club 4. Service Pin and certificate. Student Council 1, 2, 3, 4. Property Manager Senior Play 4. Huttlestonian Staff 3, 4. Editor-in-Chief 4. Chorus 3, 4.
Springfield Library School.

GOGGIN, MARGARET C. "Peg"

"In everything we must consider the end."

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Track 2, 3. Hockey 1, 4. Basketball 2. Debating Club 3, 4. Chorus 2, 3, 4. Freshman Initiation Committee 4. Senior Dance Committee 4. Typewriting Certificate.

GREENHALGH, HELEN A. "Greenie"

"As merry as the day is long."

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4. Captain 3. Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4. Civics Club 1. Commercial Club 3, 4. Vice-President 3. Chorus 2, 3, 4. Typewriting Certificates. Junior Dance Committee. Senior Dance Committee.
Business.

GULARTE, ANTHONY "Tony"

"He who has lived obscurely and quietly has lived well."

G. A. A. 3, 4. Chorus 3, 4. Assistant Stage Carpenter Senior Play 4.

Seattle Fur Exchange, Seattle, Washington.

HAMMETT, EDITH C.

"A very gentle beast and of a good conscience."

G. A. A. 3, 4. Foreign Language Club 4. Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4. Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4.

Boston University.

HAYES, JAMES "Jimmie"

"A mighty man is he."

B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Football 1, 2, 3, 4. Captain 4. Track 1, 2, 3, 4. Vice-President Senior Class 4.

HILLER, RAYMOND N. "Shacky" "Hiller"

"The opinion of the strongest is not always the best."

B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Football 2, 3. Basketball 4. Baseball 4. Aviation Club 3, 4. Chorus 4. Glee Club 4. Orchestra 1, 2, 3. Assistant Stage Manager Senior Play 4. Service Certificate.

Textile School, New Bedford.

HOUGHAM, HALBERT S. "Huff"

"A moral, sensible, and well-bred man."

B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Literary Club 4. Chorus 3, 4. Banquet Committee 4. Senior Play—Ohio Runner.

University of Alabama.

HOWLAND, NELSON P. "Key"

"All things come round to him who will but wait."

B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Science Club 1. Aviation Club 3, 4.

HUCKINS, ERNEST MERRITT "Huck"

"A man that wants money."

B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Class Football 4. Class Basketball 4. Class Treasurer 3, 4. Debating Club 1, 2, 3, 4. President 3. Chorus 3, 4. Traffic Squad 3, 4. Captain 4. Student Council 2, 3, 4. President 4. Service Pin and Certificate, Senior Play—"Professor Daming".

Fitchburg Normal School.

KELLEY, LEONA B. "Nona"

"Beauty hath its source in the beautiful."

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Science Club 1. Literary Club 4. Art Club 1, 2. Chorus 2, 3, 4. Traffic Squad 4. Chairman Candy Committee Senior Play 4. Chairman of Tea Committee Literary Club Tea Dance 4. Banquet Committee 4.
Chamberlain School of Everyday Art
and Wilfred Academy.

KNOWLTON, GRACE E. "Gracie" "Racie"

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Nominating Committee 3. Cheer Leader 4. Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4. Basketball 1, 2, 3. Captain 1. Track 1, 2, 3, 4. Chairman Decorating Committee Poverty Party 4. Freshman Initiation Committee 2, 3, 4. President Civics Club 1. Foreign Language Club 2, 3. Entertainment Committee 3. Literary Club 4. Secretary-Treasurer Student Council 4. Chorus 2, 3, 4. Traffic Squad 3, 4. Lieutenant 4. Junior Dance Committee 3. Senior Dance Committee 4. Banquet Decorating Committee 3. Stage Manager Senior Play 4. Decorating Committee Brown Concert 4. Advertising Staff "Huttlestonian" 4. Service Pin and Certificate.

LOPES, ELIZABETH C. "Libby"

"A peace above all earthly dignities. A still and quiet conscience."

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Science Club 1. Art Club 3. Commercial Club 4. Hockey 3, 4. Basketball 3, 4. Service Pin and Certificate. Chorus 3, 4. Typewriting Certificates. Candy Committee Senior Play 4.
Business or Swain School.

MACDOUGALL, DEBORAH ELIZABETH "Deb"

"A workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

G. A. A. 2, 3, 4. Chorus 3, 4. Typewriting Certificate.

MILHENCH, EVELYN B. "Eve"

"We think no greater bliss than such
To be as be we would."

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Hockey 2, 3, 4. Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4. Track 3, 4. Science Club 1. Commercial Club 3, 4. Service Certificate and Pin. Typewriting Certificate. Student Council 4. Chorus 2, 3, 4. Traffic Squad 2, 3, 4. Lieutenant 3. Deputy Captain 4. Huttlestonian Staff 1. Junior Dance Committee.

MOFFETT, HONNORA E. "Nonia"

"A rose is sweeter in the budde than full blowne."

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Science Club 1, 2. German Club 4. Chorus 2, 3, 4. Traffic Squad 3, 4. Hockey 3, 4. Basketball 4.

MOSS, M. VERONICA "Arnica" "Mossy" "Ronny"

"Thought is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought."

Honor Society 3, 4. Vice President 4. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Hockey 1. Class President 1. Program Committee Civics Club 1. Literary Club 2, 3, 4. President 4. Program Committee Chairman 4. Literary Club Dance Chairman 4. Student Council 1, 2, 3, 4. Traffic Squad 4. Assistant Circulation Manager of Huttlestonian 3, 4. Candy Committee Senior Play 4. Chorus 2, 3, 4. Lunch Room 4. Service Certificate and Pin.
Boston Children's Hospital.

PACKARD, ELEANOR J. "Packy"

"Our life is what our thoughts make it."

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Civics Club 1. French Club 3. Literary Club 4. Chorus 2, 3, 4. Hockey 2, 4. Basketball 2. Track 1, 2, 3, 4. Traffic Squad 3. Assistant Property Manager Senior Play 4. Service Certificate and Pin. Typewriting Certificate.
Bridgewater Normal School.

PECKHAM, FRANCES "Fran"

"It is very small for its age."

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Hockey 2, 3, 4. Basketball 1, 2, 3. Science Club 1. Foreign Language Club 2, 3. Debating Club 4.

Pratt Institute, New York City.

PEETS, GLADYS M. "Pete"

"I do know of these
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing."

G. A. A. 4. Chorus 4.

Business.

PLANT, ALBERT E. "Al"

"Let us make hay while the sun shines."

Football 1, 2. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 2, 3, 4. Glee Club 3, 4. Senior Play.

PLEZIA, JOHN C. "Johnny" "Pollock"

"Men shiver when thou it named."

Class President 4. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Football 1, 2, 3, 4. All Bristol County Center. Coach of Class Football Champions. Basketball 2, 3, 4. Captain 4. Track 2, 3. Baseball 1, 3, 4. Chairman of Banking Committee 1. Chorus 2, 3, 4. Glee Club 2, 3, 4. Traffic Squad 3, 4. Lieutenant 4. Student Council 3, 4. Service Certificate and Pin. Senior Play—Stage Hand and in the Chorus.

Preparatory School.

PRETLOW, VIRGINIA D. "Gin"

"How sweet and gracious, even in common speech."

G. A. A. 4. Chorus 4.

RIOUX, RAYMOND H. "Rio"

"Time ripens all things. No man was born wise."

B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Football 1, 2. Basketball 1. Interclass Football 2, 4. Interclass Basketball 4. Interclass Baseball 4. Glee Club 3, 4. Chorus 2, 3, 4. Science Club 1. Civics Club 1. Literary Club 4. Orchestra 1, 2, 3. Electrician for Senior Play. "Wisconsin Runner" in Senior Play. Service Certificate and Pin.

Fitchburg Normal School.

SEQUEIRA, EVELYN "Jimmy"

"Report me and my cause aright."

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Debating Club 1, 2, 3. Literary Club 3, 4. Chorus 2, 3, 4. Traffic Squad 2, 3. Student Council 2. Hockey 1, 3, 4. Basketball 1, 3, 4. Service Certificate and Pin. Advertising Staff of Huttlestonian 1, 2. Assistant Manager 3. Manager 4. Junior Dance Committee. Senior Play—Assistant Property Manager.
Truesdale Hospital.

SMALL, WESLEY V. "Wes"

"On the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar."

B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Debating Club 1. Aviation Club 3. German Club 3. Vice-President of Literary Club 4. Chorus 4. Glee Club 4. Traffic Squad 3, 4. Student Council 2, 3. "John Miller" in Senior Play. Honor Society 3, 4. Treasurer 4. Service Certificate and Pin.
Northeastern University.

SPARE, RAYMOND V. "Ray"

"Thy wit is quick as the greyhound's mouth;
It catches."

B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Football 2, 3, 4. Manager 4. Track. Latin Club 2, 3, 4. French Club 2, 3. Treasurer 3. Literary Club 4. Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4. Traffic Squad 2, 3, 4. Chorus 2, 3, 4. Glee Club 4. Junior Dance Committee. Chairman Senior Banquet Committee. "Coach Jackson" in Senior Play. Service Pin and Certificate. Class Prophet.
Harvard University.

STONE, ELEANOR "Ellie"

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever."

G. A. A. 2, 3, 4. Basketball 2, 3, 4. Hockey 3, 4. Manager 2. Cheer leader 4. French Club 2, 3. Entertainment Committee. Literary Club 4. Program Committee. Chorus 2, 3, 4. Traffic Squad 3, 4. "Betty" in Senior Play 4. Service Pin and Certificate. Dance Committee 3, 4. Banquet Committee 4. Huttlestonian Advertising Staff 4.
Boston Children's Hospital.

STOWELL, DOROTHY H. "Dot"

"My mind to me a kingdom is,
Such present joys therein I find."

G. A. A. 2, 3, 4. Treasurer 4. Hockey 3. Civics Club 1. Literary Club 2. Commercial Club 3, 4. Executive Committee 3. Program Committee 4. Service Pin and Certificate. Typewriting Pins and Certificate. Chorus 2, 3, 4. Student Council 3. Bank. Lunch Room. Punch Committee of Senior Play. Honor Society 3, 4.

STUBBS, HARRY K. "Stubby"

"My fair one, let us swear an eternal friendship."

B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Football 1, 2, 3, 4. Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4. Track 2, 3, 4. Baseball 3, 4. Chorus 4. Stage Hand Senior Play 4. Varsity Letter Club. Civics Club 2. Debating Club 3. Service Certificate and Pin.

University of Alabama.

SYLVIA, ALICE I. "Allie" "Al"

"No Spring nor Summer Beauty hath such grace."

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Hockey 1, 2, 3. Track 2, 3. Cheerleader 1, 2, 3, 4. Head Cheerleader 4. Vice-President of G. A. A. 4. Chorus 2, 3, 4. Chairman of Freshman Initiation Committee 4. Senior Banquet Committee 4. Service Certificate. Senior Play—Prompter.

SYLVIA, FRANK F. "Toughy"

"He knows what is what."

B. A. A. 2, 3, 4. Vice-President 4. Baseball 2, 3, 4. Track 2, 3, 4. Football 2, 3, 4. Basketball 2, 3. Coach of Sophomore Football Team. All Bristol County End 3, 4. Chorus 2, 3, 4.

SYLVIA, FREDERICK W. "Freddie"

"A cheerful temper, . . . and wit good-natured."

B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Class Football 3. Football 2, 3. League Basketball 3, 4. Chorus 3, 4. Glee Club 3, 4. Band 4. Usher at Senior Play 2, 3. Stage Carpenter 4.

TEIXEIRA, LESTER "Tex"

"By the work one knows the workman."

B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. League Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4. Track Manager 3. Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4. Traffic Squad 3, 4. Service Certificate and Pin. Chairman Senior Dance Committee. Junior Dance Committee.

VINCENT, ALICE G. "Al"

"He is well paid that is well satisfied."

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Civics Club 1. French Club 3.
Normal School.

WILDE, IRVING C. "Vink"

"Every age has its pleasures."

B. A. A. 3, 4. Aviation Club 3. Literary Club 4. Chorus 3, 4. Orchestra 3, 4. "Spike Hoyt" in Senior Play 4. Dance Committee Chairman 4. Student Council 4. Service Pin and Certificate. Class Basketball 4. Class Football 4. Decorating Committee for Brown Concert 4. Glee Club 3.
University of Alabama.

WILSON, FLORENCE G. "Flossie"

"Who to himself is law no law doth need."

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4. Captain 2. Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4. Captain 4. Varsity Captain 4. Civics Club 1. Commercial Club 4. Typewriting Pins and Certificates 4. Chorus 2, 3, 4. Senior Play Candy Committee.

WLODYKA, WALTER "Walt"

"Most people judge men only by success or fortune."

B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Football 1, 4. Track 3, 4. Typewriting Certificate.

WORTH, SARAH T. "Sal"

Or light or dark, or short or tall,
She sets a springe to snare them all."

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Hockey 1. Civics Club 1. Literary Club 2. Debating Club 3, 4. Chorus 2, 3, 4. Traffic Squad 3, 4. Student Council 4. "Reggie" in Senior Play 4. Service Pin and Certificate.

YORK, OREN S. "Yorkie"

"Such and so various are the tastes of men."

B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Football 1, 2, 3, 4. Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4. Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4. Track 3, 4. Student Council 3, 4. Varsity Club 4. Typewriting certificate. Science Club 1. Chorus 2, 3, 4. Traffic Squad 4.
Springfield.

Jazz Songs Here and There

As one gazes around the College English Class, observing the various characteristics of each member, strains of familiar jazz tunes—quite appropriate to the individuals in question — come to mind. Let us listen to a concert of these popular pieces:

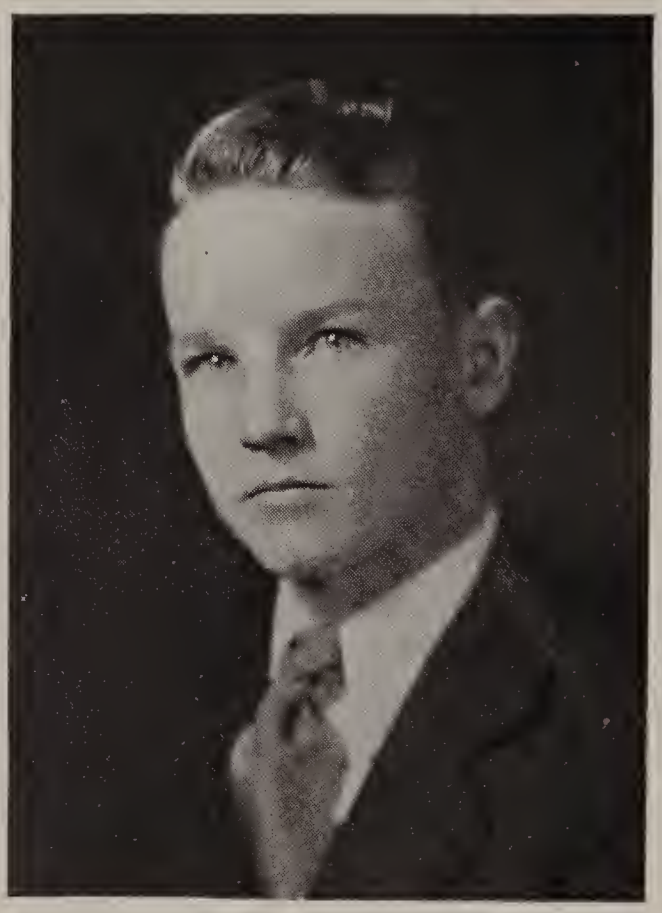
Frances Brown "Chasing Rainbows."
Eleanor Stone "Out of Nowhere" (Mattapoisett).
Helen Burns "Ploddin' Along."
Grace Knowlton "I Got Rhythm."
Helen Williams "Two Brown Eyes"
Irving Wilde "Just a Giggolo."
Raymond Spare "King of Jazz."
Marion Busby "You're You."
Susanne Gidley "Have a Little Faith In Me."
Eleanor Packard "Bidin' My Time."
Jerry Foley "Laughing At Life."
Wesley Small "What's the Use."
Melvin Entin "Ho Hum."
Albert DeForge "Little Things in Life."
Antone Giante "Deep Waters."
Edith Hammett "I'd Like a Little Girl Like That."
Edwin Walsh "Let's Get Friendly."
Donald Bennett "Sleepy Valley."
Edmund Andrews "Little White Lies."
Robert Browne "Smile, Darn You, Smile."
Harry Stubbs "A Gay Caballero."
Virginia Pretlow "Dinah."
Harvey Duxbury "Hand Me Down My Walking Cane."

As we stroll from the English Class into Room 7, tuneful melodies swirl in our brains at the sight of such busy students as:

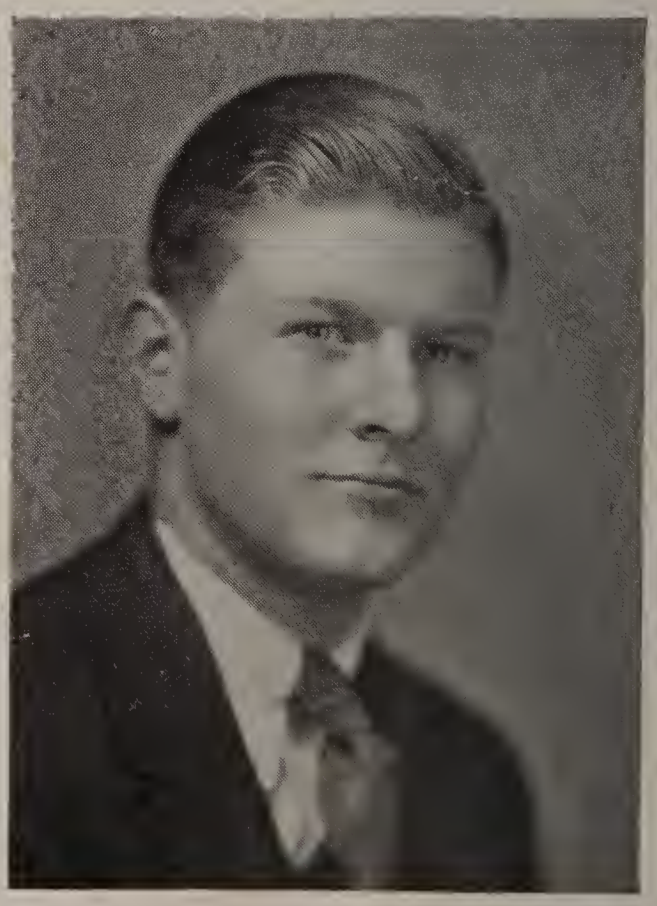
Veronica Moss "I Don't Mind Walking in the Rain."
Richard Belcher "A Cheerful Little Earful."
Marion Forman "Here Comes the Sun."
Adella Burrell "Song of the Dawn."
James Hayes "Sonny Boy."
Leona Kelley "You're Simply Delish."

(Concluded on page 49)

CLASS PROPHETS



Thomas J. Foley, Jr.



Raymond V. Spare

Prophecy of the Class of 1931

Being two wealthy and confirmed bachelors whose traveling had taken us over many seas, it was only natural after a while that maritime sights ceased to fascinate our minds. The girls had been a source of constant worry to us for fictitious stories had appeared frequently in the newspapers announcing our engagements et cetera. At length, thoroughly disgusted with the females and the tabloids in general, our cry was "To the hills or bust". Those beautiful Cumberland hills, located in the heart of Kentucky were our choice — a spot where men were men and women didn't count for anything either.

After a brief trip in the "Flying Comet" we arrived at the Saunder's Hotel, a hostelry whose wholesome food and good service easily overbalanced the accustomed luxuries. The meals there brought back remembrances of our high school dishes. They had calories galore! Upon arising from the table, we decided to take a short walk in order that the inhabitant's speech and the small gardens might be enjoyed. As we strolled from one curiosity to another, our hearts were enraptured by this crude but happy colony of mountaineers. Bachelors, unlike their married brothers, always have that fine opportunity of viewing Mother Nature and her subjects at will.

Suddenly, drops of water were felt. Due to this nebulos condition of the atmosphere, we prognosticated that an alluvial precipitation was imminent. At the same instant our wandering pupils caught sight of the sign W. F. P. C. "hits" with Movietone. Impossible, we thought, for a village of this size would not have a theatre! Nevertheless, it was true, and when we had regained our senses we were able to read the weekly attraction, our faculties were plunged into a greater stupor. Upon re-establishing our equilibriums, we immediately bought two tickets, entered the amusement house, found two seats from which nails protruded at all angles, and sat down wishing we possessed a suit of armor.

Finally the feature appeared on the screen, and as we know you're all waiting attentive and silent, kindly remember that great men must never be hurried. In a moment a magnificent spectacle had begun. It read, "Intimate Revelations of the Class of '31".

Photographer — Halbert Hougham

Found Man — Harry Stubbs

Master of Ceremonies — Frederick Sylvia
Distributed by Wilde Flower Picture Corp., Irving C. Wilde, President.

These four names greeted our eyes, and instantly this thought ran through our brains, "Trust those fellows to locate wherever beauties are numerous". After a brief pause, that well known barking voice of Freddie Sylvia explained that the first scene would take us to Canton, Arkansas. A group of college buildings appeared, and as the camera brought us closer to the campus we were able to perceive the sign "BEDLAM SCHOOL FOR GIRLS" which hung on the arch over the entrance. What an appropriate title, we thought, and then wondering needlessly who the ambitious principal was, our curiosities were satisfied when we were shown into the head office. There our eyes feasted on Marion Busby and Veronica Moss deeply engrossed in conversation, and looking most efficient in stiff high collared uniforms. Over in the corner were Dorothy Stowell and Alice Cordex dressed less formally, pounding on typewriters. The first two we were told were the Head Mistresses and the latter two were their private secretaries. Thost girls certainly have changed their careers greatly! In the next room was another person — a man! Who was he? Why Antone Giante the linguist, Professor of Modern Languages! The real background for the ingenious school name next reached our ears in voluminous intensity. Out on the athletic field Barbara Chadbourne was instructing her young, but handsome protegees, in the finer rudiments of hockey. We were surely surprised, but the prominent voice of the silver screen relieved the tension when he added that married women were allowed to teach in Arkansas, and also that the Frigidaire business was booming.

We were then transported to the water front of New Orleans. Immediately a large ocean liner caught our eyes, and there on the bridge of the ship was a man surveying the final loading of the craft. He was evidently the captain, for on his cuffs were four gold stripes—the symbol of supreme command. As he turned to look in our direction we saw that it was Swede Axtell. On seeing the camera man, Swede opened his mouth in amazement, and down dropped a dark object into the ocean! While we were wondering if his mother knew he chewed tobacco, who should come up upon the bridge but "Abner" Duxbury. His wireless emblem clearly showed him to be Chief Radio Operator, and then we remembered reading about his heroic work on the ill-fated "Nell of the West" which went down several months before.

However, it was through Abner's tireless vigil at his set that the rescuers were able to save all hands on board. Abner received his order and promptly took his leave. Just as Captain Axtell let out a bellowing command, in that lady-like voice of his, which blew out two tires on a machine parked on the dock, who should come up to the pilot house but Leif Erickson. Leif must be the quarter-master, we thought, for he quickly took his place behind the wheel. Final commands were given and this gigantic super structure, "President Roosevelt," bound for Rio de Janeiro, started slowly down the river.

As the ship set sail there was a general air of relief. Stevedores were regaining their lost energy and the intensity of the noise decreased fifty per cent. A man appeared, mopping his forehead; a clay pipe was stuck between his teeth. It was Jimmy Hayes, Chief Foreman of the Wharf-fingers. His assistant was Nelson Howland. Nellie still had his agile and acrobatic ways, and Freddie said that this little fellow now had quite a way with the women.

In the next scene we were given passage in an airplane which was headed over the Mississippi delta. With a sudden dive we were carried within a few hundred feet of the Green Shoals Light Station. Our guide explained that this was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Oren York. Mrs. York was formerly Miss Evelyn Milhench. How those Swedes do like the salty brine! (Landlubbers, this is not candy!) As we left this happy domicile the plane headed back to New Orleans for quite a gale had sprung up. White caps were present on the waves, and the small fishing boats were having difficulty in making port. The "President Roosevelt" was met once again, and as the air craft circled the steamer, it was easy to see that many passengers were afraid that little something now had control of their constitutions. Everyone had a desperate grip on the lee rail. In this group we recognized those four inseparables from Mattapoisett, Mary and Gertrude Almy, Agnes Corey, and Edith Hammett. Poor things! Well, one of those travelers must be satisfied, for one is not able to contract dogwood poisoning at sea!

"Salt Lake City will be our next stop", quoth little Ferdy. Here, four out of five have it! We thought Westerners always had good teeth, but our devilish jester pulled a very fast one on us when he supplied the sentence, "Pyorrhea is extinct but it is no small wonder that Mrs. Wesley Small, the former Miss Eleanor Packard, has such a hectic life trying to keep an eye on her husband". Our eyes then read the sign WESLEY V. SMALL, HYDRAULIC ENGINEER. CONSUL-

TATION FREE. Inside this building was a busy office. Helen Greenhalgh and Margaret Goggin were industriously working on accounts. Such a place for these angelic girls! Over in one corner sat Edwin Walsh with his feet propped up on the desk. We were told that Eddie was Wesley's assistant and that now his excellence in mathematics served him in good stead. That short staccato laugh was heard in the next room, and the camera then showed us "he" of the outward turned libido and the twinkling eyes. Guess someone must have told him a joke three hours ago!

Across the street was a Navy Recruiting Station. There we saw the former Miss Lillian Bryant drying her hair while she reclined in an easy chair. All this was taking place in her back yard. A naval officer's wife, you know, must always be beautiful.

From Salt Lake City to Yukon Center, Alaska was quite a jump. Nevertheless, totem poles must be viewed. Anthony Goularte and Donald Bennett, Wholesalers and Retailers in Alaskan Totem Poles, were the big business men. They started the fad of having barbers substitute these samples of ancient art in place of the customary red and white poles, and they made a fortune, according to our announcer. Alice Vincent was visiting her brother-in-law at the time, and Tony told us that she could always be counted on to make those Alaskan Indians spend an extra dollar or two, of their Saturday night pay, on the choice brand of Alaskan Red Flannels, which they sell as a sideline.

A water scene next appeared. It was a race! Two boats were out in front — whaling dories — and the background looked like the New Bedford Municipal Bathing Beach. Who were those two coxswains? Why, Red Bosworth and Walt Wlodyka of the Bosworth Cuttyhunk Sea Food Corporation and the Harbor View Fishermen's Association. Once again those two organizations are rivals. If they are not fighting over supremacy in crew races then it is for quahog and bottled fish claims. It's too bad that those nice men can't eat together under the same roof without ordering a new set of crockery for future use. Mrs. George Stetson, the former Miss Leona Kelley, was seen on the judges' boat cheering loudly with her deep bass voice. Labor Day is still a grand occasion in Southeastern Massachusetts.

Baker, Baker & Baker, Delicatessen Store, namely, Ralph, Harold, and Laura then appeared on the screen. This store was located on the Fairhaven-New Bedford bridge. Fred explained that Laura looked after the bakery while the others built up the fresh meat and grocery

business. Between this large market and the Buick agency we saw Adella Burrell and Virginia Pretlow pulling taffy. Their candy store was similar to that of Mildred Astin's and Deborah McDougall's. However, soft drinks are sold at the latter. They have the concession to serve the members at the Herring Weir Tennis Club in Mattapoisett, to which town the scene now shifted.

Sylvia's Advertising Agency first met our glance. Imagine Toughy deeply enwrapped in this sort of work! His models for pictures were Mrs. McGowan, formerly Miss Grace Knowlton, Honora Moffett, and Margaret Davis. Freddie secretly explained that the first model's husband was not entirely in agreement with the way that his wife was using her spare time. Nevertheless, figures will always be in demand. Just ask Emily Bury and Gladys Peets, Toughy's secretaries. Accounts would be useless without them.

Marion Forman we saw next diligently working in the office of the "Mattapoisett Clarion". She is the home columnist. Mothers find their troubles greatly alleviated due to the helpfulness of this writer. Florence Wilson and Elizabeth Lopes easily showed us they were capable typists by their gum chewing, incessant chatter, and powdered noses.

Mr. Sylvia next informed us that we were to view an exclusive reproduction of the first television broadcast from the new million dollar studio in that sleepy town on the shores of Buzzards Bay — Mattapoisett. Mel Entin addressed the world in opening the political campaign of 1944. He was on the stump for the Honorable Richard Belcher, who was running for Mayor of Mattapoisett. Richard Belcher, much to our regret, had transferred his residence to that town.

Leaving Mattapoisett, we were taken to the campus of Colby College in Maine. Coach Eddie Andrews was leading his men in three laps around the field. We were told that the former pupil was a rival of his teacher, Linn S. Wells, who was coach at Fairhaven High School from 1929 to 1931, and who has held the head coaching position at Bowdoin College, Maine, for many years.

Freddie carried us along with him to a visit on Broadway. We entered, with the camera as our guide, into Earl Carrol's Theatre where Sally Worth, starring in the latest Broadway production, "April Fools are Born in March", stepped forward out of character, and in a few brief words explained to us that she owes her success to tutelage received while under Miss Siebert.

Out of the theater, and into the spotless kitchen of the New Waldorf Historia. Harold Weeks, a connoisseur of the culinary art, a chef! Monsieur Weeks explained to us in careful French how to prepare frog legs a la hop.

The bright lights were on; we followed in their path to the most fashionable night club in New York — North Polar. Eleanor Stone, the delightful hostess, was assisted by Lester Texeira. Lester was a gigolo. Mr. Sylvia explained to us that Lester introduced gigolos in the United States. Miss Stone pointed out the cigarette girl whom we immediately recognized as Frances Peckham, and the check girl, with a wad of gum in her mouth, was Anne Burns. Alice Sylvia who crooned "Sugar Baby" received a large amount of applause after concluding her number. After that demonstration the camera beat it, and so of course we followed.

The next scene opened in Madison Square Garden, where we were entertained by Mr. John Plezia, Champion Cow Milker of the universe. Mr. Plezia informed us that he was able to supply one with any flavor upon a week's notice.

On the way into a beauty parlor on Fifth Avenue, the camera's vision was blocked by a queer spectacle, an officer of the law and a peanut vendor trying to see which one could make the most noise. In a close-up we recognized the officer as Al Plant, and the vendor of ye humble peanut as Raymond Hiller, once a great saxaphonist. Officer Plant finally lost the contest. His face became so hot from blowing his whistle that his whiskers caught on fire. Raymond's voice rising in ever increasing crescendo and ably assisted by his peanut whistle, easily won the contest.

In the beauty parlor we found, to our surprise, the former Miss Francis Brown in the chair undergoing an overhauling at the hands of Helen Williams. Freddie told us that Mrs. Pin Head (Miss Brown) was the wife of the safety pin manufacturer. Mademoiselle Williams also valued among her clientele, several business men who appeared every day for a manicure.

Along fashionable Fifth Avenue we journeyed with ease until a sight met our eyes which we will remember for a long time. A huge sign rose above us — RIOUX ACCOUTER AND EMBELLISHER. All costumes worn in this picture were creations of Mr. Rioux, — prince of all dressmakers!

On the corner of Seventh Avenue and Thirty-Third Street the camera wavered for a moment and then came to a halt, focusing on the figure of Snooper DeForge. Mr. Albert James DeForge, Junior, was a super-sleuth in the employ of Merritt Huckins, Professor of Criminology. Following closely upon the heels of Detective Sargent Snooper DeForge came the brains of the department — Susanne Gidley.. She had just discovered that Snooper was losing his footsteps. Professor Huckins was famed for his solution involving the disappearance of a million dollars from his own pocket. On her vacation, Miss Gidley was a motorcycle-cop in her home town.

The smiling face of Robert Browne the drug store cowboy appeared. But alas! Before we were able to ascertain what had become of Mr. Browne the film went up in flames. History had repeated itself, for we remembered that while posing for a photographer many years ago, he had broken the camera. We learned that the film was burned beyond repair. The lights were turned on and we left the theater, sadder but wiser.

Now that we have told you our little story, we hope that you will forgive us for this excuse for a prophecy, but it was only ecstasy, that precipitated such uncalled-for bizarre statements. If you wish to complain — telegraph, write, phone, radio, or wireless, but do not call in person. You will not be admitted over the threshold of our sanctums! Also, do not expect immediate replies, for although we are fast, we are slow when it comes to answering unkind letters.

Wesley Small, '31.
Raymond V. Spare, '31.

CLASS HISTORIANS



Susanne Gidley



Sally Worth

History of the Class of 1931

How dim and distant seems that sunny September day, when we, members of the class of 1931, entered Room 7 in Fairhaven High School for four years of study and good times. During our second month there, we elected class officers — Veronica Moss was our president, Marjorie Seymour, the vice-president, Gordon Eldred, secretary, and Craig Spangenberg, treasurer.

During our first football season here, at the De La Salle game, two of our number were commended — "Two freshmen, Hayes and Bosworth, started this game and gave promise of developing very well".

Ours was the first freshman class to enjoy an enlarged traffic system and the new club day scheme whereby every other Monday morning, the first period was set aside for meetings of the various organizations.

With cooler October days came initiation day — we girls created a great sensation in the classrooms, for our hair was one mass of tiny pigtails and vari-colored ribbons, our legs modestly encased in black cotton gym stockings, and name tags were pinned to our embarrassed backs. We felt more comfortable, though, as we sat down with bibs at lunch, when our masculine classmates were forced to march lockstep around the lunchroom.

Literary talent was noticeable this year, for Evelyn Milhench and "Jerry" Foley took their places as advertising editors on the "Huttlestonian" staff, while Marge Seymour's and Susanne Gidley's humble contributions were published on that magazine's pages.

The outstanding social event of our freshman year was our party —an undoubted success managed by Sally Worth as Chairman. Games, dancing, and refreshments were enjoyed under the eye of several faculty chaperones.

Our sophomore year was rather uneventful except that we have the distinction of being 100% healthy according to Dr. Thompson's examination.

1930

In 1930 the Class Officers were:

Robert Browne — President.

James Hayes, — Vice President.

Susanne Gidley — Secretary.

Merritt Huckins — Treasurer.

We were well represented on the staff of the "Huttlestonian" by Veronica Moss, Evelyn Sequira, Susanne Gidley, and Craig Spangenberg, whose cheerful grin and bright humor are still remembered though he is way out in Michigan.

Then there were sports. Chief among our football stars were: Tuffy Sylvia, Mel Entin, (Mattapoisett's gifts to football), Johnny Plezia, Walt Wlodyka, Harry Stubbs, Red Bosworth, and Jimmy Hayes who captained our outfit in 1931. Eddie Andrews, Mel Entin, and Johnny Plezia made the Varsity Basketball team. The group of Seniors participating in track events were: Johnny "Nize Day" Plezia, Walt Wlodyka, Red Bosworth, Jimmy Hayes and Tuffy Sylvia. They have done much to make our track team one of which we are justly proud.

Our one soiree was the Junior Prom or the "Bohemian Fantasy" as it was also known. This was both a social and a financial success. It also gave us the experience in running dances which has been such an asset this year.

The Student Council members were: Fran Brown, Suzanne Gidley, Wesley Small, Merritt Huckins, and Marion Forman.

The close of the Junior year was welcomed, though rather reluctantly.

1931

After our long vacation, we came trooping back — all tanned and eager to begin our "Big Year".

The class was led by:

Johnny Plezia — President.

Jimmy Hayes — Vice President.

Jerry Foley — Secretary.

Merritt Huckins — Treasurer.

The Senior members of the Student Council were: Gracie Knowlton, Anne Burns, Lillian Bryant, Fran Brown, Sally Worth, Eddie Andrews, Richard Belcher, and Merritt Huckins, who was also President of the Council.

Gradually the days became cooler. The boys soon donned their sweat shirts and shoulder pads. Every sunny afternoon they practised football, gradually getting into such perfect form that on November 1 in the Big Game, our boys downed New Bedford, our friendly (?) rivals, 18-6. Whatta game! ! We turned in a clean schedule at the end of the season — 8 victories and 1 defeat, that from Boston College High School.

The Traffic Squad, captained by Merritt Huckins, was large and successful. "Faster, please", and "Stop talking" have become the horror of the undergraduates.

In the Honor Society we find the brilliance of the class, for Suzanne Gidley is President, with Veronica Moss as Vice-President, Antone Giante, Secretary; and Wesley Small, Treasurer. Other Senior members are Dorothy Stowell and Marion Busby.

The Debating Club sponsored a dance, something which has never been attempted in the past or shall be in the future, 'tis said. It was a financial, if not a social success! The members of the dance committee were: Anne Burns, Chairman; Lillian Bryant, Frances Peckham, Sally Worth, Jerry Foley, and Richard Belcher, who is the Club President.

Finally came the Senior Play so dear to the hearts of the Seniors. It was soon announced that Wesley Small was to have the title role with Helen Williams to play opposite him. Other members of the cast were: "Barb" Chadbourne, El Stone, Fran Brown, Sally Worth, Jerry Foley, Merritt Huckins, Irving Wilde, Harvey Duxbury, Dick Belcher, Albert DeForge, Jr., Ray Spare, Mel Entin, Moody Axtell, Al Plant, Raymond Rioux, Halbert Hougham, and Robert Browne. Just before the play there were rumors that unless we made money on this "big job"; our banquet would be held at the Waldorf! Equal to the occasion as always, the class as a whole scurried around and as a result, the house was sold out. After the play there was a party at the Tabitha Inn for members of the cast and their guests. Miss Siebert was presented with a gold-piece in appreciation for her invaluable help with the production. Everyone had such an enjoyable time that it was 2:00 A. M. before going home was even thought of.

In February, the Student Council sponsored the Brown University Glee Club Concert which was a very enjoyable affair. In March the Harvard Club of New Bedford brought the Harvard Musical Clubs to Fairhaven for the benefit of the Scholarship Loan Fund.

This Spring, for the first time, Fairhaven entered into the Oratorical Contest which is under the auspices of the New Bedford Times. In fact, we were so well represented that Dick Belcher walked away with the district championship and a fancy bronze medal. Good work, Dick! And while we're speaking of celebrities, we musn't forget Eddie Andrews who was alternate of the Massachusetts State tennis finals. We understand that Eddie is also a great ping-pong player!

The Senior Dance Committee of which Fran Brown, Margaret Goggin, Gracie Knowlton, Lester Teixieria and Irving Wilde are members, deserve a rising vote of thanks for the excellent manner in which they have conducted past dances.

In April, the Banquet Committee was chosen (now that the Waldorf was not our fate) being made up of Leona Kelly, Lillian Bryant, Ray Spare, and Dick Belcher. They have decided with the aid of Mr. Dickey, that the banquet will be held, as usual, at the New Bedford Hotel.

On April 13th Susanne Gidley and Sally Worth were chosen Class Historians while Jerry Foley and Ray Spare are the Class Prophets.



(Concluded from page 35)

Giggling, whispering, throwing notes, or gazing soulfully at that famous be-cherubed ceiling in that haunt of frightened freshmen are these scintillating personalities:

Anne Burns "Turn On the Heat."
Helen Greenhalgh "I Miss a Little Miss."
Merritt Huckins "Somebody Stole My Gal."
Alice Sylvia "Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone."
Frederick Sylvia "I'm Tickled Pink With A Blue-Eyed Baby."
Sally Worth "You're Driving Me Crazy."
John Plezia "Where the Shy Little Violets Grow."

And now, as everyone returns to his home room, and delicious odors drift up from the lunchroom, the music grows soft in the distance . . . the concert is over.

HERO AND HEROINE OF THE SENIOR PLAY



Helen S. Williams



Wesley V. Small

Impressions of "The Poor Nut"

BY THE POOR NUT

On the evening of March sixth, the senior class presented the three-act comedy, "The Poor Nut" written by J. C. Nugent and Elliot Nugent. The large cast arrived early in order that all might have their make-up put on in time. I, for one, was bothered by the lipstick, most of which I had licked off and consumed before the end of the first act.

When the curtain rose, Harvey Duxbury, the gruff old Colonel Small, proprietor of The University Bookstore, greeted, in his domineering way, Miss Helen Williams, who took the part of Marjorie Blake.

My cue came, and I arrived on the scene with a little nervousness which, however, immediately left me, not to return. Margie Blake, sweetly dispositioned and understanding, soon saw how shy and inferior feeling John Miller was.. I played as John, the young botany student at Ohio State University.

From the wings I watched the admirable and whole-hearted acting of Miss Williams and of Miss Barbara Chadbourne, the forceful and beautiful Julia Winters, Margie's friend. Then came Spike Hoyt, the aggressive Wisconsin athlete whose part was extremely well played by Irving Wilde. Later, Jerry Foley in the character of Magpie Welsh and Albert DeForge in that of Hub Smith, two happy-go-lucky wise-cracking collegians, breezed in, and very airily enveigled the unobtrusive John into a one-sided bargain involving a quantity of rather shadily acquired books.

Conversation was interrupted by Raymond Spare, the hard-boiled Coach Jackson, and Richard Belcher who was Wallie Pierce, the good-looking Ohio State athlete.

Alone with Margie, John disclosed to her that he coveted the honors of a Psi Sigma man. But a mortifying accident with noodle soup, in the presence of Spike Hoyt at a certain dinner at the Psi Sigma house, had so affected him that he had ever since felt very sensitive and humiliated. He also admitted that he had corresponded with Julia Winters, whose picture as a beauty prize winner, was in the newspapers. When Julia saw the real John she was amazed at his appearance and disgusted, but when he was forced to run in the relay and quarter mile in the next day's race, her attitude changed. She analyzed his psychic being, and tried to show him how to be rid of his inferiority complex.

As a climax, she promised to marry him if he beat Spike, who had been her beau in the race. Poor John tried to feign happiness, but Margie plainly showed her disappointment.

The next day in the trainer's tent, John was whipped into determination to win the race by Coach Jackson's tongue-lashing, and was further helped by Margie's sympathy. Melvin Entin played very well as Doc Spurney, the trainer, although he had been rehearsing but a week.

By John's unexpected burst of speed, the relay race and meet were won for Ohio State. Then he was both physically and mentally overcome at the full realization of Julia's promise.

Harvey Duxbury played a good second part as the starter in the race scene. The scene was well acted with the help of Robert Browne, Halbert Hougham, Albert Plante, Moody Axtell, and Raymond Rioux, who were Ohio and Wisconsin runners.

That evening at the Psi Sigma house, Julia announced that she and John were to be married at midnight. But after a time, John came to the point of defying everyone who had tried to standardize him With the words, "I'm inferior, and dawgonnit, I'm going to be inferior whether it's immoral or not"! he marched out triumphantly to marry Margie.

In this act, Sally Worth, Eleanor Stone, and Frances Browne enlivened the scene to a great extent.

The play was made a success only through the untiring directing and patience of Miss Siebert, and through the help of the willing assistant staff of class members.

Everyone will agree, I am sure, that "The Poor Nut" contained many a laugh, and that it was enjoyed by a most appreciative audience.

MEMORABLE SENIOR ACTIVITIES
AND
PARTICIPANTS
1930 — 1931



HONOR STUDENTS OF CLASS OF 1931

Left to Right — First Honor, Susanne Gidley, Second Honor, Veronica Moss, Third Honor, Marion Busby.



REPRESENTATIVES TO THE STUDENT COUNCIL FROM THE CLASS OF 1931

Front Row — Left to Right — Edmund Andrews, Grace Knowlton, Merritt Huckins, Jerry Foley. Second Row, Left to Right — Lillian Bryant, Susanne Gidley, Anne Burns, Sally Worth, Veronica Moss, Frances Brown, Evelyn Milhench, Irving Wilde. Last Row — Left to Right — John Plezia, Richard Belcher, Oren Yorke.

Glimpses of the Senior Play



THE HERO AND THE HEROINE OF THE PLAY

Wesley Small (the poor "Nut" himself), Helen Williams (Marjory Blake, the girl who understood).



COLLECTING PROPERTIES FOR THE SENIOR PLAY

Left to Right — Raymond Hiller (Assistant stage manager); Grace Knowlton (stage manager); Susanne Gidley (property manager); Eleanor Packard (assistant property manager); Frederick Sylvia (stage carpenter); John McQuillan (electrician); Antone Gularte (carpenter).

Glimpses of the Senior Play



SOME OF THE MEMBERS OF THE LARGE CAST

Left to Right — Frances Brown, (Helen); Eleanor Stone, (Betty); Harvey Duxbury, (Colonel Small); Raymond Spare, (Coach Jackson); Sally Worth((Reggie); Barbara Chadbourne, (Julia Winters); Donald Bennett, (a Freshman); Moody Axtell, (an Ohio runner).



ACTION IN THE THIRD ACT.

Left to Right — Albert Deforge, (Hub Smith); Halbert Hougham, (an Ohio runner); Wesley Small, (John Miller); Merritt Huckins, (Professor Deming); Thomas Foley, (Magpie Welch); Irving Wilde, (Spike Hoyt); Richard Belcher, (Wally Pierce).

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Marion Forman



Susanne Gidley

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A pen and ink sketch of Fairhaven High School

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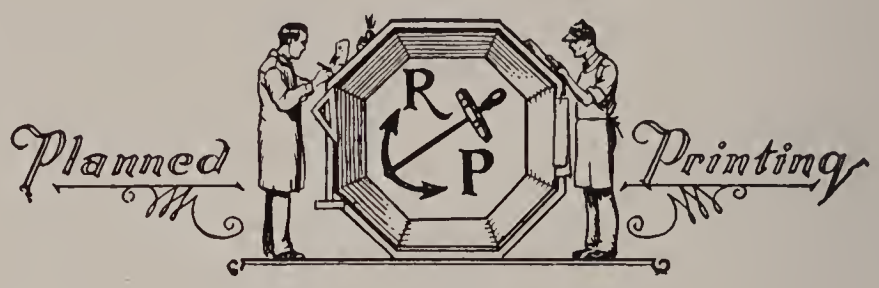
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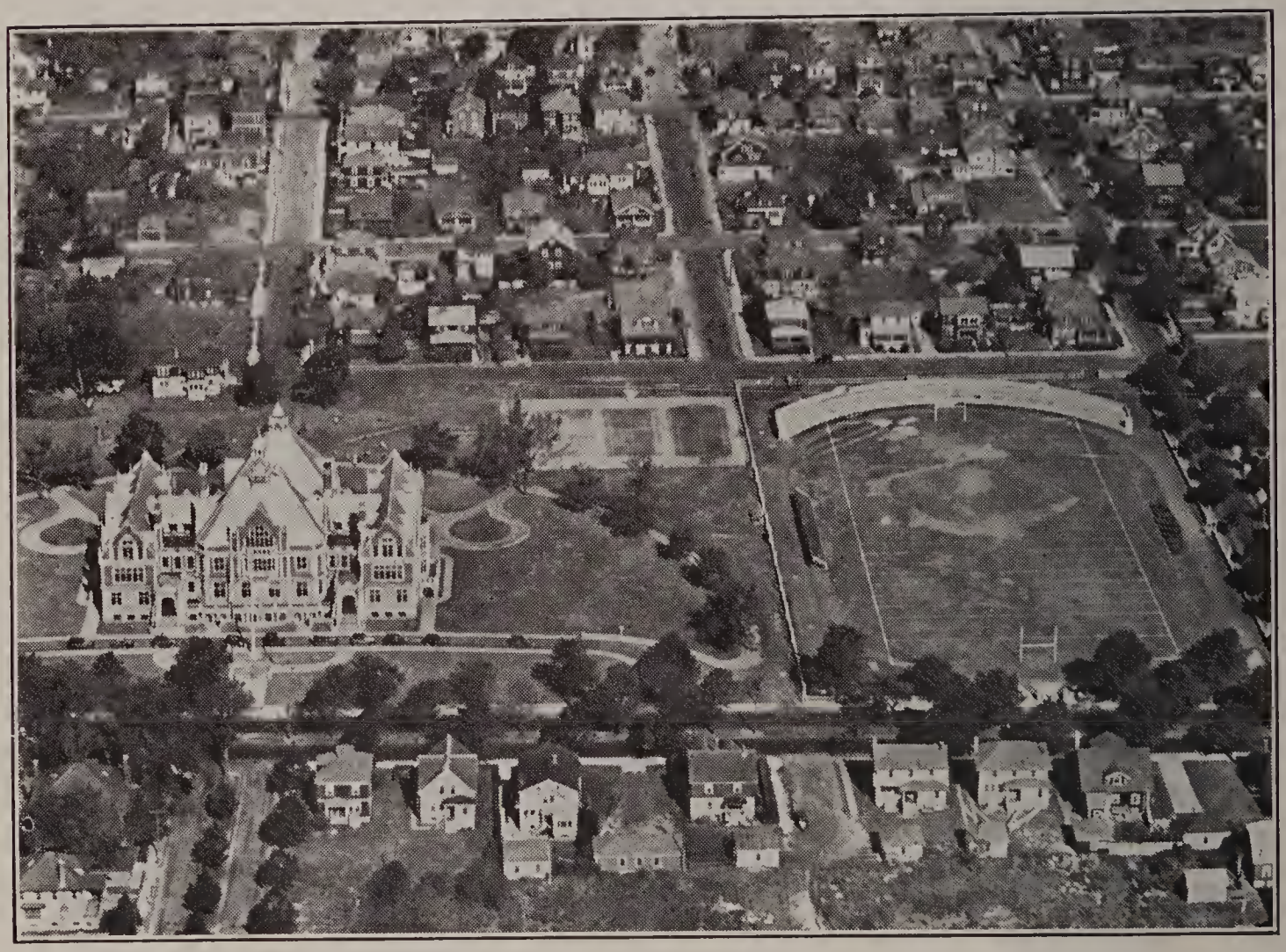
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VOL. 9 No. 1



FALL ISSUE

1931

Published by

STUDENTS OF FAIRHAVEN HIGH SCHOOL

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Editorial Staff 17

November (a poem) 18

The Tale of the "Female Stranger" (a short story) 19

Sir Jolly Roger Rum (a ballad) 21

Editorials

- The Junior High School 22
- Fairhaven High School's Contribution 22
- Thoughts About Edison 23
- The Honor Student in Football 24
- The New Cover Design 24

Department Notes

Boys' Athletics

- The Fairhaven Spirit 25

Girls' Athletics

- Hockey in the Future 26

French Department

- L'Ecole de Village 27
- Le Petit Chien Aventurier 27

Commercial Department

- The Pro and Con of the Technique of Lost Movement 28

Mathematics Department

- History of Mathematics 29

Science Department

- Introducing John 31

History Department

- Customs of a Spartan Boy 32

Our Heritage (a poem) 32

Excerpts from the School Diary 33

The Devil Bender (a short story) 34

The Way My English Goes (a lament) 37

Roster of Class of 1931 38

Mirth 40

Human Vegetables (short story) 42

A Colorful Event (a sketch) 43

Exchanges 44

A Comparison (a poem) 45

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November

Brown leaves on a dry ground,
Red sun reflected on the windows of a distant house,
Gaunt limbs against a grey sky,
Whistling boys,
Barking and frisking dogs,
The Rah! Rah! of a cheering section,
Blue and red rivalling on the gridiron.
Children with school books under their arms,
Matrons in bright clothing,
Wind blowing leaves in a gale down the street,
White sails on a ribbon of silver-gray sea,
A few stray, white flakes,
Flash before the eye.
Christmas lists just starting,
(Oh, you early bird)
Fire leaping in grotesque shapes,
Soft candle light and music,
It is November.

Ida Withee, '33.

The Tale of the "Female Stranger"

The following story I heard while in Alexandria, and it relates only historical facts.

The historic city of Alexandria, Virginia, situated eight miles from Washington, contains many famous buildings and is filled with stories of the past and present. This odd, quaint city is pervaded with an air of romance; its houses, dating back to Colonial times, fire the imagination with pictures of diplomats and fine ladies; its unique, old-fashioned streets beckon the adventurous to follow their courses and explore their twistings and turnings. Among the more noted buildings such as Christ's Church and the renowned Carlyle and Marshall Houses, is Gadsby's Tavern, in the early nineteenth century accounted the foremost hostelry in America. Here was enacted the short, yet tragic and mysterious drama of the "Female Stranger."

On December 29, 1812, Theodosia Burr Alston set sail on the schooner "Patriot", bound from Charleston to New York. She was the daughter of Aaron Burr, at that time in public disfavor, and she was broken in health and spirit by the shame he had brought upon his family. Before her marriage she had graced the social circles of Washington and Philadelphia, and afterward had dominated the society of Charleston. She was brilliant, beautiful and talented.

For weeks, news of the schooner was anxiously awaited, but there ensued only suspense and silence. No authentic word ever revealed her fate. Did she founder? Was she blown out to sea? Or, more to be dreaded, had she been attacked and scuttled by pirates? There was at that time an especially savage band of these sea rovers under Jean Lafitte, whose stronghold was in the islands at the mouth of the Mississippi. When word of the disaster reached the United States, it was surmised that the beautiful Theodosia had been carried south, by pirates, to the Caribbean, and for many years hope for her ultimate return persisted.

This hope had grown dim by September, 1816, and a newer mystery intrigued the South—that of a lovely incognito who had arrived in Alexandria—a heavily-veiled lady who came ashore from a packet with a male companion. They went directly to Gadsby's Tavern and there took rooms without divulging their identity. The lady did not lift her veil; the man did not tell their names. There they remained for nearly a month, concealed well from the eyes and gossip of Alexandria—one of them never to reappear alive!

Despits the skill of a local physician who never saw her face, the mysterious stranger died with no one the wiser as to whom she really was. She was given burial in St. Paul's cemetery and on her tombstone appears this epitaph:

To the memory of a
Female Stranger
Whose Mortal Sufferings Terminated
on the 11th Day of October, 1816
Aged 25 years, 8 months.

For some years a sum was received annually by St. Paul's for the upkeep of the plot.

The accepted story is that Theodosia, her sorely-tried reason wrecked by fright and terror, had lived on some tropic isle, a pirate's captive. At length she realized her predicament, and she determined to return to her country. It is assumed that the long journey brought on the illness which caused her sudden debarkation at the Virginia City.

This romance, unsupported by even the slimmest clue, is fed by fancy and rumor and still clings to the scene of the stranger's veiled entry and her melancholy departure. Theodosia's age would have been thirty-three, not twenty-five. But if it is not she, who does lie in the nameless grave at St. Paul's and where rests the lost daughter of Aaron Burr?

Anne Clark, '32.

Sir Jolly Roger Rum

Out on the shining shimmering sea
Jolly Roger Rum did shout with glee
For had he not this very day
Put bullion in his hold, to stay
Aye! stay it did, but alas, alack
Sir Jolly Roger ne'er got it back.

One day a wind came from the south
Which closed for e'er Jolly Roger's mouth
It blew the waves, until they bossed
Sir Roger's boat which pitched and tossed,
On to the north the gale blew hard
And tossed his ship just like a card.

The helmsman steered he knew not where
So long as Safety met them there
But Safety protected more than these
Who were at the mercy of the rolling seas
And they sailed on, and nearly won
But with land in sight eternity did come.

The helmsman saw a rock loom high
And tried to get the old ship by
But a gust of wind and one huge wave
Carried the boat, and there, the brave
Jolly Roger Rum did make his grave
That bold, bad villain, blackguard, knave.

And then the ship, of the pirate bold
Was left on the rock to break and mould
The bullion still as said before
Is in the hold, for evermore
And under it with bones so numb
Lies the skeleton of Roger Rum.

Ricordo Holt, '36.



The Junior High School

Few realize what a great asset the new addition to the High School is to our town. Some taxpayers have the idea that it is a foolish waste of money. But the pupils in both schools could, I am sure, easily overcome this opinion. Let us see what points would be brought out to emphasize the usefulness of our new Junior High.

First, there is the convenience of its situation. It is accessible to pupils in both the north and south of Fairhaven.

Next we might mention the large and beautiful auditorium the school contains. Its stage is very roomy and the seats are numerous. It will be more desirous for certain occasions than the Town Hall.

Then let us notice the improvements in the typewriting, printing, and drawing departments. These are very evident when the new quarters are compared with the crowded and uncomfortable rooms formerly occupied in the High School.

With these facts before us, young Fairhaven is indeed fortunate in having a Junior High School.

Helen Sheard, '33.

Fairhaven High School's Contribution

Fairhaven, though a small town, has its unemployed and needy. Fairhaven High School is doing all in its power to aid these unfortunates. In the first place, it is giving ten per cent of its gate receipts of every football game to the poor; ten per cent of the profit on all dances, and parties, et cetera. The erecting of an addition to the High School was also a wonderful help to those men who are out of work and in need of funds to feed and clothe their families.

And we are sure that if there is any other way in which we can aid the unemployment situation, in Fairhaven or elsewhere, Fairhaven High School will find that way.

Jack Leonard, '33.

Thoughts about Edison

Sitting by the radio, listening to my favorite program, I was startled and somewhat annoyed to hear a pause in the midst of it. Wondering, I listened, and it wasn't long before the voice of the announcer came across the air with the news of Thomas A. Edison's death. I thought it odd that such a good program should be halted to announce the passing of the aged inventor, but then, after more careful concentration, I realized the foolishness of such a thought. One after another his numerous contributions to the comfort of humanity flashed across my mind.

His greatest tribute, the electric lamp, came first. Without it, the radio program to which I had been listening so earnestly, would have been impossible. The comfortable chair in which I was sitting also was an indirect product of his labors, as, without the aid of electric lighting, it would have been much inferior and not perfected to so high a degree. The newspaper that I was looking at contained an advertisement for a current movie. Had it not been for Edison's diligent research, moving pictures would probably never have been discovered.

My glance then fell on our family phonograph. Dusty, unpolished, it stood there in the corner, a mute reminder of the good times we had enjoyed with it before the advent of radio. Again, that immortal name loomed before me. Hadn't Edison invented the forerunner of the modern radio, which is fast becoming extinct? Directly above the radio, there was a framed portrait, a summer scene. In this picture were clouds, clover, golden rod, and other typical country foliage. What earthly connection could there be between that and Edison? Then, in a flash, it dawned upon me. Had he not spent the last years of his wonderful life in search of a substitute for rubber through golden-rod? True, he had not accomplished this, but it was mostly thru his tireless efforts and computations that eventually success was obtained.

Edison was responsible for many more inventions, all useful, but the aforementioned stand more conspicuously than the rest. It is but just to say that in losing him, America has lost one of her greatest sons; and the world, her greatest benefactor.

Aram Belanger, '32.

The Honor Student in Football

The day of brute strength on the football field is over. The flying wedge and interlocked interference has gone with it. The game, as played today, demands a superior type of fellow who can think and execute at the same time. It was the saying of coaches in days gone by that the dumber a person was in school subjects the better player he'd be on the gridiron. In those days a player wasn't supposed to think; the coach was hired for that.

Football has been developed to such a degree by Knute Rockne that it is now played from the shoulders up. In place of the by-gone star comes a greater star, who not only shines on the gridiron but also in his classes. The luminites of today are smaller but shiftier, smarter and faster. Now they play heads up football, made possible by concentrated study in the class room which developed their brain and made it possible for them to think. A player also has to think while on defense because of the many trick plays used on him. Without the ability to think a boy might just as well hang his suit up on a nail and quit; because he will never go any farther than he is now on the gridiron.

John Broadland, '32

The New Cover Design

The new cover design on our Huttlestonian is worthy of mention. There were many competitors on this project in the art class, and ideas were numerous. John Plant, who worked hard and willingly on a cover, submitted a modernistic design which was chosen as "the one." The design is more than artistic; it is representative. The large central figure personifies business and industry. In the foreground, the model of the High School, and in the background the gray tower, symbolizes knowledge. These two when taken together become a reflection of knowledge upon business and industry of today. The editorial staff, appreciates the time and effort expended on this undertaking, and congratulates Mr. Plant.

Ellen Jennings, '32.

DEPARTMENT NOTES

ATHLETICS

The Fairhaven Spirit

It has been said that man is a rational animal. The observation seems to be that he is influenced more by his emotions than by his mind. Opinion tends that emotions of the right are very important factors in the lives of young men, and decidedly influence their success.

In any school where gloom, pessimism, skepticism, despair, hatred, swelled-headedness, egotism and other negative emotions are given free reign, the spirit cannot be wholesome. The unhealthy results of such an environment are reflected in its athletic teams, though there is no doubt that such an atmosphere has a decidedly deterring effect on the work of every student in the school.

When we speak of "Fairhaven Spirit" what do we mean? To one who has had contact with it or has been under its influence, it will never be forgotten. Joy, hope, enthusiasm, normal confidence, faith, and the willing ecstacy of duty done well and fairly, are ever present around our School. These are reflected more in athletic contests, because of their nature, than in any other activity.

The School is confident of its teams—it is behind its team to a man—every student fights just as hard as any member of the team. Yet they are courteous to visitors, and every student takes it upon himself to treat a visiting athlete just as though he were a guest in his own home.

That most base emotion — hatred — does not enter into our athletic contests. Instead, the spirit is one of exhilaration in joy of a contest well fought between men.

If we win we brag a little, but not much. If we lose we buck up and shut up, principally the latter. A Fairhaven man may be down but he is never out, and that spirit of hope and determination to succeed is typical of F. H. S. You will find it present to some degree in every man who has been fortnate enough to attend our School or has played on our teams.

We can keep this if you will do your bit.

Coach.

Hockey in the Future

Formerly Fairhaven High School always turned out four good hockey teams and there was much keen competition between them. This year, however, there are many changes not only in the teams but in the field itself. Instead of the northern field, where last year at this time there could be found many girls learning the fundamentals of hockey, there is a building which is known as the high school addition. Due to the fact that the Freshmen, who are in the addition, have not started gym yet, this year there are but three hockey teams to compete for the class championship. This gives the upper classes an advantage, for without the Freshmen they have much more time to spend on brushing up on the rules of the game. Since the origin of hockey at Fairhaven High, this is the first year that there has not been a Freshman hockey team.

When school started in September, it was thought that the girls would have hockey only in their gym classes. Later, Coach Dunn kindly offered to let the girls have the football field one afternoon a week, to be devoted to hockey. This, of course, greatly limits the time for practice which the girls previously have been accustomed to having. However, they seize every opportunity for bettering their game, and when the football team has secret practice, the girls have a chance to use the field. Because of the late start in hockey this year, each class will play two or three games at the most and these inter-class games are played on Friday afternoons. Often a group of girls may be found on the west bleachers watching football practice, and who knows but next year there will be girl's football teams instead of hockey teams. If this should happen, there would probably be many out for it.

Natalie Lowe, '33.

L'Ecole de Village

An original composition, uncorrected, written by Miss Shaw after six weeks study of French.

L'école de village a deux petites salles. Les enfants sont à travailler dans une salle.

Le jeune maître est debout derrière son pupitre, les mains dans les poches.

Il porte un complet gris, une chemise blanche et une cravote noire et blanche.

Il veille par ses lunettes le petit garçon au tableau. Le petit garçon a un morceau de craie jaune a la main et écrit un probleme d'algèbre.

Les enfants à leurs pupitres écrivent sur du papier avec des crayons, quelques une d'encre.

Ils sont occupés à leurs leçons et ne remarquent pas le garçon au tableau.

La salle a un grand fenétre près le tableau.

Sont deux portes dans la salle, une grande et une petite.

Sur le pupitre du maître il y a huit livres, un encrier, règle, plume, crayon, buvard, brosse et une clochette.

Sur le plancher près son pupitre est un panier de papier plein de papier.

Ils tout s'amuse faire leur leçons et elle est un jolie et content salle.

Lillian Shaw, '34.

Le Petit Chien Aventurier

"Gratte! Gratte! Bow Wow!" Nous avons un visiteur tous les matins. Ce visiteur est un petit chien qui s'appelle "Pat." Il donne au monde beaucoup d'expériences excitantes.

Ce chien aime tant l'école, qu'il veut venir après que tout le monde est couché.

Un soir bien tard, Madame Lawton, qui demeure en haut dans l'école arrive à la maison du théâtre, pour trouver un petit chien, qui l'attendait Elle fait de son mieux pour le garder en dehors. Mais comme ce chien-ci est très petit, il vint à entrer. Il court dans l'école, où il fait si noir, que Madame Lawton ne peut pas le trouver. Elle appelle son mari, qui était couché. Il descend et commence à chercher le chien. Il le trouve et il le met dehors.

Cette anecdote prouve qu'il y a un petit chien qui aime l'école.

Helen Rogers, '34.

The Pro and Con of the Technique of Lost Movement

BY

PROF. EUSTACE PROCRASTINATION AND SIR JOHN ACCURACY PLUS SPEED

Resolved: That lost movement while typewriting is a handicap to speed and accuracy.

The affirmative will be upheld by Sir John Accuracy plus Speed of Sukcess Institute, the negative by Prof. Eustace Procrastination of Faylure College.

Sir John speaks:

"People of the business world, associates, judges, and spectators, I am here today to prove to you that lost movement while typewriting is a handicap to speed and accuracy.

"How often we see our secretaries and stenographers, in our offices and other business men's offices, all over the world waste hours of precious time — for that is what it amounts to in the course of days, months, and years — in throwing over the carriage on their machines. The best known lost movement is in putting in the papers and taking them out of the machines, and nine times out of ten having to remove the papers again, especially in the case of putting them in again. Sometimes I wonder if, when at home, my stenographers do everything as slowly, wastefully, and deliberately.

"How it "grates" me to see my secretary manipulate her marginal stops for minutes at a time to get, needlessly more often than not, one hundredth of an inch further in on her margins. Let me give you an estimate of the time I have seen a stenographer take:

Inserting paper—one minute.
Marginal stops—one minute and a half.
Tabular keys—one half minute.
Miscellaneous spacing—from one half to one minute.

"In every office there are the horse breeder's family, at least I should imagine they had been around horses all their lives to hear their typewriter's uneven "clippetty clop." I don't wonder that business men grow old young. This unevenness is brought on by haste, and as the old proverb goes, "Haste makes waste" both in valuable

Continued on page 36

History of Mathematics

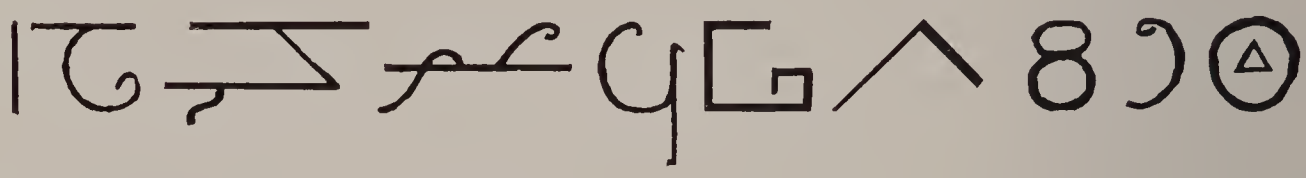
Odd as it may seem, there is no universally-accepted definition of the word "mathematics." Philosophers and mathematicians have cast about for two thousand years in a search for such a definition but have met with little success. Whenever the ordinary person thinks of mathematics, he sees a confused jumble of numbers and figures popping up before his eyes, and seldom realizes the important role those same numbers play in his life. We would be unable to construct buildings, bridges, tunnels, et cetera of such considerable size as have made their appearances recently, without the aid of those little, insignificant figures that seem to bother and worry so many of us.

An Egyptian priest, Ahmes (1700 B. C.), was the first writer of a document to be of any importance to mathematics. His book was entitled "Directions for Knowing All Dark Things." It gave a series of problems in measurements, and contents of barns et cetera, and also the answers, but failed to show how the results were obtained in the majority of cases.

The Babylonians copied the Egyptian ideas and applied them to astronomy, but the real beginning of mathematics was in Greece in the founding of the Ionian school of Thales (600 B. C.). Pythogoras, famous for his theorem, next founded a school in Italy and originated a theory of numbers there. The development of geometry was characteristic of this first period in the growth of mathematics. Progress was rapid and in 300 B. C. the Alexandrian school where Euclid taught and Archimedes was a student was formed. The first value for the ratio between the circumference of a circle and its diameter was three. This ration (II), as used by Ahmes, was three. 1604; Archimedes used 31/7. There were many other noted Greeks, but Diophantus, the founder of algebra, and Hero, to whom we are indebted for Hero's formula, were the most notable after Christ. Rome contributed practically nothing to mathematics.

Now begins the second period in which arithmetic, algebra, and trigonometry were created. Development of the art was increasing steadily in the East. A Hindu, Aryabhatta (600 A. D.) was the first mathematician here. He possessed a great knowledge of the theory of numbers, algebra, and even of the first principles of trigonometry. A century later Brahmagupta made his appearance and advanced algebra and made calculations on the mensuration of solids that were far in

advance of his predecessors. It was amoung the Hindoos that our present system of arabic numerals (1, 2, 3, 4, etc.) was originated and spread (through the Arabs, for whom they are named) to Europe. If you doubt the value of these numerals, take a simple multiplication and write and solve it in Roman numerals (for instance, XVII X XII=?) The first system of Arabic numerals was as follows:



The Arabs taught and applied the Hindu Knowledge but originated nothing themselves.

The Renaissance now appeared and mathematics developed greatly. The Italian Algebraists now solved the cubic and biquadratic equations and, except for the symbolism suggested by Desiartes, algebra was now complete. This suggestion was made in 1650 and, when this was done, algebra was in the same form that we are familiar with today.

About this time a revival in interest in geometry was felt. Descartes and Fermat now laid the foundation of analytic geometry; with this the third and last period began. This period is the period of modern mathematics in which the development of analysis and the application of mathematics to the other sciences occurred. The theory of logarithms, discovered by Mapier, and the modern theory of numbers were evolved and became generally known.

The seventeenth century marks the close of the period of development of elementary mathematics. In this century Newton introduced his fluxional calculus and Leibnity brought out his differential calculus. These two, considered today as one and the same thing, completely revolutionized mathematics. The eighteenth century was devoted to investigating the foundations of this new analysis. Substitution, surface, curve, complex numbers et cetera developed at this time also.

Lagrange, Laplan and Gauss are the masters of modern analysis. The names of the men who, within the last century, have applied and furthered mathematics are too numerous to list here.

We have seen how the mathematical genius of the world has shifted from one country to another. Today it rests in Germany through the efforts of Steinmitz and Einstein. Each change has marked an advance towards success. When and where will the next advance be made?

Roger Silsby, '32.

Introducing John

What! You haven't met John? You simply must meet him, he is really the most extraordinary and fascinating man I have ever met. He is five feet ten inches tall and what a physique! One can hardly believe that this same John, or Jack to some of us, is an escaped convict. By the way, he even has a bullet hole in his sternum. What! You didn't know they allowed escaped convicts in school? Well it's so, he even lives here. In fact he is in one of my classes with me. He doesn't say much, but he's full of action. He is so active he has to be hung up by his head, while his feet dangle and rattle aimlessly in the air. Sometime when we don't want him in class we lock him in a closet. He is a most weird creature, having no muscles, no eyes, no hair, no fingernails, no toe nails; there is not even any skin on him. Perhaps some of you are wondering just what he is made up of, well it's carbonate and Phosphate of Lime. Some afternoon when you have some spare time, pay him a visit. He delights in having visits from the pupils. He is usually outside of the teacher's room or "hanging around" room twelve. Don't let him scare you because after all he looks exactly like all of us will sooner or later. Although I have neglected to tell you, probably you have guessed who it is. You're right, its our pal, John the Skeleton.

Francis Roos, '33.



Customs of a Spartan Boy

As I watched the boys on the athletic field the other day I was reminded of a Spartan youth. How differently he was trained from our boys today!

When a Spartan boy was born he was taken before a council of old men who examined him. If the baby was found perfect, he would be given back to his mother; if he was imperfect he was taken to a cave in the mountains and left there to die. The mother was allowed to keep the child until the age of seven and then he was taken over by the state and trained for war. The boys suffered many hardships for they went barefoot, both summer and winter, bathed in the cold Eurates, and slept on the reeds gathered by the bands of the river. Sometimes they were scourged, that they might become accustomed to pain. The boys were taught to steal and if they were caught they were punished not for stealing but for the stupidity of getting caught.

Wha a decided contrast to our modern youth!

Ira Jackson, '35.

Our Heritage

Our lives are like the leaves,
We live and then fall down;
For time is like the autumn wind,
It waits not, for us to frown;
But cuts us from the family tree,
Like plucking petals from the flowers,
The flower cries for the petals gone,
And so our kin weep on and on,
Then, they, likewise fall away,
Leaving our home tree bleak and bare,
This is how our heritage dies,
Thus it goes on everywhere.

Ricordo Holt, '36.

Excerpts from the School Diary

Mundae.

'Twas a bleu dae, bein' mundae. Elna Pope and Helen Stepson did make a slugestion that we 'ave esculators, insted of walkin' up and down stairs. What fun? We cud all park hour hauttos on the secund floar.

Tuesdy.

Did to ta the fashion show an' everibodi starts comin' out. i rushed in two sea if 'twas a fire or sumpthin 'an 'twas only the Fairhavenites showin' the newest of stlies. Gracious gurls, wat are we comin' two Freks one supozes.

Wensdae.

Was suppozed to tak me musik lecon froam Fredie Andrews but he haz rheumatisrzm frum dauncin' the other nigh'. Who she waz I dunt no. Insted watched the gurls and boys (Aram and Jack) practize there vocal cords out doars. I guess they got throw' froam the jim. Then wen' 'ome and tacked me 'ome lessons.

Thersdy.

Dyd go two the 'all twodae, two here the mass meeting fer the team. Coach Dun ded loak so nize in 'is blew trouzers with the whit stripes dawn the side. One wonders what thay meen.

Lata into Highm's with Jean and Fern to quench hour mouths. Where i ded split everithin all over the gurls, too there disgust. Jean ded say she wood send the bill of repairs to mae muther. I wunder how 'twill git payed.

Fryday.

Went over two the nu buildin, an gott lost. Was loaking fer Mr. Dicky but couldn't fin 'im any whare, bein' so small. Then ded aske some charmin' young teacher we're he was but sekes alive, he didn' no ither.

Bak to 'ome building an twa mae disgusk Mr. Dicky was sittin at 'is desk.

Olive Wenstrom, '33.

THE DEVIL BENDER

(A story about a reporter who taught the city editor his own business)

I had been just three weeks on my new job as city editor of the "Herald", when things began to happen. I had some ideas as to how newspaper men should conduct themselves, and I liked to have my men live up to this standard. Today, however, everything began wrong. I had discharged a new man for pulling his fourth "boner" in a week, and had threatened to fire a veteran if he came in an hour late again. Outside my office, a boy was stationed to stop all people wishing to get in. He had been instructed to solicit their names, find out the nature of their visit and then send word to me.

Suddenly the door opened and in walked a chap with a smile as broad as the Atlantic. His eyes were bloodshot and his shabby suit looked for a much needed pressing. It was only easy to guess that his substance had been wasted in a session with John Barleycorn.

He smiled a beaming smile, and said, "My name is Bob Haynes. Have you a hole in your staff that a topnotch man could fill?"

"Sorry Haynes," I growled, "there are too many prima donnas on my staff now."

"Tough luck," he murmured, but intuition seemed to tell me the tough luck was all mine.

He turned to go out, and as he did so, he collided with Mullen, my sports editor.

"Oh hello, Haynes," greeted Mullen, "Did you get on?"

"Not a chance!" was Haynes' swift rejoinder.

The two continued their conversation in low tones; then Mullen handed the gate crasher a yellowback and he departed.

Mullen always got under my skin, and so I wasn't any too cordial as he walked leisurely up to my desk. "Listen here, Nelson," he said, "I hate to see you take a licking. I know this Haynes fellow from experience; he's a devil bender."

"Well, what do you think he will do now?" I asked rather dubiously.

"Do? Why he'll just go over and get a job on the 'News'."

The "News" was another paper in the town with less resources than ours and generally played second fiddle to us.

"He naturally went for the larger pay," continued Mullen, "but he'll take the other position now."

Six times, during the next week, we were scooped on important stories by the "News," and each article was signed, "By Bob Haynes."

I was at my wit's end, for I had been called for a session with the Managing Editor who had said some highly regrettable things. I finally decided to put Hawks, a star reporter to cover Haynes. "Watch him like an eagle at all times, and don't let him out of your sight. Here's fifty dollars for expense money and there's more where that came from when it's gone. Now get out and show me some results."

From then on, I had a detailed report on Haynes' activities. I began to breathe more easily.

That afternoon, the phone rang and Hawks' voice greeted me from the other end of the wire. "Haynes just jumped a taxi, and headed out of town. I followed in my car. Half way to the city limits, he stopped and entered a hardware store, but came right out again with a small package. I inquired in the store as to what he had bought, and was told a half pound of roofing nails had been the extent of the purchase. I picked up his trail again heading into the next city, but we soon began to bump along, and it was then discovered that we had three flats all made by large head nails. While the chauffeur is patching the tires, I'm calling you."

"All right; come back to the office at once," I grunted with disgust.

Twenty minutes later, I heard the paper boys crying a "News" extra. A bank had been robbed in the next city. I was desperate. I tore out clumps of my hair and kicked over my office chair and upset the waste basket, while, as a climax, the scene file fell off the desk spilling its contents about the room like a February snow flurry.

At this point, the door swung open, and an apologetic Western Union boy handed me a telegram. It was from a friend of mine in Kansas City and read, "Fellow travelling to your town by rail Stop Is the famous millionaire, Martin Gold, Stop Arrange an interview."

Here, at last, was my chance to get back at the "News" and Bob Haynes. The previous day, I had imported a splendid reporter named Newton, and I selected him as the man for this job.

"Sure I've heard of this Haynes fellow, but I've never seen him," Newton informed me. "It will be a pleasure to tangle with Him."

"Board the train at the next town, and have him paged, then obtain an interview," said I. "That's all."

A short time later, Newton phoned in, "I've obtained a splendid interview. He was a little "standoffish" at first, but he gave me a fine story when he knew what paper I represented. Said he had much re-

spect for the city editor of the 'Herold.' He even let me take his picture."

Immediately upon Newton's return, I ran to a copy boy and gave him the story, while Newton took the pictures directly to the photographic room to be developed. Many of the fellows gathered around outside the door waiting for a glimpse at the positive as soon as it was ready. I was swelling up with self-appreciation as I waited for the photographs. So the great Gold had admired me! I fairly strutted in my pride, until suddenly, I found myself staring unbelievingly at the photographs held before my eyes by the outstretched arm of the proof expert. From the glossy surface of the picture grinned the engaging features of Bob Haynes! Fooled again! What sport Haynes must have had connecting that fake story for my trusting Newton! I could just see him grin as he related that tasty morsel about his respect for me!

If there was a more defected person in the world at that moment, I would have liked to meet him. Mullen came over to me and said, "I know you have some notions about the ethics of this profession, but how long are you going to keep your back to the wall and take punishment?"

To tell the truth I didn't know.

"Well," went on Mullen, "he has one weakness. Give me twenty dollars, and I'll have him on your staff by midnight."

True to his word, Mullen came to my home about eleven o'clock that night with a very docile Haynes in tow. I am now managing editor of a large eastern newspaper, but I never have forgotten that midnight contract by a man so blissfully unconscious that he could hardly keep his signature on a nine by twelve sheet.

The other day, I received a letter from Mullen saying, "This is introducing Max Porter. Max is a devil bender."

I hired Porter on the spot! Earl Bettencourt, '35.

Continued from page 28

time and in stationery. The slowness in getting started necessitates a great hurry in completing the work.

"For the following reasons I have proven to you that lost movement in typewriting is a handicap to speed and accuracy:

1. Waste of time in getting started takes up the time which should be spent in careful typeing.
2. "Horse race" typewriting hampers accuracy and speed.
3. Constant backspacing takes time and affects rythm.

"The Way My English Goes"

My English is all Greek to me,
No matter how I try.
I get my English papers back,
And away my hopes do fly.

I always stay up late at night,
And burn the midnight oil.
I grind and fuss and do my best,
Oh boy! how I do toil.

I climb in bed real late at night,
Sometimes it's after two.
I don't mind this one bit you see,
I've done all I could do.

The clock to ten fifteen rolls 'round,
You'll find me in my class.
And 'ere the period bell hath rung,
My paper's in at last.

My work then to the marker goes,
To pass her judgment there.
She takes one look across the sheet,
Results I do despair.

The terms ends quickly with a rush,
My marks I wished to see.
"A" was the grade I longed to get,
But my hopes were only "C."

Walter Machado, '33.

Roster of Class of 1931

Gertrude Almy—Lesley School, Boston, Mass.
Mary Almy—St. Lukes Hospital, New Bedford, Mass.
Edmund Andrews—University of Alabama.
George Axtell—New Bedford Textile.
Mildred Astin—Ned's Gasoline Station, Mattapoisett.
Laura Baker—Married.
Harold Baker—Home.
Ralph Baker—Home.
Richard Belcher—University of New Hampshire.
Donald Bennett—Fuller Brush Company.
David Bosworth—Maine Central Institute.
Frances Brown—Gidley's Jewelry Store.
Robert Browne—Cushing's Academy.
Lillian Bryant—Home.
Anne Burns—Post Graduate (St. Lukes in February).
Adella Burrell—Post Graduate (Boston Normal Art).
Emily Bury—Cherry and Co.
Marion Busby—Pembroke.
Barbara Chadbourne—Boston Normal Art.
Alice Cordes—Steiger Dudgeon & Co.
Agnes Corey—At home.
Margaret Davis—Five and Ten Cent Store.
Albert DeForge—University of Alabama.
Harvey Duxbury—Radio Corporation of America.
Melvin Entin—Maine Central Institute.
Eric Ericson—Bryant and Stratton.
Thomas Foley—Notre Dame.
Marion Forman—St. Lukes Hospital.
Antone Giante—New Bedford Textile.
Susanne Gidley—Springfield Library School.
Margaret Goggin—Home.
Helen Greenhalgh—Post Graduate.
Anthony Guarte—Heald's College of Business Administration, Cal.
Edith Hammett—Post Graduate, F. H. S.
James Hayes—Home.
Raymond Hiller—New Bedford Textile School.
Halbert Hougham—Grinnell, Iowa (to enter Harvard).

Nelson Howland—Home.
Merritt Huckins—Traveling.
Leona Kelley—Chamberlin School of Everyday Art (Boston).
Grace Knowlton—Boston Normal Art.
Elizabeth Lopes—Boston City Hospital for Nurses.
Deborah McDougal—Home.
Evelyn Milhench—Star Store.
Honora Moffett—Grant's
Veronica Moss—Boston Children's Hospital.
Eleanor Packard—Bridgewater Normal School.
Frances Peckham—Post Graduate Courses at Swain School and F. H. S.
Gladys Peets—Home.
Albert Plant—Home.
John Plezia—Home.
Virginia Pretlow—Business College in Virginia.
Raymond Rioux—Post Graduate.
Evelyn Sequeira—Truesdale Hospital, Fall River, Mass.
Wesley Small—Northeastern.
Raymond Spare—University of Rochester, Rochester, N. Y.
Eleanor Stone—Boston Children's Hospital.
Dorothy Stowell—Atlas Tack Corporation.
Harry Stubbs—Preparatory Course for College at Silver Bay School, Lake George, N. Y.
Frank Sylvia—Post Graduate.
Alice Sylvia—St. Lukes.
Frederick Sylvia—New Bedford Textile.
Lester Teixeira—Home.
Alice Vincent—Working in Hyannis.
Harold Weeks—New Jersey Airport.
Irving Wilde—Shell Gasoline Station, New Bedford.
Florence Wilson—Telephone Operator.
Walter Wlodyka—Home.
Sarah Worth—Home.
Oren York—Times.



A gentleman (having observed a window sign marked A. Swindler), ventured inside and said to the proprietor:

"Wouldn't it be better if, instead of the A in your sign, you put your first name in full?"

"No," responded the grocer, blandly, "my first name is Adam!"

Professor Wood to class: "We shall now have a test using the honor system. All pupils will sit three seats apart in alternate rows!

Sophomore: "I see you have a new hat on, Mr. Parkinson."

Mr. Parkinson: "Oh, so that's where it is!"

"Do you know what the unemployed are doing in New York?" shouted a public speaker.

"Yes," replied a sleepy voice from the rear.

"What?" demanded the speaker, taken back.

"Nothing," was the reply.

Mr. Lawton to pupil in exam: "What's the idea of the quotation marks around this phrase?"

Pupil: "Courtesy to the boy on my left, Sir."

Mr. S. to son: "What's the meaning of this seventy in German, son?"

P. S. "Why, that's par for the course, Dad."

Miss Ph. D.: "I heard you had a three piece orchestra for your dance, last night."

Miss M. S.: "Yes, a piano player, a piano, and a bench!"

"When caught stealing in a fish market, be nonchalant.—Smoke a herring."

Dear Son,

I'm writing this letter on top of a famous Grecian cliff, where the Spartans, hurled to rocks below, their defective sons. Wish you were here.

Dad.

Cop: "What do you mean by shooting by here at fifty miles an hour? Let me see your license."

"Here it is, sir," replied the motorist.

"But this is a hunting license!"

"Didn't you say I was shooting along?"

Dumb:—"What's worse than raining cats and dogs?"

Belle:—"To hail taxies."

Teacher:—"Do you remember Lincoln's Gettysburg Address?"

Pupil:—"No, I didn't know he lived there."

1st Hobbo:—"Did you know that I belong to the Fire department?"

2nd—Ditto:—"No, how come?"

1st Hobbo:—"Sure, every job I have I get fired."

"I've got a job as blacksmith in a candy shop."

"What do you mean?"

"I shoo the flies."

FAMOUS HOTEL SIGNS

"All guests who are interested in driving will find hammer and nails in the closet."

"If your room gets too warm, open the window and watch the fire escape."

"Don't worry about paying your bills; this building is supported by a foundation."

"If you're fond of athletics, pick up the mattress and watch the bed spring."

Terrified Woman (to hotel manager) "Quick there are two mice fighting in my room."

Manager:—"What do you want for $1.50—a bull fight?"

Human Vegetables

Poets have always sung the praises of rose gardens as settings for all that is romantic and flowery, but take any well brought-up infant, give him his choice between "the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la" and an old-fashioned bouquet of tawny carrots, blushing beets and juicy rare-ripes, and see which his eager hands will clutch.

I was one of the aforementioned, well brought-up little dears. All of my class were. Our parents believed, with apologies to Shredded Wheat, that what you are, depended upon what you ate. Now we believe it, and this belief has greatly vegetized our existence.

As we tread life's highway, we find at every step pedestrians with vegetated tendencies. Let me enumerate them, these human vegetables, that you may laugh and weep with me at their mouldering earthiness.

There is, among our acquaintances, one exasperating individual who delights in spying out the most carefully hidden secret, the most effectively concealed plan. He is a past master in the art of observation, an ever-present spectator in time of secrecy. He has optical illusions of all sorts. He has too many eyes. He is completely and wholly Potato!

Like unto him is the listener; little pitcher, with the big ears. Let there be just a whisper, seemingly barely breathed in the privacy of one's own apartment. Like a blazing comet it will appear when next it dawns upon your horizon, so beautifully will it be adorned, so amazingly will it be be-dicked. Only pray that it is favorably amplified by those human Ears of Corn.

Then comes the clinging vine type, sweetly feminine, dainty little tendrils all ready to coil just as soon as a prop is provided, limp and placid when support is withdrawn, easily broken up—a String Bean person.

Let just one girl spend a week end out of town and bring back a new style haircut. See how fast it will travel through the school. Great travelers, the Peas! Very much alike, too!

Come dark days, come storms! Step forth the ingrowing optimists, the worth-while persons who can smile with everything going out and nothing coming in, who break forth into song instead of crying over spilt milk and never dream that it may ruin the rug before it gets wiped up! Meet these little hunks of stored-up sunshine, the Carrot folks.

Far be it from me to slight the valiant souls, deep rooted and firm, sturdy and strong, whom cool, freezing treatment only sweetens—the plucky Parsnip and the tasty Turnip types.

Fine, too, are the whole-some everyday mortals, too often taken for granted, iron-firm, gritty—long life to the Spinach people!

Our vegetable friends, all hail!

Romance and Roses for yours?

Sunshine and Vegetables for mine!

Charlotte Nye, '35.

A Colorful Event

A clatter of wooden heels, a rush of color, and amidst wild applause, Patauski, the famous Russian dancer made her appearance. Red, yellow and white were the predominating colors of her striking costume. The rippling of her skirt as she swung into the fantastic steps of her native dance produced a picture worthy of painting. Life and rhythm were a part of this Russian Dance. As she dipped and swirled, her small feet shod in white boots scarcely touched the floor. A white hat sat jauntily on black curly hair. Now the crowd cheered lustily as she tried some step in which balance seemed unknown.

Finally the dance was over and Patauski made her exit. The audience clamoured for more! Noise was deafening! Such was the reception for this Russian actress' appearance.

Ellen Jennings, '32.



"Clipper"; Esek Hopkins Jr. High School:—Yours is a very interesting magazine and we wish to congratulate your printing class especially, for their fine piece of work. Why not have an Exchange page?

"The Harpoon"; Dartmouth High School:—"The Harpoon" is the best book we have seen from a school of your size. We would suggest that your Literary and School Notes departments have equally as good headings as your Athletic and Poetry pages.

"Northern Light"; Normandin Jr. High School, New Bedford, Mass. The cover design on your magazine is very attractive and the stories are amusing. We like your Exchange page.

"Brocktonia"; Brockton High School:—We enjoyed reading your magazine immensely and consider it the best that we have reviewed.

"M. H. S. Review"; Medford High School:—The stories in the "Review" represent real talent and are of stirring interest.

"The Rough Rider"; Roosevelt Jr. High, New Bedford, Mass.:—"The Rough Rider" has a very complete literary department and the editorials show much thought and careful preparation.

"The Alpha"; New Bedford High:—We like the arrangement of your magazine and enjoyed reading your literary department. If you could avoid having advertisements on your cover, we believe it would add to its appearance.

A Comparison

High above me in the sky,
 Where big, white, fluffy clouds do fly,
There, an eagle once swooped by,
 And flew to the mountain very high.

But soon adown he flew again,
 On feathery pinions swift as flame,
And in the valley and lowland rude,
 Plundered and pillaged for his food.

Just so we humans upwards fly,
 To the wonderful things we most desire,
Reach up to glory until we die,
 Then drop to earth like a flash of fire.

George Steele, '36.

Milk Shakes — Sundaes

ALBERT W. JARRY

Main Street

Al. Pleases All

The Self Service Shoe Co.

Everything in Gym Sneakers

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New Bedford and Acushnet Cooperative Banks

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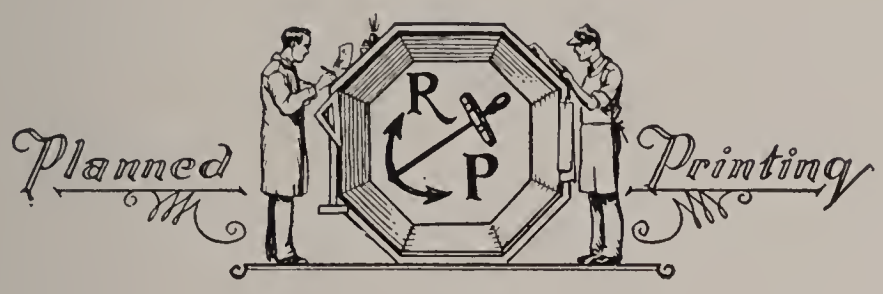
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1932



The High School, Fairhaven, Massachusetts

THE HUTTLESTONIAN

Published by Students of Fairhaven High School,
Fairhaven, Massachusetts

VOL. 9 SENIOR ISSUE, 1932 NO. 2

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Dedication - - - - - - - - - - - - 5

Class Officers - - - - - - - - - - - 6

Editorial Staff - - - - - - - - - - - 7

The Roster of the Class of 1932 - - - - - - - 8

History of the Class of 1932 - - - - - - - - 35

The Quest - - - - - - - - - - - - 39

Around the World with Hook and Hookum - - - 41

Impressions of "Sweetheart Revue" - - - - - 45

Senior Activities 1931 - 1932 - - - - - - - 49



To

Anna Bailey Trowbridge

for her years of unselfish service to our school, and in special recognition of her untiring efforts in behalf of our senior play, we, the Editorial Staff, dedicate this issue of "The Huttlestonian."

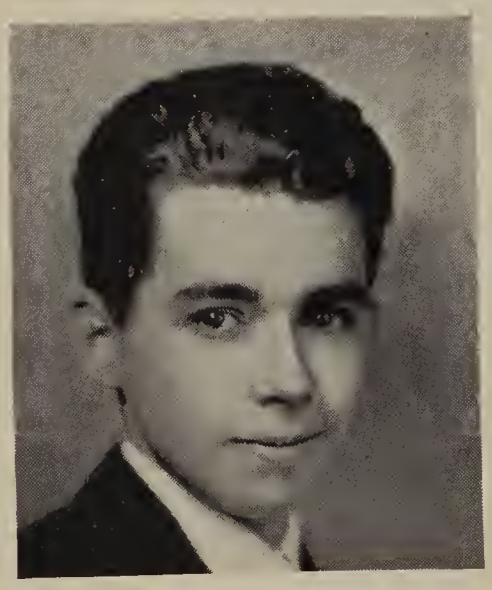


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ROSTER
OF THE CLASS OF 1932

ANDREWS, FREDERICK W. "Freddie"



"Bid me discourse
I will enchant thru ear."

Honor Society 4. Class Secretary 3, 4. Historian 4. Advertising staff of Huttlestonian 1. Associate Editor 3, 4. Student Council 3, 4. Tennis 3, 4. Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4. Band 1, 2, 3, 4. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Aviation Club 2, 3. Secretary 3. Chemistry Club 1. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Gypsy dancer. Junior Dance Committee. Social Committee 4. Chairman of Quotation Committee 4. Traffic Squad 2, 3, 4. Lieutenant 4. Service Point Certificate and Pin.

Harvard Engineering School.

BELANGER, ARAM



"Agreed to differ."

Class President 1. Historian 4. Class Football 3, 4. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. German Club 3. Debating Club 2, 3, 4. Program Committee 3. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" "George". Traffic Squad 2, 3, 4. Junior Lieutenant 3. Senior Lieutenant 4. Service Point Certificate and Pin. Chorus 4.

BIRTWISTLE, RUSSELL "Red"



"There is no fire without some smoke."

Football 3, 4. Class Football 3, 4. League Basketball 4. Basketball Manager 4. Track 3. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Aviation Club 2, 3. Hi-Y 2, 3, 4. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Soldier Chorus. Service Point Certificate and Pin. Chorus 4.

Lynn General Electric School.



BROADLAND, JOHN LEIGHTON "Scotchy"

"Let's talk of graves, of worms, of epitaphs."

Student Council 2, 4. Executive Committee 4. Varsity Football 2, 3, 4. Basketball 3, 4. Baseball 3, 4. Tennis Manager 3, 4. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Debating Club 4. Glee Club 3, 4. German Club 3. French Club 2. Service Point Certificate. Chorus 3, 4.

University of Alabama.



BURNS, HELEN M. "L'autre" "Hel"

"Good is wisdom to possess, and better still is cleverness."

Huttlestonian Staff 3. Basketball 2. Hockey 3. G. A. A. 2, 3, 4. Debating Club 3, 4. Debating Club Play Coach 3. Literary Club 3. Foreign Language Club 2. Dance Committee 3. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Martha. Traffic Squad 2, 3. Service Point Pin. Chorus 2, 3, 4.

American Academy Dramatic Arts N. Y.



BUSBY, EDWARD D. "Bud"

"The world knows nothing of its great men."

Class Football 3, 4. Orchestra 1. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Soldier Chorus. Chorus 4.



CHACE, MABEL CHARLOTTE "Mae"

"Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep."

Basketball 1. Hockey 1, 2. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3. Civics Club 1. Commercial Club 3. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Red Cross Nurses Chorus. Chorus 2, 3, 4.



CLARK, ANNE

"Common sense is the genius of our age."

Honor Society 3, 4. Advertising staff of Huttlestonian 1. Associate Editor 3. Editor-in-Chief 4. Student Council 1, 2, 4. Orchestra 1, 2. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Chemistry Club 1. Latin Club 1, 2, 3. Consul 3. French Club 2, 3. Literary Club 3. Representative to New Bedford Woman's Club 4. Picture Committee 4. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Marghuerita. Service Point Pin and Certificate. Latin Vocabulary Pin 1. Chorus 2, 3, 4.

Simmons College.



CORREIA, ADELINE "Addy"

"Gentle of Speech, beneficient of mind."

Basketball 3. Track 3. Hockey 3, 4. G. A. A. 3, 4. Secretary 4. Debating Club 3, 4. Domestic Science Club 4. Cheer Leader 4. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Grandma. Debating Club Play. Traffic Squad 4. Chorus 3, 4.



DALY, ELEANOR V. "Toots"

"Silence is golden."

Orchestra 1, 2. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Civics Club 1. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Red Cross Nurses Chorus. Chorus 2, 3, 4.

Kenyon's Commercial School.



DAY, PHYLLIS HARRIET "Phyl"

"Circumstances alter cases."

Hockey 2, 3, 4. Basketball 2, Track 2. G. A. A. 2, 3, 4. Junior Dance Committee. Traffic Squad 3. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Gypsy Chorus. Chorus 3, 4.

Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School.

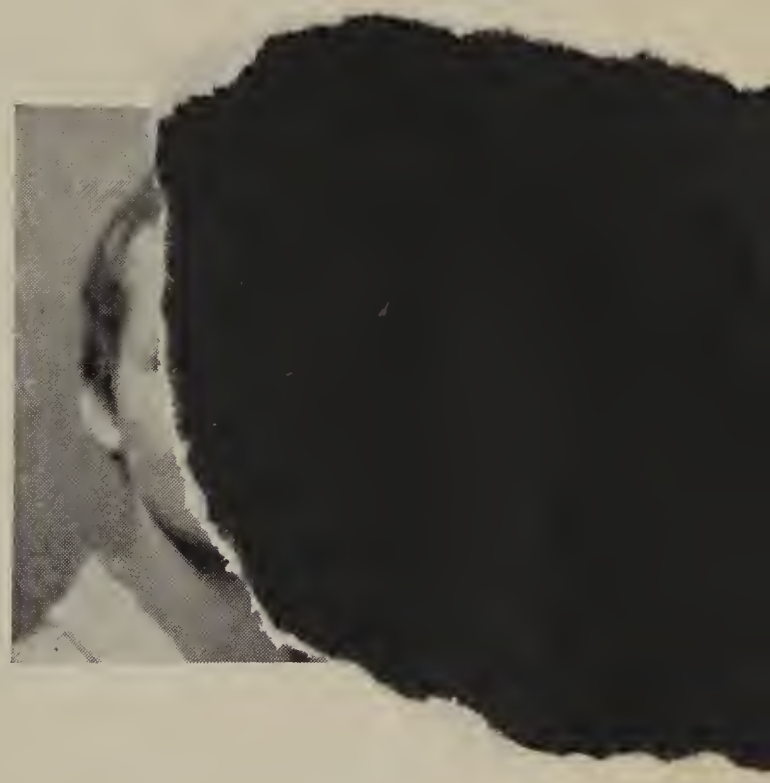


DIGGLE, RAYMOND H. "Ray"

"Sigh no more, my ladies, sigh no more."

Student Council 2, 3, 4. Varsity Track 3, 4. Orchestra 1, 2. Band 1, 2, 3. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Hi-Y 2, 3. German Club 3. Aviation Club 2, 3. Vice President 3. Junior Dance Committee 3. Social Committee 4. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Frank. Traffic Squad 4. Service Point Certificate and Pin. Chorus 3, 4.

Tufts College



DUDLEY, JANET MCL. "Jan"

"Begone dull care,
Thou and I shall never agree."

Honor Society 3, 4. Student Council 4. Orchestra 1, 2. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Foreign Language Club 2. German Club 3. Senior Play "Darkey Chorus". Service Point Certificate and Pin. Chorus 3, 4.

New York Presp. Hospital.



ELLIS, WILLIAM "Bill"

"For every why he had a wherefore."

Football 3, 4. Baseball 2, 3, 4. Class Football 3, 4. Class Basketball 3, 4. Debating 2, 3. B. A. A. 2, 3, 4. French Club 3. Latin Club 2. Chorus 2.



FISHBACK, WILLIAM "Bill" "Fishie"

"He could wisely tell what hour o' the day --
The clock does strike, -- by Algebrae."

Huttlestonian Advertising Staff 1. Football 3. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Aviation Club 2, 3. President 3. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" John.

Mass. Institute of Technology.



FLEMING, CRAWFORD W. "Cobby"

"All is not Gospel that thou dost speak."

Class Basketball 3, 4. League Basketball 3, 4. Class Football 4. Debating Club 2, 3. Debating Club Dance Committee 3. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Soldier Chorus. Chorus 3, 4.



FONTENEAU, DORIS "Dot"

"A soft answer turneth away wrath."

Student Council 4. Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4. Manager 3. Track 1, 2, 3, 4. Tennis 2. Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4. Band 2, 3, 4. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. French Club 2. Debating Club 2, 4. Domestic Science Club 1, 2, 3. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Sweetheart Chorus. Service Point Certificate and Pin.



FURTADO, HONORA CECELIA

"Inflamed with the study of learning."

Honor Society 3, 4. Treasurer 4. Huttlestonian Staff 3, 4. Reportorial Editor 3. Associate Editor 4. Basketball 2, 3. Hockey 2, 3. Track 2. Orchestra 2, 3, 4. G. A. A. 2, 3, 4. French Club 2, 3. Executive Committee 3. Service Point Certificate. Typewriting pin and certificate. Chorus 2, 3, 4.



GOULART, FRANK B. "Monk"

"A lion among ladies is a most dangerous thing."

Class Basketball 4. Football 3, 4. Manager 1, 2, 3. Senior Manager. Interclass Basketball 2, 3. League Basketball 3, 4. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.



GOODWIN, BRUCE L. "Boo-Boo"

"None but himself can be his parallel."

Football 1, 2. Class Football 3, 4. League Basketball 4. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Aviation Club 2, 3. Hi-Y 3, 4. Secretary 4. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Collegiate Chorus. Traffic Squad 4. Chorus 2, 3.



GRACIA, JOHN "Johnnie"

"He that runs will obtain."

B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Class Football 3. Class Basketball 3. Chorus 3, 4.



GUILMETTE, ROSEDA "Rose"

"The stars make no noise."

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. French Club 2. Art Club 2. Commercial Club 3. Social Committee 3. Civics Club 1. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Red Cross Nurses Chorus. Chorus 2, 3, 4.



HAMMOND, HENRIETTA A. "Henry" "Rett"

"Time as he grows old teaches many lessons."

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 2, 3, 4. Class Hockey 1, 3, 4. Class Basketball 4. Civics Club 1, Debating Club 2. Commercial Club 3. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Gypsy Chorus.



HANSON, KENNETH "Ken"

"Laugh and the world laughs with you."

Student Council 3, 4. Football 2. Class Track 2, 3, 4. League Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Aviation Club 2, 3. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Soldier Chorus. Chorus.

Northeastern University.

HIRST, MALCOLM H. "Mac"

"He that hath knowledge, spareth his words."
Football 4. Basketball 2, 3. Track 2, 3, 4. Orchestra 1, 2. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Aviation Club 3. Glee Club 2, 3. Junior Dance Committee. Social Committee 4. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Grandpa. Traffic Squad 2, 3, 4. Service Point Certificate and Pin. Chorus 2, 3, 4.



HOBBY, WILLIAM M. "Bill"

"Wisdom shall die with you."

Student Council 4. Class Football 4. Class Basketball 4. Gym Team 4. B. A. A. 4. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Darkey Chorus.



HOLMES, BERTHA N. "Billy"

"Wisdom is better than rubies."

Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Kid Chorus.





JELLISON, FREDERICK K.

"He knows what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly."

B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Debating Club 3. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Darkey Chorus. Chorus 4.

Post-Graduate.

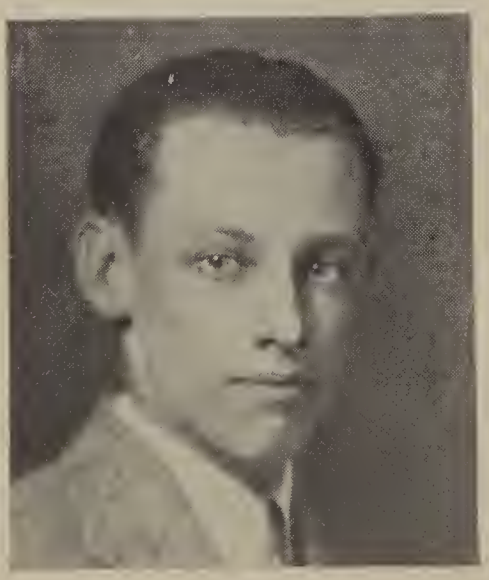


JENNINGS, ELLEN

"A fair exterior is a silent recommendation."

Huttlestonian Staff 3, 4. Reportorial Editor 3, 4. Cheer Leader 4. Debating Club 3, 4. Basketball 3. Hockey 3, 4. G. A. A. 3, 4. Traffic Squad 3, 4. Chorus 3, 4. Poverty Party Committee 4. Quotations for Senior Issue of Huttlestonian. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Frank's sweetheart. Literary Club 3.

Bridgewater Normal.



KENDRICK, GARDNER "Gard"

"Business before pleasure."

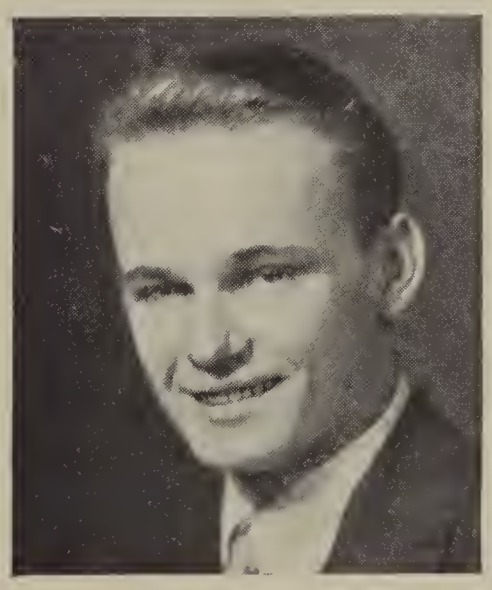
B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Aviation Club 2, Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" College Chorus. Chorus 4.



KENNY, LEO

"Whose little body lodged a great mind."

League Basketball 3, 4. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Science Club 1. Civics Club 1. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Kid Chorus. Chorus 4.



KIRKLEWSKI, VICTOR CHARLES "Chuck"

"For courage mounteth with occasion."

Football 3, 4. Class Football 3, 4. Baseball 2, 3, 4. League Basketball 3, 4. Co-Captain of Gym Team. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Aviation Club 2, 3. Glee Club 3, 4. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" School boy. Service Point Certificate and Pin. Chorus 2, 3, 4.



KOBZA, CHARLES, JR.

"Deeds not Words."

Class Football 3, 4. Baseball 2, 3, 4. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Darkey Chorus. Chorus 4.



LACERDA, JOSEPH "Joe"

"As merry as the day is long."

Football 2, 3, 4. Basketball 2, 3, 4. Captain 4. Baseball 3, 4. Track 3, 4. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Secretary 4. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Darkey Chorus. Traffic Squad 4. Chorus 4.

Lynn General Electric School.



LARKIN, ELIZABETH B. "Betty"

"Silence is more eloquent than words."

G. A. A. 2, 3, 4. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Red Cross Nurses Chorus. Service Point Certificate and Pin. Chorus 4.

St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Brighton, Mass.



LAW, MARJORIE MAE "Marg"

"An unextinguish'd laughter shakes the sky."

Class Secretary 1. Treasurer 3. Class Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4. Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4. Track 1, 2. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Poverty Party Committee 4. French Club 2. Debating Club 2, 3, 4. Junior Prom Committee. Senior Play Sweetheart Chorus and Mother. Social Committee. Traffic Squad. G. A. A. Pin, Numerals. Service Point Certificate and Pin. Chorus 2, 3, 4.

LEAHY, JAMES K. "Jimmy"

"According as the man is, so must you humour him."

Honor Society 3, 4. Vice President 4. Class President 3. Vice President 4. Class Prophet 4. Exchange Editor of Huttlestonian 3, 4. Student Council 4. Varsity Basketball 3, 4. Baseball 3, 4. Captain 4. B. A. A. 2, 3, 4. Foreign Language Club 2, 3. Treasurer 2. Vice President 3. Literary Club 2, 3. Treasurer 3. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Sweetheart Chorus. Traffic Squad 2, 3, 4. Service Point Pin and Certificate.

Rhode Island State College.



LOWE, NANCY C. "Nan"

"The glory of a firm capacious mind."

Honor Society 3, 4. Class President 4. Student Council 2, 3, 4. Huttlestonian Staff 3, 4. Initiation Committee 3. Basketball 2, 3, 4. Hockey 2, 3, 4. G. A. A. 2, 3, 4. Cheer Leader 4. French Club 3. Literary Club. Junior Prom Committee. Social Committee 4. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Sweetheart of Sigma Chi. Service Point Pin and Certificate. Typewriting Certificate. Chorus 2, 3. 4.

Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School, Boston.



MCQUILLAN, JOHN J. "Mickey"

"A friend as it were, a second self."

Football 2, 3, 4. Inter-class Football 2, 3. Baseball 2, 3. Basketball 2, 3, 4. League Basketball 2, 3, 4. Captain 4. Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Foreign Language Club 2. Debating Club 2, 3. Senior play "A Sweetheart Revue" College Chorus. Traffic Squad 2, 3. Chorus 2, 3, 4.

University of Alabama.





MITCHELL, GRACE W.

"A simple maid, and proper too."

Honor Society 3, 4. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Commercial Club 3. Civics Club 1. Service Point Certificate and Pin. Chorus 2, 3, 4.



MITCHELL, HOWARD "Slats"

"This bold bad man."

Huttlestonian Staff 3, 4. Football Manager 3, 4. Senior Football Manager 4. Inter-class Track 3, 4. Class Football 3, 4. League Basketball 3, 4. Captain 3, 4. Class Track 1, 2, 3, 4. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. English Club 2, Aviation Club 2. Debating Club 3. Literary Club 3. Hi-Y 2, 3, 4. Glee Club 2, 3, 4. Social Committee 4. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Captain of the Doughboys. Traffic Squad 2, 3, 4. Service Point Certificate and Pin. Chorus 4.

Business School.



MITCHELL, JANE E. "Mitchie"

"Her air, her manners, all who saw admired
Courteous though coy, and gentle though retired."

French Club 2. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Kid Chorus. Chorus 2, 3, 4.

Boston Normal Art.



MURLEY, JOHN A. "Fat"

"Do not delay, the golden moments fly!"

Orchestra 1, 2. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. French Club 2, 3. German Club 3. Aviation Club 2, 3. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Darkey Chorus. Traffic Squad 4. Chorus 2, 3, 4.

Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

OSBERG, LOUISE E. "Wee"

"Plain without pomp and rich without show."

Orchestra 2. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Civic Club 1. Social Committee 4. Senior Pla "A Sweetheart Revue" Kid Chorus. Cho us 2, 3, 4.



PADELFORD, SARAH "Sally"

"Cheer up the worst is yet to come."

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Commercial Club 3. Civics Club 1. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Red Cross Nurses Chorus. Chorus 2, 3, 4.



PARDEE, BYRON "By"

"Like an old fire horse when the gong sounded."

Student Council 1. Hi-Y 2, 3. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. French Club 3. Aviation Club 2, 3. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Sweetheart and College Choruses. Traffic Squad 4. Chorus 4.

Boston University.



PARTRIDGE, FREEMONT "Horace"

"For every inch that is not fool is rogue."

Vice President 1, 2. Class Prophet 4. Student Council 2. Football 1, 2, 3, 4. Class Football 3. Class Basketball 3, 4. League Basketball 2, 3, 4. Track 2, 3, 4. Baseball Manager 4. Debating Club 2, 3, 4. President 4. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Glee Club 3, 4. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Joe. Picture Committee. Chairman 4. Pin Committee 2. Service Point certificate and Pin. Chorus 2, 3, 4.

Springfield College.



PERSIN, MARCEL "Marcey"

"A man of strife and a man of contention."

Orchestra 1, 2. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Class Football 3, 4. Interclass Track Meet 3. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Kid Chorus. Chorus 3, 4.



PIERCE, LUTHER S.

"Quick to hear, slow to speak and slow to wrath."

Class Treasurer 2. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Sweetheart Chorus.

PIERCE, WARREN G. "Percy"

"I was born to other things."

Class President 2. Treasurer 4. Student Council 1, 2, 3, 4. President 4. Cla Football 3, 4. Varsity Basketball Class Basketball 3, 4. League Basketb 2, 3, 4. Varsity Tennis 3, 4. Ju Symphony 1, 2, 3, 4. Band 1, 2, Drum Major 4. B. A. A. 1, 2, Chemistry Club 1. Glee Club 3, 4. ior Dance Committee 3. Social Co tee 4. Traffic Squad 3, 4. Junior tenant 3. Captain 4. Service Poin tificate and Pin.



PIMENTAL, LENORA A. "Pi ent"

"The windy satisfaction of the tongue."

Basketball 2, 3, 4. Hockey 3, 4. G. A. A. 2, 3, 4. French Club 2. Junior Dance Committee. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Gypsy Chorus. Service Point Certificate. Chorus 2, 3, 4.

St. Luke's Hospital.



PORTAS, MARTHA D. "Mattie"

"Life is short and the art long."

Basketball 1. Track 1, 2. Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Gypsy Chorus Freshmen Reception Committee 2. Chorus 2, 3, 4.

Domestic Science School.

TTER, JOSEPH H.

"I awoke one morning and found myself famous."

asketball 2, 3. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. otball 2, 3. Baseball 2, 3. Chorus 3.



RADCLIFFE, SARAH ALICE "Sally"

"For fools admire but men of sense approve."

Honor Society 3, 4. Secretary 4. Student Council 4. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Civics Club 1. President 1. Foreign Language Club 2. Commercial Club 3. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Red Cross Nurses Chorus. Service Point Certificate and Pin. Chorus 2, 3, 4.



REED, BERNICE "Bernie"

"A sweet attractive kind of grace
A full assurance given by looks."

Civics Club 1. Science Club 1. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Gypsy Chorus. Chorus 2, 3, 4.

Swain School of Design.



ROE, EVELYN M. "Lynn"

"For wisdom they say is silent."

Hockey 3, 4. G. A. A. 3, 4. French Club 3. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Red Cross Nurses Chorus. Chorus 3, 4.

Training school for nurses.



ROTHWELL, BEATRICE "Bee"

"One who has lived obscurely and gently has lived well."

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Civics Club 1. Commercial Club 3. Basketball 3. Senior Play " A Sweetheart Revue", Gypsy Chorus. Service Point Certificate. Chorus 2, 3, 4.



ROZA, ROSALIND A. "Rosy"

"Silence is deep as eternity, speech is shallow as Time."

Basketball 2, 3, 4. Hockey 2, 3, 4. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Foreign Language Club 1, 2, 3. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Gypsy Chorus. Service Point Certificate and Pin. Typewriting Certificates. Chorus 2, 3, 4.

Springfield Library School.



SHUMWAY, HOWARD, H., JR. "Howie"

"Men of few words are the best men."

Football 4. Basketball 4. Track 3, 4. Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Foreign Language Club 2, 3. Secretary German Club 3. Debating Club 2, 3. Treasurer 2. Civics Club 1. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Soldier Chorus. Traffic Squad 2, 3. Service Point Certificate and Pin.

New York University.



SHUMWAY, ORSMAN A. "Ossy"

"Come not within the measure of my wrath."

Football 3, 4. Numerals 3. Track 3, 4. Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. French Club 2, 3. German Club 2, 3. Aviation Club 2, 3. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Sweetheart and College Choruses. Traffic Squad 2, 3. Service Point Certificate and Pin. Chorus 3, 4.



SHURTLEFF, MARION DAVIS

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

Student Council 3. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Civics Club 1. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Sweetheart Chorus. Service Point Certificate. Chorus 2, 3, 4.

Bryant-Stratton, Providence.



SILSBY, ROGER M. "Rod"

"The more the merrier."

Honor Society 3, 4. President 4. Class Treasurer 1. Associate Editor of Huttlestonian 3. Student Council 3, 4. Football 3, 4. Letter 3, 4. Basketball 2, 3, 4. Letter 4. Orchestra 3, 4. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Foreign Language Club 2, 3. Aviation Club 2, 3. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Soldier Chorus. Traffic Squad 2, 3. Service Point Certificate and Pin. Chorus 4.

Harvard Engineering School.



SMITH, FLORENCE "Flossy"

"All things come around to him who will but wait."

Manager Senior Hockey Team. G. A. A. 3, 4. Property Committee of Junior Commercial English Class Play. Costume Committee of "The Boor". Treasurer Junior Commercial English Class. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Darkey Chorus. Traffic Squad 4. Chorus 3, 4.

St. Luke's Training School for Nurses.



STOLTE, JEAN MARJORIE

"Love me, love my dog."

Student Council 3, 4. Hockey 3. Manager 1, 2. Numerals 2. Letter 3. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Latin Club 1, 2. French Club 3. Domestic Science Club 1, 2. Junior Dance Committee. Social Committee 4. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Sweetheart and Darkey Choruses. Traffic Squad 2, 3, 4. Junior Lieutenant 3. Deputy Captain 4. Service Point Certificate. Chorus 2, 3, 4.

Miss Wheelock's



SULLIVAN, CATHERINE P. "Walt Winchel"

"You stand in your own light."

Class Basketball 3, 4. Numerals 3. Letter 4. Class Hockey 4. G. A. A. 3, 4. Debating Club 3. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Manhattan. Chorus 3, 4.

Alvienne University.



TAYLOR, EDITH

"I never knew so young a lady with so old a head."

Orchestra 2, 3. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Debating Club 4. Art Club 3. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Sweetheart Chorus. First honor in Annual Fashion Show 3, 4. Chorus 2, 3, 4.

Katherine Gibbs.

TEIXEIRA, JOSEPHINE G. "Jo"



"The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Class Secretary 2. Civics Club 1, Secretary 1. Commercial Club 3. Hockey 1, 2. Captain 1, 2. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Gypsy Chorus. Service Point Certificate. Chorus 2, 3, 4.

Bryant-Stratton College.

THOMAS, WALTER



"A penny for your thoughts."

B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Sweetheart Chorus, College Chorus. Chorus 3, 4.

Post Graduate.

TICKLE, MYRTLE "Tic"



"Women, like princes, find few real friends."

Student Council 3, 4. Hockey 2, 3, 4. Class Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4. Color League 3, 4. Tennis 1, 2, 3, 4. Track 1, 2, 3, 4. Debating Club 3, 4. Civics Club 1. Junior Dance Committee, Social Committee 4. Poverty Party Committee 4. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Sweetheart Chorus, Darkey Chorus. Traffic Squad, Service Point Pin and Certificate.

Katherine Gibbs.



WALSH, EDWIN A. "Eddie"

"Always in haste, but never in a hurry."

Student Council 2. Class Football 3, 4. Class Basketball 3, 4. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Glee Club 3.



WHITE, GEORGE S. "Geo"

"Condemn the fault and not the actor of it."

Student Council 2. Football 2, 3, 4. Letter 3, 4. Basketball 2, 3, 4. Letter 4. Baseball 3, 4. Orchestra 2, 3, 4. B. A. A. 2, 3, 4. Foreign Language Club 2, 3. Debating Club 2. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Darkey Chorus.

Boston College.



WHITEHEAD, RICHARD "Dick"

"It is a wise father that knows his son."

Class Football 4. B. A. A. 4. Track 4. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" Kid Chorus. Chorus 4.

WISNIEWSKA, MABEL "Cherry"



"All nature wears a universal grin."

Advertising Staff of Huttlestonian 4. Student Council 2, 4. Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4. Track 1, 4. Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4. Captain 4. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Latin Club 1, 2. French Club 2, 3. Initiation Committee 2. Senior Play "A Sweetheart Revue" "Schoolgirl". Traffic Squad 4. Service Point Certificate and Pin. Chorus 2, 3, 4.

Class Historians



Frederick W. Andrews



Aram Belanger

The History of the Class of 1932

The silent tread of old Father Time has just died away and in his wake, the past years of our schooling loom on the horizon. It is customary that the class history should be a summary of our four years in high school and, therefore, your historians will attempt to enlighten you.

Way back in the month of September, 1928, an eager group of very green Freshmen passed over the threshold of Room 7, in hopes of furthering their education and working wonders in this world of ours after graduation. Upon entering, we, the freshmen, were greeted by the smiling Mr. Larrabee, (long since gone) who promptly set about to seat us in alphabetical order around the spacious room. Awed faces gazed at the exquisite workmanship of the ceiling and walls and in subdued whispers, satisfied comments were exchanged. Preliminary business being over, the freshmen began to accustom themselves to what was to be their home.

The first regular school term uncovered untold literary talent and "The Huttlestonian" forces were increased by the entrance of many Freshmen to its folds. The second term started with less glamor than the first, but, nevertheless, was greatly enjoyed by the newly-entered plebes. The freshmen class election was held and the results were as follows: President, Aram Belanger; Vice President, Freemont Partridge; Secretary, Marjorie Law; Treasurer, Roger Silsby. These officers after a hasty consultation, elected an entertainment committee and the Christmas party, which was the result of their efforts will long be remembered as an outstanding event in our freshman year. Although not a financial success, it was, socially, well received. A noticeable fact at this assemblage, however, was the apparent lack of dancers on the floor. What a difference four years can make to a shy group of boys and girls! At the conclusion of this year the rapidly aging freshmen eagerly received their report cards, and, scanning them, gleamed the success or failure which their first year of toil had availed them.

Summer sped by and upon returning, the mature ex-freshmen were assigned to Rooms six and seventeen. The customary elections were held and the results were as follows: President, Warren Pierce:

Vice President, Freemont Partridge; Secretary, Frederick Andrews; and Treasurer, Luther Pierce.

Our first term as Sophmores started with the proverbial "bang", and as we quickly accustomed ourselves to our new teachers, the wheels of progress droned on unfaulteringly. The outstanding scholastic activities in this year were the inter-class debates. In preliminary debates, the weaker were eliminated and the stronger kept for the finals. The outcome was doubtful at first, but finally the glowing eloquence and flashing oratory of Freemont Partridge and Kenneth Hanson proved to be invincible. Miss Heald, our English teacher, regarded her future politicians and statesmen with satisfaction. The remainder of our sophomore year was uneventful, and in June, the majority of us were promoted and spent the summer months eagerly anticipating our return as Juniors.

Then 1931 rolled around, and as we entered school, our former fear and awe of the senior class died as we, the Juniors, regarded our predecessors without consternation. Our first business was to elect class officers, and when the ballots were counted, it was found that James Leahy had been chosen to keep order assisted by Nancy Lowe, while Marjorie Law and Frederick Andrews were to take money and notes respectively.

The Junior Class of 1931 held more than its share of prominent "Huttlestonian" positions. Anne Clark, Roger Silsby, Nancy Lowe, Frederick Andrews were assistant and associate editors, while Ellen Jennings and James Leahy were reportorial editors and Howard Mitchell was circulation manager.

When the cool autumn days appeared, John Broadland, Roger Silsby, George White donned football togs and joined the varsity. The Junior class members of the basketball, baseball and track teams were Joseph Lacerda, John Broadland, James Leahy, Raymond Diggle, Howard Mitchell, and Charles Kobza. Warren Pierce and Frederick Andrews made the tennis team.

The one and only social event of our class in 1931 was the Junior Prom, held in March. Although we were amateurs in this line, a record crowd enjoyed fine dance music and our bank account was decidedly increased.

The Student Council members for 1931 were chosen and Malcolm Hirst, Raymond Diggle, Frederick Andrews, Kenneth Hanson, Warren

Pierce, Marjorie Law, Betty Andrews, Nancy Lowe, Jean Stolte and Myrtle Tickle represented the Junior Class.

In spite of everything the year appeared to slip by rapidly. June was a welcomed visitor for, you know, "Variety is the spice of life".

On September 8, 1931, our big moment arrived as we came trooping back as Seniors of Fairhaven High School. Our first class meeting resulted in the following elections: President, Nancy Lowe; Vice President, James Leahy; Secretary, Frederick Andrews, and Treasurer, Warren Pierce.

The senior members of the Student Council were: John Broadland, Frederick Andrews, Warren Pierce, Nancy Lowe, Kenneth Hanson, Roger Silsby, Sarah Radcliffe, William Hobby, Myrtle Tickle, Anne Clark, Raymond Diggle, Doris Fonteneau, Janet Dudley, Jean Stolte and Mabel Wisniewska.

Fall was fast approaching and with it came the sport so dear to all Fairhaven — football. Since Mr. Wells had accepted a new coaching position at Bowdoin College, we had a new mentor this fall — Mr. Donald D. Dunn. Despite the loss of many veterans, Coach Dunn turned out a fine team and although we lost to New Bedford, De la Salle, and Rogers High, our team chalked up six victories, making the season a successful one.

The Honor Society claimed the following members from the Senior Class: James Leahy, Anne Clark, Janet Dudley, Roger Silsby, Nancy Lowe, Grace Mitchell, Honora Furtado, Sarah Radcliffe, Beatrice Rothwell, Josephine Teixeira, and Frederick Andrews. The officers of the society were: President, Roger Silsby; Vice President, James Leahy, Secretary, Sarah Radcliffe and Treasurer, Honora Furtado.

Our dance committee, Nancy Lowe, Howard Mitchell, Louise Osberg, Raymond Diggle, Marjorie Law, Malcolm Hirst, Frederick Andrews, Jean Stolte, Myrtle Tickle, and Warren Pierce, turned in a fine record by sponsoring three dances that were for the most part successful from both the social and financial standpoint.

Early in January, plans were formulated for the production of the traditional Senior Play. After much discussion, the committee decided that something new in dramatics should be tried and an operetta, "Sweetheart Revue" was scheduled to be presented on April 15. The leading roles were filled by Aram Belanger and William Fishback, who

portrayed two old cronies of a mid-western town. The remainder of the class ably assisted these characters by filling various singing and dancing parts. Finally, the eventful day arrived and that night a few minutes before the opening curtain, nervous figures could be seen backstage pacing the floor. But nervousness fled with the rising of the curtain and all who attended praised the production and claimed it to be one of the best Senior plays in years.

On April first, the Harvard Club of New Bedford sponsored a program by the Harvard Musical Club for the benefit of the Scholarship Loan Fund. The Fairhaven Teachers Association brought the Tufts Musical Club to Fairhaven on April 28th.

As our last year in Fairhaven High School drew to a close, we began to think seriously of graduation and what course we would pursue when turned loose into the great big world. The days became overflowing with activity and completeness and as June approached the excitement of graduation arose among us. With these thrills and joys, there came slight pangs of remorse and sorrow of leaving our dear old Fairhaven High School, but the pleasant memory of our four happy years will always linger with us.

Frederick W. Andrews, '32.
Aram J. Belanger, '32.

The Quest

Together we fought; together we strove to conquer
The ever-flowing stream of learning,
Evading its treacherous snags
And whirlpools of prejudice,
Struggling to climb the tier of st
Raised against Eternity's dome
By the classes of former years.
The goal once reached unfolded
Groping vision, a universe of
Some as rocky as the shores of
Others as smooth and beaten
As the road of the ancient Greek
Leading to the Temple of Athena
These paths of life lengthen before
In an intricate maze of lines.
Some cross each other, some run side by side.
Still others lead a straight and tortuous way
To the end, before which
The vast wilderness of limited knowledge
Stretches like the blue-green unbounded Expanse.
Other paths fade in the distance,
Ending somewhere beyond the range of our vision.

Walter Thomas, '32.

Class Prophets





James K. Leahy

Around the World with Hook and Hookum

It is a beautiful day in Albany, and the new rocket cruiser, "Fairhaven", is about to take off on her maiden globe-encircling voyage to New York via Russia. As the last passenger enters the ship the starter, John Gracia, folds up the steps and jumps aboard. We're off, with our trusty pilot, Bill Fishback, at the controls and his nimble assistant, Bruce Goodwin, ready to step into his shoes at a moment's notice.

As we speed along at the rate of three hundred miles per hour, let us introduce the passengers and personnel of the ship. In the first seat we have the Reverend Frederick Jellison, who is the new minister for the "Little Church Around the Corner", and at his left is his wife, the former Sarah Padelford, who is accompanying him on the journey. Directly across from them is the well known baritone, "Crooner" Morse, who is on his way to keep an appointment with that master of the "Hot-Cha", George White, who is starring Stanley in his new show called, "Sweetheart Revue". Next in line is General Mitchell, accompanied by his aides, Captain Kobza and Lieutenant Potter. Our announcer is standing in the front of the cabin and is none other than the radio king, Gardner Kendrick. Last, and by far the least, are the two owners of the Rocket lines, — the great Hook and the eminent Hookum.

"Now folks, we are directly over Chicago where Catherine Sullivan is making her debut to-night in the Civic Opera House, singing, 'For the Good of the Community'. This city is also the home of the great architect, Roger Silsby, and the mammoth firm of contractors, Thomas and Hanson."

As we approach Denver, the pangs of hunger assail us. Stopping at a quick lunch counter we discover Sarah Radcliffe and Bertha Holmes, while the cook proves to be none other than our old pal, Janet Dudley, and her assistant Helen Burns. We all order "hamburgers" which are served to us on crockery made by Whitehead and Walsh at their china plant in Tinkhamtown. While we are waiting for the new rockets to be installed, Captain Kobza suggests that we take a stroll around the city. The first thing that meets our eyes is the huge blue and gold sign, "Daley's Dancing School", run by our former classmate Eleanor Daley and her husband Russell Birtwistle. With forty-five minutes at our disposal we stepped inside, and of all the surprises! Who

should we see but Ray Diggle teaching a beautiful blonde to dance! Leading the orchestra with many flourishes and gesticulations is our old friend John Murley, accompanied by "By" Pardee playing the flute and Leo Kenny the tuba.

Once more we resume our travels and are on our way to San Francisco, the home of Belanger's "Better Baked Beans". As it becomes necessary to make repairs to the ship, we have a two-hour stop. For a small sum, a sight seeing bus is hired which takes us by the Beanery and over to Hollywood to the studios of Shumway & Shumway where Broadland, the great lover, and a cast that includes Marge Law, Phil Day, and Louise Osberg are found working on a new picture called, "When I'm With You I'm Alone". "Ossie" and Mrs. Shumway, the former Marion Shurtleff, invited us over to lunch, but as we had to get back to the ship we were compelled to refuse. On our way back we passed several "hot-dog" stands of which our announcer informed us Nancy Lowe owned a chain; leaning over the counter of one waving to us was Edith Taylor. Back at the field we board our ship and are soon speeding out over the Pacific.

"Let us drop a package of chewing tobacco to Bill Hobby," suggests Bruce Goodwin, as we glide over the Hawaiian Islands. "Have you heard his latest song?" "No!" we exclaimed in chorus. "Turn on the radio." As we receive the strains of his latest piece, "When Banana Peels are Falling I'll Come Sliding Home to You", we pass over China, stop at Shanghai, and visit Joe Lacerda and Luther Pierce who are running a Chinese Laundry.

From Shanghai we take a short hop to Petrograd and stop to see the "Russian Ballet" which happens to be composed of Roseda Guilmette, Lenora Pimental, Henrietta Hammond, Doris Fonteneau, and Martha Portas. The ballet was accompanied by the Sympathy Orchestra under the leadership of Honora Furtado with Mabel Wisniewska playing the bass viol and Mabel Chase the piccolo.

With the cry, "All aboard" ringing in our ears we embark for Berlin, the capitol of Germany, "where ambassador Busby was raising havoc with the German Loan while his secretary Mac Hirst was raising cain with the German frauliens," as Hook put it. However, Berlin was not a stop, and we continued on our way to Paris where we visit the Art School and meet an old acquaintance, Betty Larkin, who, with Jane and Grace Mitchell and Bernice Reed is studying there. At the

Grand Opera House we see Marcel Persin and Jean Stolte playing in that old production "Dr. Jelly and Mrs. Hide".

By three o'clock we are off over the Atlantic and are soon nearing the New England coast. As we pass over Sconticut Neck we look down upon the great bottling works of Frank Goulart. Next we view the Acushnet River and see Vic Kirklewski speeding down the river in his outboard motorboat made by the "W, W, W, & W Pierce Boat Works". Reverend Jellison acquaints us with the fact that Evelyn Roe, Rosalind Rosa, and Florence Smith are teaching in New Bedford High School and Cobby Flemming teaches English at dear old F. H. S.

During our stop at Boston, we visit the law offices of Andrews and Clark, Ann being the only girl in our class admitted to the bar. Here the party separates, some to go to see manager Bill Ellis' "Braves" playing and the rest to visit Dr. McQuillan, the painless dentist.

On our way once more, we soon arrive at our final destination, New York. On Fifth Avenue who should we find running a smart ladies' shop but Ellen Jennings and Myrtle Tickle. We also learn that they are ably assisted by Jo Teixeira and Beatrice Rothwell, and that our former classmate, Adeline Correia, is to play opposite Stanley Morse in George White's new musical hit.

With the maiden voyage of our new air liner now complete, we, the proud owners, Hook and Hookum, can once more return to our offices in the sub-cellar of the Empire State building, gaze upon our hoarded gold and watch it grow.

Written with sincere apologies to the class of 1932.

HOOK & HOOKUM.

Henry F. Partridge.
James K. Leahy.



CAST OF "SWEETHEART REVUE"

Presented by the Class of 1932 F. H. S.

First row: (left to right) — Raymond Diggle, Ellen Jennings, Freemont Partridge, Nancy Lowe, Victor Kirklewski, Mabel Wisniewska.

Second row: — Katherine Sullivan, William Fishback, Marjorie Law, Malcolm Hirst, Adeline Correia, Helen Burns, Frederick Andrews, Anne Clark, Howard Mitchell

Impressions of "Sweetheart Revue"

On the evening of April fifteenth, the senior class presented the operetta entitled "Sweetheart Revue" by Esther R. Olson. When I arrived, I saw numerous examples of the powers of makeup; in fact, it was not until I heard familiar voices that I was at all sure of the identity of my classmates.

Once the orchestra was established, I occupied myself with watching the auditorium slowly fill. At first, one could not help thinking that if our class banquet were dependent upon the percentage of people present, it most certainly would be held at the Bridge Diner. However, by eight o'clock, such a capacity audience was impatiently waiting, that the financial outlook was entirely changed.

The conductor's baton was raised, and the orchestra burst into the theme song "Sweethearts On Parade". As the curtains parted, revealing the opening Sweetheart Chorus, an undercurrent of delightful surprise rippled through the audience. The colorful stage scenery accentuated the beauty of the gay organdie dresses of the feminine members of the chorus. The scene depicted the main street of a small town. One could well imagine the warm weather calling forth the village population.

When the singers faded from view, attention was focused upon George and John — Aram Belanger and William Fishback respectively, who impersonated two middle-aged men commonly seen about any town, lounging before the post-office. It was their quaint philosophies of the problems of the universe which prompted the unveiling of the panorama before the eyes of the public.

Conversation commenced with a discussion of their younger days, but clouds of smoke rising from the gypsy camp at once claimed the attention of the two men. Soon they perceived a gypsy fortune teller, played by Anne Clark, coming down the street, wearing gaudy clothes and much jewelry. George lost a dollar on his fortune when Marghuerita told him coquettishly the subject of his thoughts — springtime and the sweetheart he had wedded twenty years ago. While she proceeded to explain that gypsies had hearts and sweethearts also the lights dimmed and from out of the darkness, a soprano chorus was heard singing the "Gypsy Love Song". Presently a red spotlight glowed on

the stage and showed a group of gypsy girls gathered around a campfire. Suddenly the song is broken — the stage floods with brilliancy — and from the wings Marghuerita and her dancing partner, Frederick Andrews, emerge and execute a dance in true gypsy fashion. The stage dimmed as the orchestra took up once again the "Gypsy Love Song" and this time our talented assistant-soloist stepped forward to render a most pleasing selection. Everyone will agree that this was one of the most charming scenes of the production and it was encored enthusiastically.

George and John resumed conversation after a few romantic sighs and reflections on the gypsies' life composed of eternal laughter, love, and adventure. These two characters are so true to life that one is constantly reminded of the various Cape Cod impersonations found in the books of Joseph C. Lincoln.

Their reminiscences were broken down when a young man sauntered in, clad in riding clothes, but very dejected. He proved to be Raymond Diggle. When questioned by George and John, he replied that older folks would not understand. But George, ever suspicious, wisely asked, "Who is she, Frank?" As he fervently told them that she was the sweetest girl in the world, Ellen Jennings entered looking very winsome in her riding costume. Together they sang and danced while the orchestra played "Let Me Call You Sweetheart". Raymond sang the stanza in a very taking manner and rejoined his partner in the chorus. Such whole-hearted acting and originality well deserved the encore which it received.

As John remarked that it took young folks to enjoy life, a jaunty, young collegian, Freemont Partridge, by name, sprinted along, clad in white flannels and a bright blue blazer. As he breezed in he gave the impression that he had not a single care in the world. His most strenuous work was that of keeping his girl from the rest of the fellows. He informed them that she was the "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi". When he began the refrain, the dainty "Sweetheart" entered. As soon as the two started dancing, numerous cut-ins followed. At last the college boys lined up and Nancy Lowe, impersonating the "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi," gave her hand to each boy, taking a few steps with him until she reached the end, where she left the scene followed by the chorus. Applause brought them back for an encore.

George and John turned their thoughts to themselves when John commenced to praise the former's home and wife. At the moment

Martha, whose part was played by Helen Burns, called vigorously to her husband, George. As John jokingly said, "Jest goin' to call on your sweetheart, eh?" the lights went out and a soft glow settled on the stage while Aram recited "An Old Sweetheart of Mine" by James Whitcomb Riley. At the conclusion, Marthie was standing behind him, careful lest she disturb his reverie.

A clever skit was next introduced by Mabel Wisniewski and Victor Kirklewski, who depicted happy and care-free children. They were greatly assisted by the Kid Chorus. The audience was especially generous in its applause to this group.

Of course no revue of this type could be complete without its sweethearts of yesterday and when Grandpa and Grandma appeared on the stage about to go for a buggy ride in celebration of their fiftieth wedding anniversary, the audience was more than delighted. These roles were taken by Adeline Correia and Malcolm Hirst.

The appearance of Manhattan, Catherine Sullivan, aroused immediate interest as did the new trend in music, depicted by the opening measures of "River, Stay 'Way From My Door". A Virginia Reel, in which the Darkey Chorus participated, was cleverly inserted between the two stanzas. Catherine's interpretation is to be highly commended, and the applause which greeted her at the conclusion would have done credit to a professional.

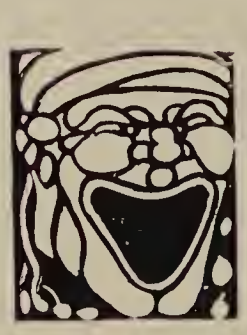
At this point, John realized that he had not been as fortunate as others, and that his mother was his only sweetheart. A soft, blue light was cast upon the stage revealing Marjorie Law as a white-haired, patient mother sitting in a rocker knitting while strains of "Mother Machree" captivated the audience.

The War, also a subject for sweethearts, was not to be left out, and from off-stage as a bugle sounded, a troop of American doughboys, headed by Captain Howard Mitchell, entered with military step. While the orchestra played the "Sweetheart of Alsace-Lorraine", the Red Cross nurses joined the soldiers until martial music ushered them off the stage.

Again left alone, George and John rose, their expressions denoting the pleasure which they had evinced at seeing the folks pass along Main Street. Once more the familiar "Sweethearts On Parade" was heard while the entire cast assembled on the stage for the grand finale as the principles marched across in a seemingly endless procession.

Everyone will agree that "Sweetheart Revue" was enjoyed by a most appreciative audience and that its success was primarily due to the untiring efforts of Miss Siebert and to the cooperation of Miss Trowbridge and Mr. Kempf.

Honora Furtado, '32.



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HONORA C. FURTADO



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First row: (left to right) — Myrtle Tickle, Marjorie Law, Warren Pierce, Nancy Lowe, Anne Clark.

Second row: — Doris Fonteneau, Janet Dudley, Jean Stolte, Sarah Radcliffe, Mabel Wisniewska.

Back row: — Raymond Diggle, John Broadland, Malcolm Hirst, Kenneth Hanson, Roger Silsby, Frederick Andrews.









Scenes from "Sweetheart Revue"

REPRESENTATIVES TO NEW BEDFORD WOMAN'S CLUB



NANCY LOWE



ANNE CLARK



SOCIAL COMMITTEE — CLASS OF 1932

First row: (left to right) — Myrtle Tickle, Nancy Lowe, Marjorie Law, Jean Stolte, Louise Osberg.

Second row: — Raymond Diggle, Warren Pierce, Malcolm Hirst, Howard Mitchell, Frederick Andrews.

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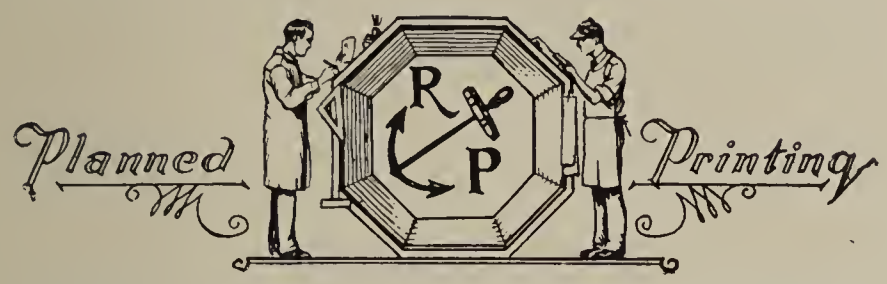
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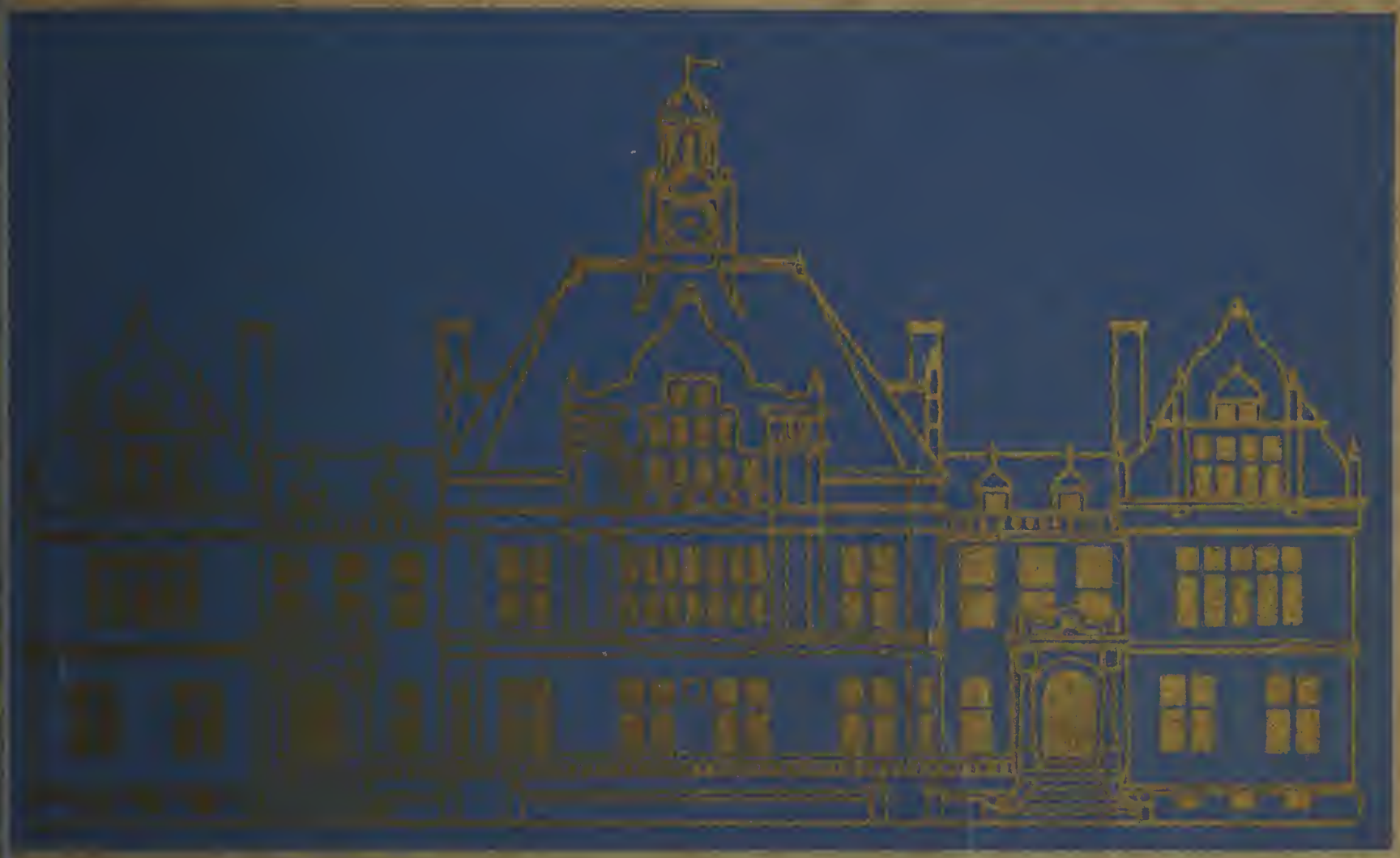
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1932

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THE HUTTLESTONIAN

VOL. 10 No. 1



FALL ISSUE

1932

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Table of Contents

Editorial Staff
Night (a poem) 14
Bombardment (a short story) 15

Editorials
Men Like Pins Are Useless When They Lose Their Heads 18
Our New Cover Design 18
Romance In English 19

Don'ts For A Would Be Writer (a poem) 21

Department Notes

Girls' Athletics
Girls' Sports 22

Boys' Athletics
Boys' Athletics 23

Music
Music Appreciation 25

French
Les Impressions d'un Francais a New York . . 26
Devinettes 27

Science
The Story of a Match 28

Day of Daze 29

On Driving A Car (an essay) 30

A Nobleman Loses His Dignity 31

Tomatoes are Cheaper 35

Answers to French Descriptions 35

School Days (a play) 36

A Sequel to "Sohrab and Rustum" 37

Voices from the Locker Room (a poem) 39

Here and There with the Graduates 40

Exchanges 42

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Night

The sun set in a blood-red
Turmoil. The shadows led
Their ghostly way as runes
From vales like darkened tombs.
The silver crescent shed her shroud
Of gossamer shapes and stardust cloud.

The countless windows
Of the sky's huge dome
Opened their shutters.
The cold night air stole
On silent feet, o'er
Ridge and moor.
The twisted limbs of trees
Hid the goblins' tryst
And witches spree.
Their mutilated fingers pointed
At the bare and wretched skyline.
The river coursed its way
Unchallenged, to the fog's murky lair.
Then, Night was crowned king,
And held merry court
In his firmament.

Walter Thomas, '32

Bombardment

Edwards laid his rifle aside. It was heavy. He climbed slowly down from the rough side of the trench.

There had been a lull in the firing for over an hour, but behind the enemy lines could be heard the rumbling of lorries. The rumble continued all the afternoon as Edwards, off duty, lay back on his straw in one of the heavier dugouts. Sewall came in. He threw himself down.

"There'll be a bombardment tonight," he said; "probably an attack, too."

"You're cheerful, Sewall," said Edwards, but his hand shook as he raised a cigarette to his lips. Why was he such a coward? Ever since he'd been sent up to the front line under Gaskell he'd acted like a fool. He quaked at every shell that screamed overhead, and turned white at the dry, throaty rattle of machine guns.

"I hear they're going to use trench mortars on us." It was Sewall speaking. "You know, it's a funny thing, but those guns blow a man right out of his clothes. Concussion, y'know. I was comin' through Hierre — that's the town they've been blasting to bits, and men, stark naked and dead, were all over the place. I was talkin' with Louie about it yesterday, and he says that ——"

"Oh, shut up! Don't you suppose I know what they're like? I'd rather get one of them in the neck than have to sit here and listen to you shoot your mouth off about what happens to the poor devils who do get 'em. Shut up, I'm telling you!"

Sewall shut up.

They sat thus for an hour and a half, Sewall dozing, Edwards in a numb agony as he thought of the horrors of the coming night.

It was dark when Corporal Gaskell stuck his head in the door and bawled, "Out front! All of ya'! Sewall, Edwards, Winston, Payson, Minsky. Forward and report to supply depot for five rolls of wire for wire fatigue."

The five of them crawled over the parapet and edged along, a small role of barbed wire dragging behind each one. As they reached the remains of the wire that had been put up four days before, they raised themselves on their knees and took to unrolling the spools. Both

lines of trenches were unusually quiet. Yet Edwards knew that enemy snipers were even now getting a bead on them through telescopic sights.

Minsky was the first to go. He leaped up into the air, doubled over, and fell onto the very wire he had been rigging. Edwards turned paler. He was glad it was dark, for now he couldn't see poor Minsky's distorted face.

Winston went next. He crumpled up without a sound. After twenty minutes of agonizing suspense, during which they tore their hands as they strung the wire along, they heard Gaskell's shrill whistle. Back the remaining three went, yanking the bodies of Winston and Minsky behind them.

They hadn't been in the trench five minutes when the bombardment started. Every man turned into the dug-out nearest him. Twelve men were in Edwards', Gaskell included. The huge shells, screaming overhead, the low-spreading shrapnel, the rocket flares, the terrifying "booooooom" as a mortar shell struck near — all tended to reduce the already worn-out men to a state of mental and physical inertia that was the only thing that saved the twelve from going utterly mad.

The booming roars, the shrill whistling of the shells, and the infernal noise lasted five and a half hours. Then suddenly the barrage lifted. Instantly the men prepared for the attack. Outside, two machine guns were already in place and sputtering. It seemed incredible that human beings could have lived through such a terrific shelling, yet now men appeared on all sides. Hand grenades were quickly passed out. Bayonets were fixed in place.

Edwards looked back toward the reservists' trenches. All around them fountains of earth leaped up into the night sky like things alive. The first of the enemy scurried across the short distance that separated the two lines of trenches. They came on in a seemingly never-ending, indistinguishable mass of gray forms. The machine guns picked them off like flies; as the guns got hot quickly because of the lack of water, they jammed. The barbed wire was in singularly good shape, despite the heavy shelling.

Edwards pitched a hand grenade its specified sixty feet. Payson, beside him, threw one forty feet. The distance was important. Edwards watched his. It rose into the air in a graceful arc, then descended. Edwards saw the young German it fell on, saw him disappear in a horrifying cloud of smoke and burst of flame. Suddenly, Edwards knew fear such as he had never experienced before. It froze him in his

tracks, robbed him of strength, stilled his very thoughts, and sent but one thing through his tired brain: "What if that should happen to me?" He heard the cry, "Counter — attack! Counter — attack! Over and forward — *all!*" He knew the command; knew that it meant hand-to-hand fighting. He couldn't stand that! To see his own bayonet kill another man — never!

He looked around the now deserted trench. Only one man was there. It was Sewall. And what was *he* doing here? Oughtn't he to be out on the parapet, holding off the enemy? He ran up to him. Sewall was crouched down, his face beneath his great coat. Edwards grabbed him by the collar and stood him up. He was filled with a sudden, illogical fury that this man was a coward, a slacker. He saw himself in this craven, and the sight drove him into a rage. Forgotten, now, was his own cowardliness.

"You yellow dog! Get out there! Come on!" He dragged him up over the edge of the trench, handed him his rifle and exclaimed: "Sewall! Forward for skirmishing!" Sewall's eyes brightened up; recognition poured into them.

"Let's go, Edwards!"

"O. K., Sewall!"

They went forward, grimly, determinedly.

A shell screamed suddenly, hissed frightfully, and - - -

* * * * *

"Roll Call".

"Hinty."
"Hep."
"Rudell."
"Yay."
"Page."
"Heah!"
"Edwards."
No answer.
"Sewall."
No answer.
"Putnam." (A bit throatily)
"Yaya."
"Company six, march easy."

John B. Leonard, '33



Men Like Pins Are Useless When They Lose Their Heads

Ability is merely the strength to make constant attempts. We hardly know when we are on the verge of success or failure; often we do not know that we have passed it. How few would have failed if they had used their heads, if they had not given up when everything seemed to be a hopeless failure. That which may have seemed lost, by a little more perserverance and endeavor, may turn to remarkable fame. "As the tide goes out, so it comes in."

One cannot fail unless he does not try any longer. There can be no defeat inwardly, no actually insuperable hinderance save our own innate unstableness of purpose.

Lois R. Macomber, '34

Our New Cover Design

Attention should be called this year to the new design on the cover of our magazine, which, in all probability, will be used for some time. The picture of the school at the top of the cover is set in a panel recessed in the cover stock.

Due to the fact that the initial cost of a cover of this type is expensive, the staff of the "Huttlestonian" has been questioned and slightly criticized for its choice.

We feel, however, that the added expense this year will be more than offset by the financial saving in years to come and the assurance that the magazine will always have a practical and attractive cover design.

Genevieve B. Marston, '33.

Romance In English

What, my dear Reader! You admit that English is one of the primary requisites of an education, but you think it dry and lacking in imagination? Oh, but you are wrong, undeniably so. Why, English is not one of the primary requisites of an education, -- indeed not. English is education.

You want an explanation? Certainly, unknown Reader, you are entitled to it. Anyone with kindness enough to even glance at this rambling is entitled to it. I said, "English is Education" for this reason. Can you imagine a lawyer with a complete knowledge of law trying to present a case to a jury in a clear, concise, and logical manner without a mastery of English? Have you not heard lectures by men who undeniably were leaders in their fields of endeavor that sounded flat and uninteresting because they lacked a certain something in their English, an ability to put themselves across? Can you picture a person trying to "sell himself" to an employer when his knowledge of English is inadequate? In all probability you know and have actually witnessed cases similar to these.

You have a question, my Reader. I can see you are just bursting to rid yourself of it. I anticipated that question. Yes, most of these men have a knowledge of English but one, such as you are acquiring, dry and interesting, devoid of romance. You wonder how this latter enters into English? Can you visualize anything more romantic than the Roman Galleys, Spanish Galleons, or Colonial Windjammers, plying their commercial routes into unknown countries? No history is more colorful than the history of commerce and that is the definition of practical English -- commerce of words. You have an idea, you trade it for ideas of someone to whom you are talking. You want a position and outfit a vessel with your best English and send it to your prospective employer in hopes that your cargo will be exchanged for a position. Not only in these cases but in any other where words are exchanged, is this commerce perfected.

This all leads us to several rules we must use in the injection of romance into our English. The same rules hold in this as in commerce in accepted sense. When a ship leaves port, it knows where it is going. It does not cognizant however, the exact route; circumstances arrange that. Thus it is in our exchange of words, phrases, and ideas. We

should understand the point at which we are endeavoring to arrive, but our correct wording should not be prearranged. When we start a sentence we should know what it is going to convey but should allow the words to come unbidden, and to express our feelings. We should have our thoughts well in mind but not arranged in preconceived A, B, C. form. Rather, we should allow the questions and objections, spoken and unspoken decide the course we are going to steer.

One more point we must note particularly. Would a commercial company send a river flatboat across the Atlantic? Most assuredly not. Nor must we send flat boats of English. In explanation, comes this reply. When conversing with a friend, use slang in a formal and technical report. In other words, our ship of grammar must be one fitted for the route it is to take and outfitted by a crew and supplies best fitted to the particular cause.

My dear Reader, I must stop this discourse. I can see you have had enough. Do try my hints, however. I feel assured that you will find your English assuming a romantic and interesting angle.

Pauline Perry, '32



Don'ts For A Would Be Writer

Don't sit in a chair for hours,
Your scattered ideas to compose,
Don't fool with your pen or belongings,
Or, surely, your thoughts you will lose.
Don't lie for one night eyes open,
Angrily ranging your words,
Don't let your eyes wander all over,
Nor sit in a chair and converse.
But pull a firm seat to the deskside,
Use the fingers which often are numb,
Put your pen to your paper and push it
Writing down all your thoughts as they come.

Virginia Morgan, '34

DEPARTMENT NOTES

ATHLETICS

Girls' Sports

Many students of Fairhaven High School forget that in addition to boys' varsity teams in all sports the girls also are striving to organize successful squads to represent their school in two of their main sports -- hockey and basketball.

Considering that the only backing and evidence of interest that the girls get during their games are from substitutes, a few close friends, and curious onlookers, a large majority of them turn out with much spirited ambition. Added to this is the fact that these appointed girls are supposed to play just as important a part in representing their school as do the boys; therefore, they should, by right, receive more recognition and interest than they do.

When the girls win a game in some sport -- a good, hard-fought game, nothing is said at school the next day and nothing is presented to them in acknowledgment of the honor which should be bestowed upon them. But the girls do their bit because of the loyalty they have for their school.

There is one way to solve this problem -- cooperation. Cooperation means almost everything to a group which is working out a systematic plan of doing things. It is one of the main factors in sports -- particularly football. It concerns not only the players out on the field but also the onlookers, rooters, and cheer-leaders.

If the cheer leaders are in good form, if the crowd knows the cheers and what is meant by loyalty, then our school will be branded "Excellent." Why? We are all working for one thing -- we are all striving to get ahead.

But -- if the cheer leaders are slow, are in poor form, and do not know the cheers -- if the crowd does not care how or when it responds the spirit of the school must be regarded as poor. Football is over now, but there will be other games in which organized cheering will take place, and there are other football seasons to come.

Which label will be placed upon the representatives of Fairhaven High -- Excellent, or Poor? Did the crowds cooperate with their leaders during the past season or were they shifters and unworthy of sitting in the rooters' section, supposedly supporting their school?

We are under the first brand now. It has not only singed the top layer, but has sunk in -- good and deep and has left a scar worth being proud of. It is going to be right on doing that. Do you agree? Of course. But to completely agree you must stand behind your school and follow the girls who have been chosen to lead you. At this time they appeal to you with the greatest of sincerity to cooperate and be branded -- "Excellent."

Helen A. Knowlton, '34

Boys' Athletics

Football, as a game, develops a boy physically to the point of perfection. By the middle of the season he is, what we call athletically speaking, "in the pink of condition." He is alert, alive both mentally and physically. To those parents who strenuously object to the game because of its rougher element, there is a message in the note that football is a science. The team with the best players individually does not always win. Teamwork, outwitting the other fellow, asking yourself what you would expect in his position and then "crossing him up." Those are the elements of the game which should prove to you the benefits of the sport.

The game of baseball is called by the sport-loving public, "our national sport." Why? Because more youths enter into this game than into all of our other sports combined. This favorite pastime develops perfect muscle coordination, turning to split second, and beyond a doubt develops the eye.

People sometimes forget that these games were not developed solely for recreational purposes. The man who invented the games took into consideration the benefit that could be obtained and stressed it. Dr.

Meanwell who has done so much for the sport of basketball, states that, "Athletics are the life of our young men, preparing them for the far more important game of life."

While on the subject of basketball, let us discuss its merits also. This game is coming swiftly to the fore in school activities. It is a game that above all things demands speed. It develops this asset along with footwork, feinting in and out of position, cutting and weaving.

In every one of these games the main point to be reached is teamwork. There is not a coach in the country that stresses individuality. To do this would be to destroy the harmony and perfect cooperation of a team.

John D. Mendell, Jr., '33



Music Appreciation

A great many people of the world when thinking of music always think of "jazz", the so-called popular music that we hear so frequently today. Very seldom do we find a person who really understands and feels the emotion expressed in the masterpieces of the great composers like Beethoven and Brahms. Many people are able to listen appreciatively to the lighter selections of the masters, but there are comparatively few who can listen for any length of time to the heavy symphonic masterpieces of the musical geniuses.

It has been said by the critics of the day that America is "jazz crazy." I consider this statement much too broad owing to the fact that we have many institutions for the furthering of musical education among the younger generation. I do believe that more time should be allowed for music appreciation as a whole, so that not only those who attend our special schools will have the priceless knowledge of the depths and expression of symphonic works.

I believe that I will never forget the thrill I experienced when I visited Roxy's magnificent theatre in New York. The large orchestra under the personal direction of Erno Rapie, playing a wonderful symphonic masterpiece of one of the greatest composers of all times, rose slowly from out the pit. As it went higher and higher and came into full view, it made a gradual crescendo, and finally when it was as high as it was to go, the conductor raised his baton in a manner familiar to music lovers. and silenced the entire orchestra.

It hardly seems possible that the sounds uttered from the throats of many instruments can be controlled and regulated by a creature as small as a single man, for indeed he does seem small before such musical grandeur. With a slight motion of his baton the many musicians are instantly ready for action. Another such movement and the instruments send forth sounds that cause thrills to electrify the most unemotional of people under ordinary circumstances.

Personally, I am looking forward to the time when I will be able to fully understand every movement of the conductors, the marvelous gatherings that make up a great symphony orchestra, and every chord and single note uttered from the inside of the most complicated instruments.

Betty Buffington, '34

Les Impressions d'un Francais a New York

J'avais toujours eu l'ambition de faire visite à New York. Mes parents avaient passé la plus grande partie de leur vie à la campagne, et a leur mort en l'année dix-neuf cent trente et un j'ai vendu la maison paternelle et, prenant l'argent qu'ils m'avaient légue, je suis parti pour Paris.

D'abord les foules, les klaxon, la vitesse des taxis, m'ont beaucoup confus, mais après plusieurs jours passés à parcourir les rues et à m'y accoutumer je commençai à me seutir tout à fait boulevardier.

L'esprit toujours un peu bronille, j'ai pris mon billet pour la traversée à New York par un des vapeurs transatlantiques. J'ai fait la connaissance de quelques-uns des passagers les plus démocratiques et j'ai fait un voyage des plus agréables. Le dernier jour du voyage, je me trouvais bien excité; j'etais sur le point de voir la grande ville de mes rêves. L'entrée dans le port est une des choses que je n'oublierai jamais. Le va-et-vient des bacs et des remorqueurs restera longtemps dans ma mémoire. Je n'avais jamais vu de grotte ciels et pendant plusieurs jours je me sentais égaré au milieu de ces édifices énormes et parmi tant de gens de toutes les nations et de toutes les races, et puis chacun avait l'air si detaché, si absorbé de ses propres affaires! Il me semblait un monde tout à fait different de celui ou j'avais étée élevé.

Frederic H. Brownell, '33



Devinettes

Cet animal est très méchant. Il demeure dans la forêt et trompe beaucoup de bons fermiers. Il aime à manger leurs poussins. Il a un veston des poils rouges et ses griffes sont très aigues. La plupart des animaux ne l'aiment pas. Pouvez deviner le nom de cet animal?

Constance Cary, '34

L'animal dont je vais écrire une description est fort et gros. Il est brun, noir, ou blanc. Il a un longue crinière si quelqu'un ne la coupe pas. Ses quatres pieds sont très forts et fermes et quelquefois il donne un coup de pied. Il est un des meilleurs amis de l'homme parmi les animaux. Son museau est bien grand et aussi ses yeux et sa gueule. Il peut trotter vite et il est très intelligent. Sa queue est longue. Il travaille ferme pour son maître sans recompense; vous pouvez voir qu'il est généreux avec son service. Est-ce que vous savez qu'il est?

Marion Heald, '35

Cet animal a les poils courts et grimpe très vite par les arbres, son visage est assez triste et laid mais drôle et gaillard cependant. Il est brun et plutôt petit. Il a mais et pieds semblable un humain. Il demeuse en Afrique et est ouvent dans les ménageries. Il aime les cacahuètes mais aussi aime les bananas. Qu'est-ce qu'il est?

Anne Hewitt, '35

Je suis assise sur un banc dans Le Jardin Public à Boston. J'entends les oiseaux chanter. Je vois les canards noirs et blancs dans l'étang. Tout à coup j'entends une petite voix jacasser et un petit animal gris avec une longue queue tauffue, saute hors d'un arbre et court a travers mes genoux. Dans ses pattes il porte un nayau de pêche qu'il pousse sous le bord de l'herbe. Il a les yeux petits et méchants.

Cet animal est:—devinez!

Charlotte Nye, '35

Those interested in the answers to the above hieroglyphics, will kindly turn to page 35.

The Story of a Match

When the white-pine trees are cut into planks they are seasoned at least a year so they will make good matches. After the planks are kept for this length of time they are cut on the grain about two inches thick. Then they are planed on one side and butted into blocks which measure the length of a match. Before the blocks go to the match floor of the factory they are inspected for the third time. After the blocks are fed into the match machine, they are cut into sticks. These are forced into small holes in steel plates. The plates are passed through a chemical solution so that the match will not light again after it once has been blown out. They are next sent through a drying chamber to drive off extra moisture, and to fix the chemicals in the splint. After this they go through hot paraffin wax, followed by another drying process by means of blasts of hot air. They next pass to the composition mechanism of the machine and receive the proper amount of composition —a solution of potassium chlorate — which forms the lower edge of the tip. This splinter is then transferred to the glass and phosphorous tip, thus changing them from mere pieces of wood, into matches. When the heads have been put on, hot air is blown on the matches to dry and set the head material. The matches are finally automatically expelled from the plates on to circular tables where they are packed.

This is how we get our matches.

Eleanor Wood, '36



Day of Daze

The morning of the sophomore initiation arrived at last, bringing with it memories of the dire threats made by the upper classmen. I was rather dubious about donning the required rig-out, but finally settled the issue by saying, "Aw, it won't be so bad." In this state of mind whatever the "uppers" did to me I was going to be prepared for it. After putting on my make-up and swallowing a hasty breakfast, I dashed out of the house and ran the remaining distance to school to avoid being questioned about my odd colored stockings and millions of pig-tails.

Once in school I felt more at ease, for all the rest of my classmates were sharing the same fate as I. The first thing on the school program was an assembly which gave the boys a chance for a good laugh. They could be hilarious; it wasn't their initiation!

Entrance to our first class was greeted by loud guffaws from our torturers and more giggles from the boys. Right there I recalled the old adage of, "He who laughs last laughs loudest," and resolved that if I ever had the chance to return their mirth I would make the most of it.

The exercise of the morning had given me a keen appetite and as I went downstairs to the cafeteria, I visioned myself getting on the outside of a large bowl of chicken soup. After giving my order, however, I found Helen Thornley ready to feed me, just as if I were still a baby.

The novelty had worn off by the time afternoon sessions were reached, and fifth and sixth periods were uneventful. Then came the initiation proper.

I was summoned to the gym and politely informed to put on my gym suit inside out and backside to. Imagine the strained humor of these juniors and seniors! They further made fools of themselves by blindfolding us and leading us around the track. That trip I shall probably remember more than any other part of the proceedings. I thought, finally, it was all over because I was asked to shake hands. Eagerly I thrust forward my hand but oh! torture! It sunk in a soft sticky mixture, probably soap or lard. This was followed by a series of biffs, bangs, socks and a flour-covered face from kissing the Constitution of the G. A. A. Downstairs the order was to sit down and wait until time to remove the blindfold.

Concluded on page 30

On Driving a Car

"How I Got My License" is almost as good a topic for discussion with high school students as "My Operation" is with middle-aged women.

"Was it hard to get?" queries the non-driving friend as you airily wave your pink temporary license in her face.

"Not at all," you nonchalantly reply, forgetting to mention that awful moment when you were just about to step into the car with the inspector and your knees wobbled horribly beneath you, and the whole thing seemed like a nightmare. But even if you did ruin a couple of documents during the simple process of signing your name, you weren't so nervous as the girl, still joked about among the inspectors, who ate a whole box of aspirin tablets before taking the test.

"No, it wasn't so bad," you repeat. And it's the truth. The actual test isn't so bad; it's the night before spent tossing sleeplessly on your bed, hoping and praying that no one will see you taking the test so that it will not be known if you fail; it's the weeks of practise, sometimes with a calm teacher who seldom criticizes, and sometimes with an irritable and excited member of your family who insists on making futile clutches at the wheel and mentioning the car approaching on the left, the bad corner, and not to forget to put out your hand — all of which you were considering at that very moment.

The time you took a piece out of the elm tree while turning around, the time you spent hours driving in New Bedford hunting for a space about two hundred feet in length in which to park and the time you went over the curbing at the corner of Huttleston Avenue will soon be forgotten. You are an authority on driving for you have a license.

Charlotte Gidley, '33

Continued from page 29

Then came the best part of the program for the seniors. This was the time when they could persecute the girls against whom they had a grudge.

To the joy of the onlookers and to our embarrassment we had to perform, such as reciting, singing, dancing, cheering and other foolish things while our prosecutors sat and ate peanuts. They would!

The program finally ended with the serving of refreshments and as I took off my costume I called it a day long to be remembered.

Dorothy Tribe, '35

A Nobleman Loses His Dignity

CHAPTER I

Sir Gregory Durhume strolled nonchalantly down the street, whistling blithely, and from general appearances, in a happy mood. Sir Gregory was one of the younger titled set of England, a very studious young man with a cultivated taste for art and literature. The peaceful atmosphere was suddenly rent with howls and yells as two boys fought directly in Sir Gregory's path. A peaceful man would not have attempted to separate the boys. Neither did Sir Gregory.

The first paragraph may seem unnecessary as the story goes on. It is merely written to show the reader the peaceful nature and quiet temperament of Sir Gregory, and that the events which follow seem unusually surprising when we consider these characteristics.

CHAPTER II

"And," said Sir Gregory, "I certainly think that I could gain a great deal of material for my book by going to some of the ale-houses in the slums and spending an evening there, observing the actions and habits of the people of the lower classes.

"A ripping idea," put in young Bill Prosper. "Lady Vera, Sir Jasper, and myself will go with you!"

So was arranged a slumming party from which was to arise tremendous happenings.

CHAPTER III

Sir Gregory and his party entered an old ale-house situated on one of the worst streets in London. The owner of the establishment escorted them to an ugly specimen of wood which he proudly described as a table.

"Now," said Sir Gregory, "I'll take a few notes on what I see here. This certainly was a jolly idea of mine."

A voice raised loud enough to be heard throughout the room suddenly broke out, "Pipe the mugs which jest came in." Said this un-

ruly voice again, "Oh my deah Cecil, Spring is heah." A general roar of laughter went up from the table at which the owner of the voice sat. The voice, owned by one Sam Weller, continued.

"Bloomin' aristocrats they be — a'livin' on the fat of the land while us which sweats at labor sets here in poverty."

"T'which I says, bring me another mug of ale," said a Mr. Higginsbotham who sat at Weller's table.

At this point, Sir Gregory, becoming red in the face, ordered hot chocolate. A few moments later, he gazed with disdain at the muddy-looking liquid which was placed before him, and to which the management haughtily referred as chocolate.

The eloquent Mr. Weller continued. "And look at fish-face over there," pointing to Sir Gregory. "I wouldn't have that face for a million pounds." He reflected a moment. "No, not for two million pounds," he roared, warming to his subject, and bringing his fist down on the table with a mighty crash.

"To which I agrees," put in Mr. Higginsbotham, cramming his mouth full of sardines, "and to which I says them that 'as money 'as it, and them that 'asn't 'asn't, and 'andsome is as 'andsome does." This interesting bit of philosophy was evidently lost on the other occupants of the table who gruffly told Mr. Higginsbotham, in no uncertain terms, to desist — seeming to prefer the eloquence of Mr. Weller to the philosophical bluntness of Mr. Higginsbotham. Both eloquence and bluntness, however, were caused by over-indulgence in beverages of an alcoholic nature.

" 'E looks like a bird what writes poems," continued Mr. Weller, pointing again at Sir Gregory, "a bloomin' tulip 'e be, but I says I writes poems better 'as 'is, which I 'enceforth proves". Here he took a paper out of his pocket upon which were scrawled several lines.

" 'ere's somethin' I wrote last night while athinkin' about my Nancy.

"Lovely creetur, I feel myself a damned—"
"That can't be right," put in Mr. Higginsbotham.
"No, it ain't damned," replied Mr. Weller, "it's 'ashamed' ".
"And cir—' I forget what this here word is."
"Circumwented, p'raps," suggested Mr. Higginsbotham.
"No. Circumscribed; yes, that's it."

"It's not as good as circumwented," said Mr. Higginsbotham, shaking his head gravely, "not so tender."

"Feel myself ashamed and completely circumscribed,

In addressin' of you, for you are a nice girl and nothing but it."

"That's a wery beootiful sentiment", put in Mr. Higginsbotham, "what I like about that poem is that there aint no callin' names in it—no Wenuses or nothin' o' that kind. What's the good o' callin' a woman a Wenus or an angel, says I?"

"And that ain't all," said Mr. Weller, "and with the kind permission of the turtle-faced gink which sits at yonder table, I'll continue."

The reader can see that Mr. Weller's dislike for the unoffending Sir Gregory was growing more and more, and that Sir Gregory was frothing more and more at the insults hurled at him by the gifted but intoxicated Mr. Weller.

"My good sir," said Sir Gregory, addressing Mr. Weller, "I beg of you to keep your opinions to yourself."

Mr. Weller roared with drunken laughter.

"Says which?" he jeered, "people 'ere 'as a right to voice their own opinions."

"Continue with your poem," said Mr. Higginsbotham, emerging from under the table where he had vainly looked for his pocket-handkerchief.

Mr. Weller did so.

"Afore I see you I thought all women was alike,
Now I find what a reg'l'r soft-headed
Turnip I must ha' been,
For there aint nobody like you."

"Beeoootiful", reiterated Mr. Higginsbotham.

Here a general hubbub occurred and a cry of "Police!" suddenly resounded.

"Well," said Mr. Weller, "we're agoin' to be arrested for keepin' open onter 12 o'clock, and I says let 'em come. And you," addressing Sir Gregory and his party, "can hide in t'other room, which proves as how Sam Weller 'as a 'eart of gold."

Sir Gregory and his friends followed Weller's advice just in time for the bobbies were already crashing in through doors and windows.

"Welcome to our city!" screeched Mr. Weller, "Welcome! Welcome!" and getting up with difficulty and bowing laboriously he continued: "and if you'll look in yonder room you'll find a bunch of white-livered aristocrats which thinks they's hidin' from the arm of the law!"

Sir Gregory then stepped out and addressed one of the policemen.

"Judson, my good man," he said, "I had no idea it was after twelve or I would most certainly have left long ago."

"I understand, Sir Gregory," replied the Bobbie, I'll let you off this time, or your friend Cap'n Holmes, would give it to me. Good thing you know me, though."

"What's this?" screamed Mr. Weller, "a pamperin' o' the upper classes and lettin' 'em off? This is what causes revolutions! I wouldn't mind so much but when this here fish-face is let off, I get mad."

Sir Gregory had stood enough insults for one night. His temper was on edge. He strode to his table, took his glass of chocolate, poised it in his hand a minute, and then threw it into the air. The law of gravity states that no substance, unless propelled by some mechanical means, can long stay suspended in the atmosphere. The glass ably illustrated this law by falling. To be precise, it fell on the head of Mr. Weller. To be more precise, it fell on the second from the left of the four weird wisps which Mr. Weller laughingly referred to as his hair, causing Mr. Weller's face to assume a dark, chocolate hue, and causing him the discomfort which Sir Gregory thought the gifted poet richly deserved.

So reads the tale of how a noble lost his dignity, and an infuriated Mr. Weller demanded the nobleman's arrest for assault and battery. But the "pamperin' " of the upper classes prevailed, and instead of arresting the titled lord the police laid violent hands on Samuel Weller, who now occupies a "beeoootiful" one-room suite on the second floor of Kenty Jail. Mr. Weller rated this for being a public nuisance while under the influence of an intoxicating beverage.

Ah, rascally Fate! That genius should languish unheralded in a House of Correction! I use the words of the unfortunate poet and notorious sot: "This is what causes revolutions!"

Earl J. Dias, '33

Tomatoes are Cheaper

A plea to those few, the majority outside of our school, who have been inconsiderate of the standards which we, the student body, hold high.

Many complaints have been received by people who have been hit by flying tomatoes or eggs on the eve of a football game. To be sure, these complaints are caused by only a few; but how often the actions of a few reflect upon the many!

Suppose you should be showered with various missiles, your clothes spoiled, or your car polished with egg and tomato stains. Would you keep quiet, or do as you were done by? You would probably go back and jump on your prosecutors. Why let Fairhaven people be the oppressors?

Football enthusiasts would be better off at home sleeping, than staying up all night ruining people's cars, clothing, and lowering their bank accounts. All these uprisings cost money — money for weapons, for clothes, for cleaning cars, for damage done to our monument. In addition to this, and what is more important, the morale of the school is lowered. For years Fairhaven has been proud of its High School; it is up to us to uphold this standard, not to diminish it. This way of welcoming or celebrating is unsportsmanlike. If we lose. let us be good fellows. There is no need to vent our disappointment upon the victors, to whom belong the spoils.

You say, "They damage our school property." Perhaps you do not think so, but you damage more of your school property than they do. If we win, let us not rub it in either. No one likes to be reminded of defeat. How much more Fairhaven citizens will think of our sportsmanship if we discontinue this way of celebrating. So let's all get together, stop any hint of rioting, and maintain our school standard of Good Sportsmanship.

Ricordo Holt, '36

Answers to French Animal Descriptions

1. le renard.
2. le cheval.
3. le singe.
4. l' écureuil.

School Days

CHARACTERS: Mary—John's sister.
John—Always in a rush.
Mrs. Brown—The Grandma.

SETTING: The first day of school in the Brown's home.

TIME: Half past eight on Monday morning.

John: (Yelling down from upstairs) "Gram, where's my best shirt? I can't find it."

Grandma: (Sighing deeply) "John, I told you it was in the top drawer; and hurry, it's half past eight and you're going to be late for school."

John: (Reluctantly) "Oh all right."

Grandma: (Calling from the foot of the stairs) "John, when you wash don't forget to get your neck and ears *clean*. Mind you now, you'll march yourself right up stairs and wash them again if you don't."

Sis: (Eating her breakfast) "Sit down and rest, Grandma. He'll be all right, don't you worry. If he's late once, he won't be late again in a hurry."

John: (Running down the stairs) "Gram, will you tie my tie? I can't do it."

Sis: (Rising from table) "Hurry up John! I'm not going to wait for you if you don't." (Goes and gets hat and coat).

John: (Spying his breakfast on the table) "Gee Gram, do I hafta eat that? I don't like oat meal. Gram, can I have a nickel if I eat it, huh?"

Grandma: (Impatiently) "Yes Johnny, but do hurry."

Sis: (Picking up books) "I'm going John. You're too slow."

John: (Mouth too full to speak but just waves his hand about and mutters a few sounds).

Grandma: (Hustling about) "There's the bell now. Come John!"

John: (Mouth still full but runs for hat and coat) "Bye Gram" (Kisses her and runs out of door).

Grandma: (Sighs as she sits in chair) "What is that world coming to?" (Gets up and starts clearing off table).

Helen Handy, '37

A Sequel to "Sohrab and Rustum"

A sketch depicting the scene when the messenger brought the news of the battle to Tahmineh.

Act I

Messenger: (Breathlessly running to the door of Tahmineh's house) "Could'st tell me how I might deliver this message unto Tahmineh, wife of the great warrior Rustum, and mother of our brave and beloved Sohrab?"

Tahmineh: "I am Tahmineh. Speak thy message!"

Messenger:: "From the Tartar Army I come this morn, from the Tartar Army far from here. Sorrowful indeed was this message when it did'st reach mine ears, and even more should'st be unto thee. Thy brave son Sohrab was killed in battle by Rustum, his father, ah yes, Rustum, who did'st in ignorance kill his own beloved son."

Tahmineh: "What is that that thou say'st? Know it for thine own self to be truth?"

Messenger: "Ah indeed! Did I not see it with mine own eyes? Oh 'twas sad, sad indeed. If only Rustum had known, if only some kind fate would'st have taken pity on them, and stopped that grievous battle before too late. But, no! It was not destined so! It could not be so!" (Tahmineh turns from door in a daze, and sinks to the nearest seat, burying her face in her hands and sobbing distressingly).

Messenger: (Exit).

Tahmineh: (tearing hair and raising head as if talking to God) "OH! Woe is me that thou should'st send this terrible disaster upon me and mine own. Oh, Sohrab! Sohrab! Would that I had told Rustum that thou wer't a boy. Then should'st thee have died otherwise than by thy father's own *hand*. Then, perhaps thou would'st have lived to be loved and admired by all the world. Oh, Sohrab! Sohrab! Forgive me! Only for thine own good did'st I keep back from thy father the knowledge that thou wer't a boy. Only for thine own good! Little did'st I dream that thou would'st be killed in such a manner. Oh, Sohrab, please believe that it was because I loved thee that I did so. I did not want thee to have the desire to kill that he did'st have. Oh, Rustum! Could'st thou not have stayed thine own hand one minute

longer? Just one short minute? Oh, Rustum, of a truth, 'twas my own fault and mine alone. If I had not been so foolish 'twould never have happened! Oh! I realize that now as never before! Can'st thou not come home and live the rest of thy life a peaceful one? Rustum! Sohrab!"

And with that, tired and exhausted, she drops asleep never to wake again in this world, but to enter the Promised Land to live the life of eternity together with Sohrab and Rustum.

Mary F. Simmons, '35

Voices from the Locker Room

Gimme my hip-pads!
 Stay outa my lunch,
Lookit these problems,
 Gee, wotta bunch!

Scram from this shower,
 Whad'ja have in gym?
Hey! He's got my sandwiches.
 C'mon Walt — grab him!

Who chucked that orange?
 Yeah? I'll betcha a buck,
Hey, Coach, where's the master key?
 My locker door's stuck.

Hey! stop that sweet duet,
 It may sound fine to you guys,
But to me—
 It's just all wet.

Goin' out for football tonight?
 Gee, the ground's soaked,
Well, I guess I'll skip this once,
 Quick, Joe. Grab my coat!

Charles Carr, '34

Here and There with the Graduates

We are very glad to see so many of the Class of 1932 attending the football games this season. We regret that more students are not furthering their education, but owing to the depression, this is impossible. Those graduates who are at home or employed near at hand are:—

Aram Belanger	Traveling salesman
Russell Birtwistle	Red's Filling Station, Mattapoisett
Helen Burns	At home
Mabel Chace	At home
Adeline Correia	At home
Eleanor Daly	Frank Vera Law Firm
Janet Dudley	Cherry and Co.
Crawford Fleming	At home
Frank Goulart	At home
John Gracia	At home
Roseda Guilmette	At home
Gardner Kendrick	At home
Victor Kirklewski	At home
Charles Kobza	At home
Grace Mitchell	Continental Wood Screw Co.
Howard Mitchell	At home
Sarah Padelford	At home
Marcel Persin	At home
Joseph Potter	Reservation Golf Club, Mattapoisett
Beatrice Rothwell	N. B. Gas and Edison Light Co.
Marion Shurtleff	Selectmen's Office, Fairhaven
Catherine Sullivan	At home
Josephine Texeira	At home
Edwin Walsh	At home
Richard Whitehead	At home
Mabel Wisniewska	New York

Among those who "came back for more" are:

Phyllis Day	Henrietta Hammond
Raymond Diggle	Frederick Jellison
William Fishback	Leo Kenny
Honora Furtado	Howard Shumway

Joseph Lacerda	Luther Pierce
Louise Osberg	Martha Portas
Freemont Partridge	Sarah Radcliffe
Warren Pierce	Walter Thomas

Numerous graduates are attending the hospital, business school, normal school, or college:

Frederick Andrews	Harvard University
John Broadland	University of Alabama
Edward Busby	Wentworth Institute
Anne Clark	Simmons College
William Ellis	Boston College
Kenneth Hanson	Northeastern University
Malcolm Hirst	Swain School of Design
William Hobby	Segregansett Agricultural School
Bertha Holmes	St. Luke's Hospital
Ellen Jennings	Bridgewater Normal School
Elizabeth Larkin	St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Brighton
Marjorie Law	Kinyon's Commercial School
James Leahy	Brown University
Nancy Lowe	Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School
John McQuillan	Bay Path School, Springfield
Jane Mitchell	Swain School of Design
John Murley	Mass. Institute of Technology
Byron Pardee	Boston University
Lenora Pimental	St. Luke's Hospital
Bernice Reed	Swain School of Design
Evelyn Roe	Sol-E-Mar Hospital
Rosalind Roza	Bryant Stratton, Providence
Orsman Shumway	New Bedford Textile School
Roger Silsby	Harvard University
Florence Smith	St. Luke's Hospital
Jean Stolte	Miss Wheelock's Kindergarten School, Boston
Edith Taylor	Katharine Gibbs Sec. School, N. Y.
Myrtle Tickle	Kinyon's Commercial School, N. B.
George White	Boston College
Doris Fonteneau	Married
Bruce Goodwin	Moved to Tennessee

EXCHANGES

What we think of others

"The Brocktonia", Brockton, Mass.

Of all the school magazine received, we consider "The Brocktonia" the best. It is a complete resume of school events written in an entertaining and interesting fashion.

The covers are particularly well done.

"Interlude", South Bend Indiana.

From the middle west comes this very interesting exchange. Starting at the title "Interlude" and progressing thru to "Kupids Kolumn" a unique semi-comical spirit pervades. We certainly enjoyed reading it.

"The Sea Chest", Nantucket Island, Mass.

Combine a list of entertaining stories and articles with the nauticle spirit of Nantucket and you have "The Sea Chest."

The graphic description of the trip to Washington by the graduating class was greatly enjoyed.

"The Botolphian", Boston, Mass.

This magazine is from Boston College High School. It surely turns out some good story writers if the literary department of "The Botolphian" is an indicator.

"The Red and Black", Rogers High School, Newport, R. I.

"The Red and Black" is a pleasing exchange. "Who's New" and "Ye Oracle" are original and interesting departments.

"The Green Mountaineer", Burlington, Vermont.

From cover to cover a magazine de-luxe. Excellent stories, poems and interesting departments.

The paper your magazine is printed on helps a lot towards preserving that mountain spirit.

What others think of us

"For the first time we have received an eastern magazine called 'The Huttlestonian'. Wonder where the name originated. The pictures are exceptionally clear and according to the review of the senior class play, 'Sweetheart Revue', both the cast and the audience had a fine time."

"The Interlude,"
Central Senior High School
South Bend, Indiana.

"Your magazine 'The Huttlestonian' has been recommended to us by the Quill and Scroll Society as one of the best in the country. We should like very much to see a copy and show it to the staff of our 'John Quill'."

Excerpt taken from a letter received from

"John Quill",
John Marshall High School,
Rochester, New York.

The best graduation number we've seen. A very interesting class history, and a wonderful looking class!

Couldn't you find room for a few stories?

"The Green Mountaineer,"
Burlington High School,
Burlington, Vermont.

"The Huttlestonian" is one of the most complete graduation numbers we have received. The pictures are exceptionally clear. We like the idea of listing the graduates' accomplishments.

"The Botolphian,"
Boston College High.

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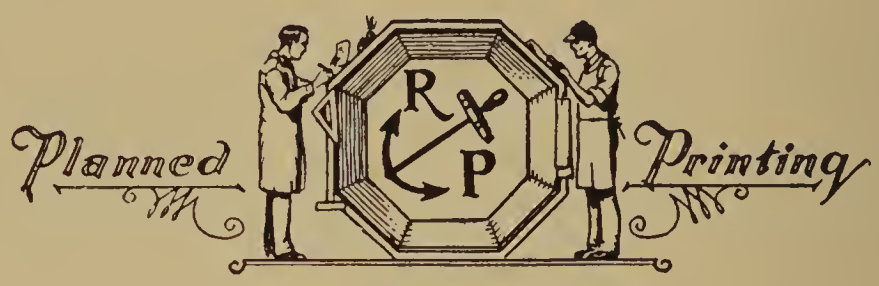
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HUTTLESTONIAN

1933



The High School, Fairhaven, Massachusetts

THE HUTTLESTONIAN

Published by Students of Fairhaven High School,
Fairhaven, Massachusetts

VOL. 10 SENIOR ISSUE, 1933 NO. 2

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Dedication 5

Editorial Staff 7

Class Officers 8

Roster of the Class of 1933 9

Class History 45

Class Prophecy 49

"Senior Sallies" of 1933 55

Here and There in Our Building 57

Honor Students 60

Senior Activities 1932 - 1933 61

In recognition of her many years of service in the Fairhaven High School, with affection and respect we dedicate this, our Senior Issue of "The Huttlestonian", to

Mrs. Ruby R. Dodge

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Vice President
WALTER E. MACHADO



Secretary
RICHARD PATASINI



Treasurer
CHARLES RADCLIFFE, JR.

ROSTER

OF THE CLASS OF 1933



ANDREWS, BETSY W. "Betty" "Peanut"

"The love that follows us
Sometimes is our trouble."

Fryeburg Academy—Varsity basketball 1. Track 1. Oak Grove Seminary, class basketball 2. Soccer 2. Chorus 2. Fairhaven High — Student Council 3, 4. Traffic Squad 4. Chorus 3, 4.

Ballard's School of Tea Room Management.



ANDREWS, WILLIAM D., JR. "Bill"

"His very faults smack of the raciness of his good qualities."

St. Luke's Preparatory School — Honor Society 1. Football 1. Baseball 1. Fairhaven High — Student Council 3. Football 4. B. A. A. 2, 3, 4. Debating Club 3. Chorus 2, 3, 4.

Yankton University.



ANESTI, HELEN LUCY "Miss Jones"

"How natural is joy, my heart!"

Hockey 1, 4. Numerals. Letter. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Civics Club 1. Chorus 2, 3, 4.

St. Luke's Hospital.



BAKER, CAMERON ARTHUR "Cam"

"For the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding."

Gym team 4. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Traffic Squad 4. Chorus 4.

Coyne Electrical School.



BAMBER, RUTH MILLICENT "Swifty"

"Man has his will, but woman has her way."

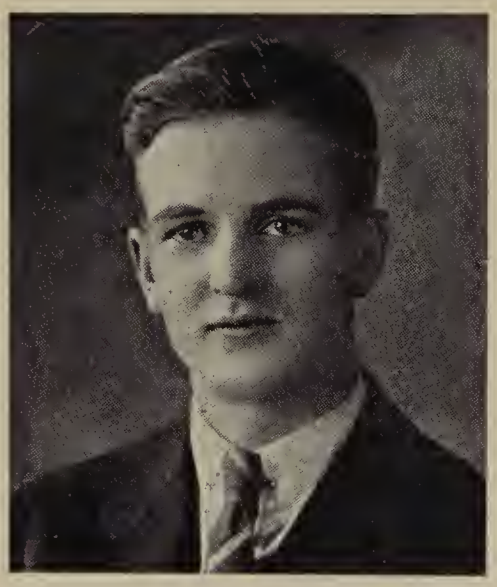
Hockey 4. Numerals, Letter. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Orchestra 1. Band 1, 2. Civics Club 1. Service point certificate and pin. Chorus 2, 3, 4.



BARCLAY, GEORGE "Bucky"

"They spare the rod and spoyle the child."

Football 1, 2, 3. Class football 2, 4. Basketball 3, 4. Class basketball 2, 3. League basketball 2, 3. Track 2, 3, 4. Gym team 3. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Orchestra 2. Band 2. Foreign Language Club 2. Traffic Squad 4. Service point certificate 2. Pin 3. Chorus 3, 4.



BARNEY, WILLIAM HERBERT "Bill"

"The tang of the sea!"

Football 4. Class Football 1, 2, 3. Class basketball 3. League basketball 2, 3, 4. Track 2, 3. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.

General Electric, Providence, Mass.



BAYLIES, JOHN CHANDLER "Cotton"

"His enemies shall lick the dust."

Tennis 3, 4. Football 3, 4. Class football 1, 2, 3. Class basketball 3. League basketball 2, 3. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Captain Chess team 4. Ping-Pong team 4. Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4. Band 1, 2, 3, 4. Junior Symphony 2, 3. Debating Club 2, 3. Latin Club 1, 2. Science Club 1. President Junior Prom Committee. Traffic Squad 2. Service point certificate and pin.



BEAUDRY, MADELINE GEORGINE "Midge"

"Moderation, the noblest gift of Heaven!"

G. A. A. Hockey team 1, 2, 3, 4. Basketball team 4. Science Club 1.

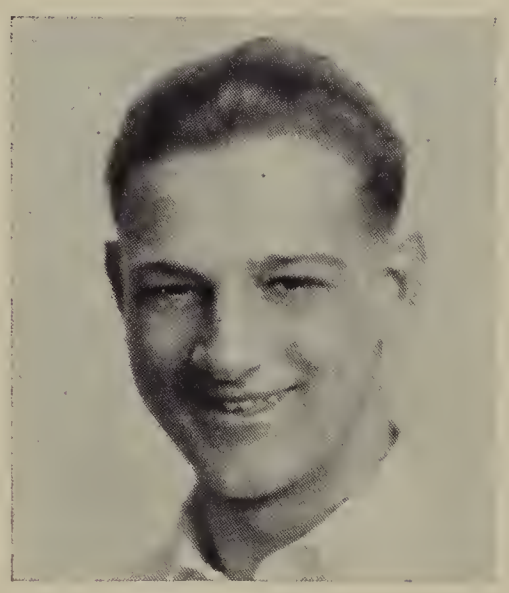
Swain School.



BENNETT, ELIOT C.

"We grant, although he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it."

B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Science Club 1. Chorus 2, 3, 4.



BLAHA, NORMAN "Blackie"

"The very pineapple of politeness."

Student Council 4. Football 1, 2, 3, 4. Class football 1, 2, 3. Basketball 3. Manager 4. Class basketball 3. League basketball 2, 3, 4. Captain 4. Baseball 2. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 3, 4.



BLECHINGER, VERONICA

"I had a dream which was not all a dream."

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 2, 3, 4.



BRADBURY, ANN FLORENCE "Bobby"

"Fragile, like a china doll!"

G. A. A. 3, 4. Senior play 4. "Sweetheart Chorus." Chorus 3, 4.



BRALEY, HELEN FRANCES "Pokey"

"Gentlemen prefer blondes."

Student Council 2, 3, 4. Class basketball 3. Manager class hockey 3. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Poverty party committee 3. Initiation committee 4. Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4. Junior Symphony 1, 2, 3. Latin Club 1, 2. French Club 2. Debating Club 3. Orchestra for Senior Play 3. Traffic Squad 3, 4. Service Point Certificate and pin. Chorus 2, 3, 4.

Skidmore College.



CABRAL, WILLIAM MANUEL, JR. "Bill"

"There is such a choice of difficulties that I am at a loss how to proceed."

Football 1, 2, 3. Class football 1, 2. Boxing team 2. Class basketball 2. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Band 1. Science Club 1. Service Point certificate. Chorus 4.

Northeastern University.

CAMPBELL, STUART EDWARD "Stewy"



"Much may be made of a Scotchman if he be caught young."

Class president 1. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Basketball 3, 4. League basketball 2, 3. Captain 3. Class basketball 2, 3. Tennis 2, 3, 4. Class football 2, 3. Assistant track manager 3. Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4. Band 1, 2, 3, 4. Foreign Language club 1. Debating Club 2. Treasurer 2. Service point certificate and pin.

Bates College.

CHEMIEL, FRANK PETER "Frankie"



"The great duties of life are written with a sunbeam."

B. A. A. 2, 3, 4. Chorus 3, 4.

Kinyon's Commercial School.

COBB, ELEANOR G. "El"



"I would make
Reason my guide."

Advertising staff of Huttlestonian 2. Hockey Manager 3. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Civics Club 1. Science Club 1. Service point certificate and pin. Chorus 2, 3, 4.

Children's Hospital, Boston, Mass.



COLE, DOLORES "Dolly"

"How many saucy airs we meet."

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Civics Club 1. President. Service point certificate. Chorus 2, 3. 4.



CRAMPTON, JENNIE ELIZABETH "Jen"

"I will hereupon confess I am in love."

Mattapoisett Junior High—Science Club 1. Treasurer. Orchestra 1.
Fairhaven High—G. A. A. 2, 3, 4. Orchestra 2. Service point certificate. Chorus 2, 3, 4.

Kindergarten School, Boston, Mass.



DEXTER, CLARA "Pat"

"With mirth and laughter,
Let old wrinkles come."

G. A. A. 2, 3, 4. Chorus 2, 3, 4.

DIAS, EARL JOSEPH

"Beneath the rule of men en.
The pen is mightier than t

Class prophet 4. Associa
tlestonian 2, 3, 4. Stu
2, 3. Football 3. Clas
Football publicity manag
basketball 1. Baseball 2,
Chess team 4. B. A. A. 1
chestra 1, 2, 3. Junior Sy
Debating Club 2, 3. Lat
French Club 2. Traffic Sq
vice point pin and certificat
Bates College.
New York University.

DIGGLE, ELMER

"And then the schoolboy, with his satchel, and shining morning face—"

Student Council 4. Tennis manager 4. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Orchestra 4. Junior Symphony 2, 3, 4. Band 2, 3, 4. Ping-Pong team 4. German Club 3. Aviation Club 4. Junior Prom Committee 3. Service point certificate and pin. Chorus 4.



DIXON, WALTER HARRISON "Walt"

"Fare you well, gentlemen."

Football 4. Class football 4. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Orchestra 1. Aviation Club 1. Science Club 1.



ILE "Chief"

n glory,
t in place."

dent 2, 3. Football 1, 2, 3,
n 3, 4. Track 1, 2, 3, 4. Cap-
Class track 1, 2, 3, 4. Basket-
League basketball 4. B. A. A.
4. President 3. Debating Club
rman Junior Prom Committee.
mmittee 4. Traffic Squad 1, 2,
ieutenant 3. Captain 4. Service
rtificate and pin. Chorus 1, 2, 3,

University.



DUTTON, RUTH MAE "Rufus"

"Fair and softly goes far."

Student Council 4. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4. Civics Club 1. Vice-President. French Club 2. Debating Club 3. Traffic Squad 2, 3. Service point certificate. Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4.



ERICKSON, ELVERA MARGUERITE

"Thy fair hair my heart enchain'd."

Class hockey 2, 4. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Numerals. Letter Chorus 2, 3, 4.



FIELDING, EDWARD ALDEN "Swede"

"The Swedish are a hardy race!"

Football 2, 3, 4. Class football 4. Basketball 3, 4. Class basketball 4. Track 2, 3, 4. Class track 2, 3, 4. Baseball 4. Ping-pong team 4. Golf team 3, 4. B. A. A. 2, 3, 4. Letter. Traffic squad 4. Chorus 4.



FLATTEN, ARELETHA AUDREY "Babe"

"Music hath charms."

Chorus 2, 3, 4.

New York School of Design.



FRANCIS, EDWARD D. "Ed"

"Form'd by thy converse happily to steer,
From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

Student Council 4. Football 1, 2. Class football 3, 4. League basketball 1, 2, 3, 4. Class basketball 3, 4. Track 1, 2. Golf 3, 4. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Civics Club 1. Debating Club 2, 3. Glee Club 2, 3. Traffic squad 4. Service point certificate and pin. Chorus 2, 3.



GAMANS, LLOYD FLETCHER "Tite"

"Ten acres and a mule!"

Class treasurer 2. Student council 4. Football 2, 3, 4. Class basketball 2, 3, 4. League basketball 2, 3, 4. Track 3, 4. Class track 2, 3, 4. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3. Aviation Club 1, 2. Service point certificate. Chorus 3, 4.

Post Graduate.



GIDLEY, CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH "Charlie"

"The word impossible is not in her dictionary."
Honor Society 3, 4. President 4. Class Historian 4. Huttlestonian staff 1. Assistant editor 4. Student Council 1, 2, 3, 4. Manager class hockey and basketball 1. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Latin Club 1, 2. Representative to New Bedford Woman's Club. Service point certificate. Chorus 4.

Simmons College.



GIFFORD, GLADYS MAE "Gladdie"

"And looks on duties well performed
And days well spent."

Hockey 3, 4. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. French Club 2. Service point certificate. Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4.

Swain School of Design.



GOGGIN, AGNES MAE "Pat"

"Me therefore studious of laborious ease."

Hockey 1, 2. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Foreign Language Club 1. French Club 1, 2, 3. Service point certificate. Chorus 2, 3, 4.



GONSALVES, PAULINE "Polly"

"A wee, good-natured person."

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Civics Club 1. Chorus 2, 3, 4.



GORMAN, FLORENCE VERONICA "Flo"

"Truly a gentlewoman she."

Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4. Basketball 3, 4. Class basketball 1, 2, 3, 4. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Initiation Committee 4. G. A. A. Pin. Science Club 1. French Club 2. Debating Club 3. Traffic squad 1, 2, 3, 4. Service point certificate and pin. Chorus 2, 3, 4.



GRINDROD, LEONARD, JR. "Len"

"And hears thy stormy music in the drum."

Student Council 4. Class football 1, 2, 3, 4. Gym team 3, 4. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4. Junior Symphony 1, 2, 3, 4. Science Club 1. Vice President. Debating club 3. Traffic Squad 2, 3, 4. Social committee 1. Service point certificate and pin. Chorus 4.

Bridgewater Normal.



HALSALL, TOM HENRY "Shorty"

"England expects every man to do his duty."

Football 3. Class football 2, 3, 4. Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4. Class basketball 1, 2. League basketball 1, 2, 3, 4. Orchestra 1, 2, 3. Band 2. Manager basketball 1, 2, 3. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Service point certificate and pin. Chorus 3, 4.



HANSON, STANLEY GORDON "Gordy"

"Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him."

Student Council 4. Football 2. Class football 4. Basketball 3. Class Basketball 2. League Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4. Ping Pong Team 4. Captain 4. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Band 1. Debating Club 2, 3. Program Committee 3. Service point certificate and pin.

Springfield College.



HAYES, JOSEPH STEPHEN "Joe"

"My tongue within my lips I rein
For who talks much must talk in vain."

Student Council 4. President 4. Football 2, 3, 4. Class Football 2, 3, 4. Class Basketball 3. League Basketball 2, 3, 4. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 2, 3, 4.



HEALEY, HENRY KENNETH "Pat"

"Rouse the lion from his lair."

Football 3. Class football 4. Basketball 3, 4. Class Basketball 2, 3. Baseball 2, 3, 4. Class Track 2, 4. Chess Team 4. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Science Club 1. German Club 2. Chorus 3, 4.



HOLSTIUS, FRANCIS BURNHARD "Red"

"Words are women,
Deeds are men."

Student Council 4. Football 4. League Basketball 4. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Orchestra 1. Band 1, 2. Chorus 4.

Segregansett.



JACKSON, MITCHELL "Mitch"

"All I know is, that the facts I state
Are true as truth has ever been of late."

Student Council 4. Football 1, 2, 3, 4. Basketball 4. Junior varsity basketball 3. Track Manager 2. Track 3. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Band 1. Latin Club. 1. French Club 2. Debating Club 3. Service point certificate and pin.

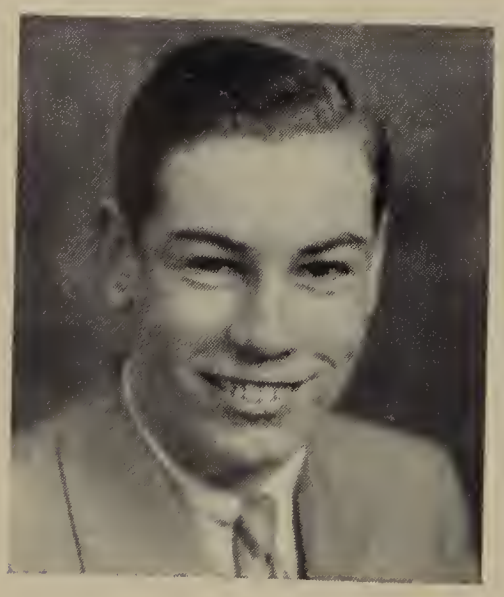
Post Graduate.



JENNEY, RICHARD HARRISCN "Dick"

"Be easy, affable, familiar, friendly,
But trust the secrets of thy soul to none."

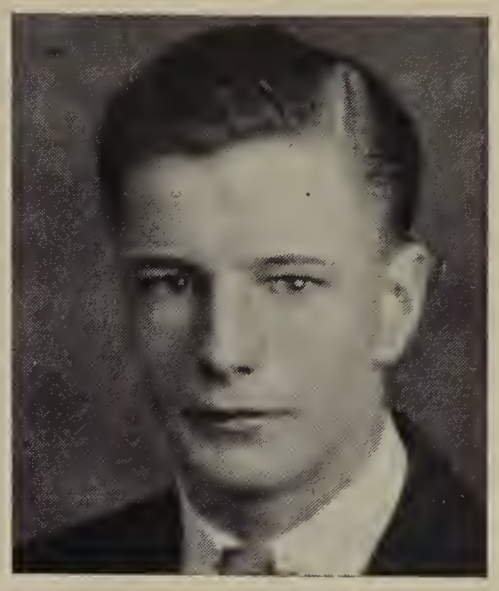
B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 4.



KOBZA, ERNEST MICHAEL "Ernie"

"Who will riddle me the HOW and the WHY?"

Class football 2, 3, 4. Basketball 3, 4. Class basketball 2, 3. Baseball 2, 3, 4. Class track 3, 4. Gym team 3. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Band 1, 2, 3. Service point certificate and pin. Chorus 3, 4.



LAW, RAYMOND "Jicky"

"Look at his honors all in a row,
Surely a hint of fame."

Football 3, 4. Class football 2, 3. Basketball 2, 3, 4. Class basketball 2. Baseball 2. Track 3. Class track 3, 4. Science Club 1. Traffic Squad 3, 4. Chorus 3, 4.



LEWIS, MARION JANET "Frisky"

"O woman, thou wert fashioned to beguile!"

Hockey 2, 3, 4. Basketball 3, 4. Class basketball 2, 3, 4. Captain 3. Cheer leader 4. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Numerals. Letters. French Club 2. Service point certificate. Chorus 2, 3, 4.



LIVESEY, LILLIAN "Lil"

"If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine."

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 4.



LOWE, NATALIE HUTCHINSON "Nat"

"Ambition has no rest."

Mattapoisett Junior High — Honor part. Basketball. Baseball. Latin team. Captain. Journalism Club.
Fairhaven High — Honor Society 3, 4. Secretary 4. Associate Editor of Huttlestonian 4. Student Council 2, 3, 4. Class Hockey 2, 3. Basketball 2, 3. G. A. A. 2, 3, 4. French Club 2. Social Committee 4. Service point certificate. Chorus 2, 3, 4.

Bradford Junior College.



LUIZ, MANUEL "Mannie"

"And, when a lady's in the case,
You know, all other things give place."

Class football 4. B. A. A. 2, 3, 4. Chorus 4.



MACHADO, WALTER EDWARD "Walt"

"Sing away sorrow,
Cast away care!"

Class vice-president 2, 4. Student Council 3. Football 1, 2, 3, 4. Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4. Track 2, 3, 4. Class Track 1, 2, 3, 4. Class Basketball 2, 3, 4. Manager of gym team 3, 4. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Traffic squad 4. Chorus 2, 3, 4.

University of Southern California.

MARSTON, GENEVIEVE B. "Gennie"

"A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!"



Class vice-president 1. Advertising staff of Huttlestonian 1, 2. Assistant Editor 3. Editor-in-Chief 4. Student Council 1, 2, 3, 4. Class hockey 1, 2. Class basketball 1. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Numerals. Poverty Party Committee 3. Initiation Committee 4. Latin Club 1, 2. Literary Club 1. French Club 2, 3. Executive Board 2. Debating Club 3. Program Committee. Representative to New Bedford Woman's Club. Junior Prom Committee. Social Committee 4. Traffic Squad 1, 2. Service point certificate and pin. Chorus 2, 3, 4.

Emerson College.

MARTIN, WILLIAM JAMES "Bull"

"For zeal's a dreadful termagant,
That teaches saints to tear and rant."



Class football 4. B. A. A. 3, 4. Chess Team 4.

General Electric.

MCGOWAN, MARY GERALDINE "Jerry"

"The warmth of genial courtesy,
The calm of self-reliance."



Hockey 3, 4. Class hockey 1, 2, 3, 4. Captain 2. Basketball 3, 4. Class basketball 1, 2, 3, 4. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Numerals. Letter. Manager of Cheer Leaders 4. Social Committee 1. Traffic squad 2, 3, 4. Service point certificate and pin. Chorus 2, 3, 4.



McKOAN, SHEILA

"Her ready wit is mirrored in her eyes."

Holy Family High — Dramatics 1, 2. Debating 1.
Fairhaven High—G. A. A. 4. Chorus 4.



McLEOD, MARGARET "Peggy"

"Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and a tear!"

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 2, 3, 4.



MENDELL, JOHN DENNIS, JR. "June"

"Sir, I would rather be right than be president!"

Student Council 2, 3. Vice-president 3. Football 2, 3, 4. Basketball 2, 3. Baseball 2, 3. Track 3. B. A. A. 2, 3, 4. President 4. French Club 2. Debating Club 3. Vice-President Junior Prom Committee. Social Committee 4. Traffic Squad 2, 3, 4. Service point certificate and pin. Chorus 2, 3, 4.



MOSHER, MAUDE DORRIS

"Patience is powerful."

Track 3. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Numerals. Civics Club 1. Secretary. Traffic Squad 3, 4. Service point certificate and pin. Chorus 2, 3, 4.

Posse Nissen.



MULVEY, KATHLEEN ELIZABETH "Kay"

"Jolly, winsome, blithe, and gay—"

Class hockey 2, 3, 4. Basketball 3. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Numerals. Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4. Science Club 1. Service point certificate and pin. Chorus 2, 3, 4.



NORRIS, FRANCES PATRICIA "Fran"

"Good things come in small packages."

Class hockey 2, 3, 4. G. A. A. 2, 3, 4. Orchestra 1. Science Club 1. Service point certificate. Chorus 2, 3, 4.

St. Luke's Hospital.



ODIORNE, WILLIAM FRANCIS "Bill"

"Are you a comedian, Malvolio?"

Football 1, 2, 4. Class football 1, 2, 3, 4. Track 1, 2, 3, 4. League basketball 1, 2, 3, 4. Tennis 1, 2. Golf 4. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Traffic squad 3, 4. Electrical engineer for Senior play 3, 4.



PADELFORD, HELEN HARRIET "Fifi"

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 2, 3, 4.



PARKINSON, CHARLES ROYAL "Charley"

"A mighty man was he!"

Honor Society 3, 4. Student council 4. Football 1, 2, 4. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Numerals. Orchestra 3. Band 1, 2, 3. German Club 1, 2. Traffic Squad 4. Service point certificate and pin. Chorus 4.

Tufts College.



PATASINI, RICHARD "Dick"

"A man of pleasure is a man of pains."

Honor Society 3, 4. Treasurer of class 3. Secretary 4. Football 2, 3, 4. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Secretary 4. Band 1. Science Club 1. Service point certificate and pin. Chorus 4.



PERRY, PAULINE ELIZABETH "Paul"

"Your name is great in mouths of wisest censure!"

Mattapoisett Junior High — Secretary of class. Honor part. Basketball. Baseball. Latin team. Journalism Club.
Fairhaven High — Honor Society 3, 4. Assistant Circulation Manager of Huttlestonian 3. Manager 4. Student Council 4. Class hockey 2, 3, 4. Basketball 2, 3, 4. Cheer leader 4. G. A. A. 2, 3, 4. Vice-president 4. Numerals. Letter French Club 2. Traffic squad 3, 4. Service point certificate and pin. Chorus 2, 3, 4.

Sargent School of Physical Education.



PFLUG, AGNES MILDRED "Pfluggie"

"—her talents are diversified,
In all of them she may take pride."

Honor Society 3, 4. Student Council 4. Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4. Secretary 4. Science Club 1. Debating Club 3. Traffic Squad 3, 4. Service point certificate and pin. Chorus 2, 3, 4.



POPE, ELEANOR BURLEIGH "El"

"And none can'st see thee and thy chariot, for dust."

Student Council 4. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Traffic Squad 3, 4. Chorus 2, 3, 4.

The Garland School.



QUINTIN, ARMAND ERNEST "Pete"

"Life is Action."

Football 1, 2, 3, 4. Track 1, 2, 3. Baseball 1, 2, 3. Boxing 1, 2, 3. Service point pin and certificate.

U. S. Coast Guard Flying Academy.



RADCLIFFE, CHARLES, JR. "Charlie"

"Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for nought?"

Class treasurer 4. Student Council 1, 4. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Treasurer 3, 4. Gym Team 3, 4. Debating Club 2, 3. Treasurer 3. Traffic Squad 2, 3, 4. Social Committee 1. Service point certificate and pin. Chorus 4.

RAYMOND, WILLIAM HENRY, JR. "Bill"



"Zealous yet modest."

Mattapoisett Junior High — Class president 1. Student Council 1. Football 1. Basketball 1. Latin Club 1.
Fairhaven High — Class secretary 2. Student Council 3, 4. Football 2, 3. 4. Basketball 3. Class basketball 2, 3. Track 3, 4. B. A. A. 2, 3, 4. Latin Club 2, 3. French Club 2, 3. Service point certificate. Chorus 3, 4.

Harvard University.

REEVES, BARBARA "Barb"



"Diligence is the mother of good fortune."

Honor Society 3, 4. Treasurer 4. Hockey 1. Basketball 3. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Numerals. Traffic Squad 3. Service point certificate. Chorus 2, 3, 4.

RIOUX, ALMA MARIE "Al"



"The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light."

Class basketball 3. Class hockey 4. Debating Club 3. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Numerals. Letter. Traffic Squad 4. Service point certificate and pin. Chorus 2, 3, 4.



RIOUX, BERNARD "Babe"

"Time ripens all things,
No man was born wise."

Class football 3, 4. League basketball 2, 3. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 4.

Massachusetts Nautical School.



ROOS, FRANCES FRIEDA "Fran"

"Given to hospitality."

Honor Society 4. Advertising staff of Huttlestonian 1. Student Council 4. Class hockey 1, 2, 3, 4. Basketball 4. Class basketball 1, 2, 3, 4. League basketball 2, 3. Tennis 2, 3, 4. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Numerals. Letter. Initiation committee 4. Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4. Band 1, 2. Literary Club 1. German Club 2. President. Debating Club 3. Traffic Squad 1, 2. Service point certificate and pin. Huttlestonian award 1. Chorus 2, 3, 4.



SHEARD, HELEN KATHRYN "Sheardie"

"But so fair
She takes the breath of men away who gaze
Upon her unaware."

Class Historian. Advertising staff of Huttlestonian 2. Reportorial Editor 3. Student Council 3, 4. Basketball 2, 3, 4. Class basketball 1, 2, 3, 4. Cheer leader 4. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Initiation Committee. Numerals. Letter. Debating Club 2, 3. Secretary 2, 3. Social committee 4. Traffic Squad 3, 4. Senior lieutenant 4. Service point certificate and pin. Chorus 2, 3, 4.

Emerson College, Boston, Mass.



SHELMERDINE, DORIS "Dot"

"A girl she seems of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows."

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Traffic Squad 4. Chorus 2, 3, 4.



SHERMAN, GEORGE PRESCOTT "Pret"

"Good temper is like a sunny day,
It sheds its brightness everywhere."

Class president 4. Vice-president 3. Secretary 1. Student council 1, 2, 3, 4. Football 1, 2, 3, 4. Basketball 3. Track 2, 3. Manager 4. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Vice-president 3, 4. Junior Prom committee. Social committee 4. Traffic Squad 3, 4. Service point certificate and pin. Chorus 3, 4.



SILVEIRA, LOUISE FRANCES "L"

"She doeth little kindnesses which most leave undone and despise."

Honor Society 3, 4. Class hockey 4. G. A. A. 2, 3, 4. Numerals. Letter. Civics Club 1. Traffic Squad 2, 3, 4. Service point certificate and pin. Chorus 2, 3, 4.



SILVER, GLADYS LOUISE "Glad"

"Her heart is in her work."

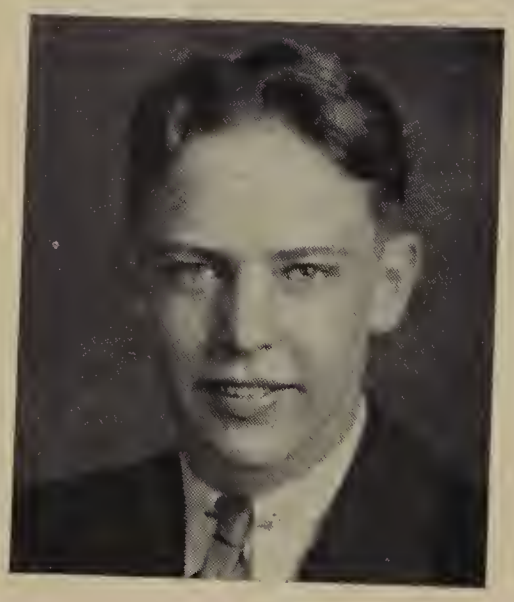
Honor Society 4. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Vacation Club 3. Service point certificate and pin. Chorus 2, 3, 4.



SLOCUM, EDWIN *A.* "Cupie"

"Be merry if you are wise."

Football 4. Class football 1, 2, 3, 4. Basketball 2, 3, 4. Tennis 3, 4. Captain 4. Baseball 4. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Debating Club 2, 3. Social committee 4. Service point certificate and pin. Chorus 2, 3, 4.



SMALLEY, RUSSELL RAYNER "Russ"

"Why, then, the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open."

Football 1, 2, 3. Class football 1, 2, 3, 4. Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4. Baseball 2, 3, 4. Tennis 1, 2, 4 . Orchestra 1, 2. Band 1, 2. Aviation Club 1, 2. Debating Club 2, 3. Glee Club 2, 3. Senior Play 4. Soldiers' Chorus. Social committee 4. Traffic squad 1, 2, 3, 4. Service point certificate and pin. Chorus 2, 3, 4.

University of Alabama.



SPOONER, EDWARD BRUCE

"So Noah builded an ark—"

Football 2, 3. Basketball 4. B. A. A. 1, 2. Orchestra 1, 2. Traffic Squad 3, 4. Service point certificate and pin. Chorus 3, 4.

Wentworth Institute.



STETSON, HELEN VIVIAN

"An inborn grace that nothing lacked,
Of culture or appliance—"

Student Council 1, 3, 4. Hockey 1. Basketball 1. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Foreign Language Club 1. French Club 2. Latin Club 2. Junior Prom Committee. Social Committee 4. Traffic Squad 1, 2. Junior Prom Committee. Social Committee 4. Traffic Squad 1, 2. Junior Lieutenant 3. Deputy Captain 4. Service Point Certificate. Chorus 2, 3, 4.

Bradford Junior College.



STETSON, LOVINA "Minnie"

"Tis good will makes intelligence."

Honor Society 3, 4. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Science Club 1. Civics Club 1. Service point certificate and pin. Chorus 2, 3, 4.



SYLVIA, ANDREW D. "Andy"

"I saw and loved."

Football 2, 3, 4. Baseball 2, 3, 4. Basketball 3, 4. Track 3, 4. B. A. A. 2, 3, 4. Chorus 3, 4.



SYLVIA, EMILY ELEANORE "Em"

"In came Mrs. Tezziwig,
One vast, substantial smile."

Hockey 2. League basketball 3. G. A. A. 2, 3, 4. Traffic Squad 3. Chorus 2, 3, 4.

St. Luke's Hospital.



TABOR, AUDREY ETHEL "Red"

"Push on—keep moving!"

Hockey 1. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Orchestra 1, 2. Civics Club 1. French Club 2. "Kid Chorus" Senior Play 3. Chorus 2, 3, 4.

Swain School.

THORNLEY, HELEN ELIZABETH

"Must share it,
Happiness was born a twin."



Class secretary 3. Student Council 2, 3, 4. Basketball 3, 4. League basketball 1, 2. Captain 1, 2. Hockey 3. Captain. Cheer leader 4. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Secretary 2. Treasurer 3. Numerals. Letter. Pin. Traffic Squad 2, 3, 4. Service point certificate and pin. Chorus 2, 3, 4.

Swain School of Design.

TOBIN, LENARD "Len"

"Faint heart ne'er won fair lady."



Class football 4. Basketball 2, 3, 4. Class basketball 1. Baseball 3. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Letter. Latin club 1, 2. Traffic Squad 3, 4. Chorus 4.

TREPANIER, MARY IRENE

"The social smile, the sympathetic tear."



Honor Society 4. Class hockey 1, 2, 3, 4. Captain 4. Manager of basketball 4. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Treasurer 4. Numerals. Letter. French Club 1, 2. Secretary 2. Civics Club 1. Service point certificate and pin. Chorus 2, 3, 4.



TRIPP, CAROL "Trippy"

"Let them call it mischief. When it is done and prospered 'twill be virtue."

Mattapoisett Junior High — Treasurer of class 1. Historian 1. Journalism Club 1. Latin club 1.
Fairhaven High—Basketball 3, 4. League basketball 2. Hockey 2, 3, 4. Sub cheerleader 4. Orchestra 1, 2, 3. French Club 2. Debating Club 3. Service point certificate and pin. Chorus 2, 3, 4.

Textile School.



TYLER, FRANCIS CHAPLIN

"The power of thought, the magic of the mind."

Honor Society 3, 4. Vice-president 4. Class prophet. Student council 3, 4. B. A. A. 2, 3, 4. Orchestra 4. Junior Symphony 1, 2, 3, 4. Band 1, 2, 3, 4. French Club 2, 3. Civics Club 1. Vice-president. Hi-Y 4. Chairman Ways and Means Committee. Traffic Squad 3, 4. Lieutenant 4. Service point certificate and pin. Chorus 3, 4.

Brown University.



VALLEY, DAVID PRESTON "Pret"

"So I baited me a hook,
And rowed out to the sea."

League basketball 1, 2, 3, 4. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Aviation Club 3. Chorus 2, 3, 4.



WELSH, JOSEPH EDWARD "Porky"

"I am not in the roll of common men."

Football 3. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 4.



WESTGATE, MURIEL EVELYN "Millie"

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever."

G. A. A. 2, 3, 4. Chorus 3, 4.



WHITWORTH, ELLEN

"By the work one knows the workman."

Hockey 2, 3, 4. Class hockey 2, 3, 4. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Numerals. Letter. Traffic Squad 3. Chorus 3, 4.



WITHEE, IDA BERTHA "Pugs"

"Few hearts like hers with living warmed,
Few heads with knowledge so informed."

Nathan Bishop High, Providence—Associate Editor of "Junior High-Light". G. A. A. Debating Club. Secretary. Fairhaven High — League Basketball 4. G. A. A. 3, 4. Debating Club 3. Traffic Squad 4. Chorus 3, 4.

Pembroke College, Providence.



WOLSCHENDORF, FERN "Washie"

"Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman."

Student Council 3. Class hockey 1, 2. Class basketball 2. G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Orchestra 1. Band 1, 2. Latin Club 1. Debating Club 3. Traffic Squad 3. Service point certificate. Chorus 2, 3, 4. Initiation Committee 3. Senior play 4.



WOOLLEY, DORIS "Shorty"

"The cautious seldom err."

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Traffic Squad 3. Chorus 2, 3, 4.



YOUNG, RICHARD B. "Dick"

"I'm from Missouri; you must show me."

B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Aviation Club 1. German Club 2, 3. Service point certificate. Chorus 4.

CLASS HISTORIANS





HELEN K. SHEARD

Class History

It's the same old story, folks, another class history, and we, as historians, have been selected to review the activities of our four years of high school experience.

1929 - 1930

To begin with, on September 14, 1929, an enormous herd of freshmen was ushered into Room Seven. Large as this room was, it could not accommodate such a number, and Room Eight was forced to receive the tail of the alphabet into its folds. In Room Seven, Mr. Wood presided as the Guardian Shepherd, while Mr. Lawton wielded the crook in Room Eight.

After we became accustomed to our surroundings, the class met to elect as officers, Stuart Campbell to preside; Genevieve Marston to aid him; Prescott Sherman to record the minutes, and John Plant to handle the money matters.

There were many football enthusiasts in the class. One young aspirant, Emile Dubiel, so far distinguished himself as to participate in our annual clash with New Bedford.

As no class should call a year complete without first holding a party, we attempted a social feat. It was a success. The girls all danced together, and the boys appeared extremely amused.

1930 - 1931

One year of high school had made us either happy or sorry to return after our first vacation. The class had diminished somewhat in size, in spite of the regular addition from Mattapoisett. We were able to fit comfortably into Rooms Six and Seventeen.

It was a great football season. We defeated all opponents, except a much larger and heavier team, that of Boston College High. This remarkable record was attained only through the efforts of several of the sophomore boys of which a good part of the team was composed.

As studies were a little more difficult, there was no time for social activities, and the year finally passed unmarked by any special events.

1931 - 1932

Again we returned, this time to occupy Rooms Nine and Eleven, under the supervision of Miss Griswold and Miss Russell respectively.

Per usual, we gathered to decide who should direct our affairs through the year. The choice of the class was: Emile Dubiel, president; Prescott Sherman, vice-president; Helen Thornley, secretary; Richard Patasini, treasurer.

March marked the time for the bestowal of the honor due those eligible for the Honor Society. The initiates were: Charlotte Gidley, Lovina Stetson, Agnes Pflug, Barbara Reeves, Francis Tyler, Natalie Lowe, Pauline Perry, Charles Parkinson, Richard Patasini, and Louise Silveira.

The long-anticipated Junior Prom took place on Friday, May 6, 1932. Everyone enjoyed a delightful evening of dancing, under a cleverly arranged drape of pastel shades.

An event which added to our feeling of superiority was that of Junior Day. On this day, as a sign of approaching leadership, we were allowed to take the places in the auditorium which we were to occupy the following year.

1932 - 1933

For two years we had been divided and placed in different rooms, but in our senior year we were allowed to complete our studies in the haven of our freshman days.

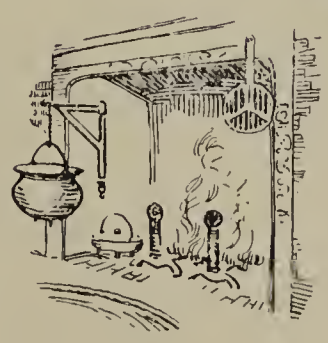
The election of officers which soon took place resulted in the choice of: Prescott Sherman as president; Walter Machado as vice-president; Richard Patasini as Secretary; and Charles Radcliffe as treasurer.

As seniors, we were granted permission to hold several dances. In order to make these a success, a special committee was necessary. The members were: Prescott Sherman, Chairman, Helen Stetson, Genevieve Marston, Natalie Lowe, Helen Sheard, Emile Dubiel, John Mendell, Russell Smalley, and Edwin Slocum.

Due to complications, we were denied the usual three-act play, and as we did not want the year to pass without some exemplification of our dramatic ability, we agreed to present a one-act play. It was entitled "Elmer". There were seven characters. Tom Halsall, Betty Andrews, Fern Wolschendorf, Helen Stetson, Helen Sheard, Frances

Roos, Pauline Perry, Charles Radcliffe, and Mitchell Jackson filled the various parts. The date of the play was scheduled for April 21, 1933. It went off wonderfully well. There were several little singing and dancing acts that helped to make the evening's entertainment quite a huge success.

Thus our story ends — a story of four of our happiest years. Do you wonder, as you read it over, why we hate to leave? But we must. And as we go, may we hope that all the classes after us will experience the same glad days that we hav



CLASS PROPHETS



FRANCIS C. TYLER

Class Prophecy

The other day, while reading our morning mail we came upon a beautifully engraved card which read:

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED
TO ATTEND THE
REUNION OF THE CLASS OF 1933
OF FAIRHAVEN HIGH SCHOOL
AT THE
PINK ELEPHANT
JANUARY 31, 1943

The fifty or sixty hardy specimens of humanity who responded to this invitation found that it had originated in the fertile brains of those leaders of society on two continents: Miss Eleanor Pope, Mr. Emile Dubiel (crack Olympic athlete) and his wife, the former Miss Helen Stetson.

The affair was in the nature of a house warming for the Pink Elephant, newest of the Parkinson-Thornley chain of night clubs. Since this magnificent example of futuristic architecture was not yet open to the public, the signs erected by Lovejoy and Valley, General Contractors, were still in place. Another sign stated with admirable frankness that the electrical work had been done by the firm of Barney and Martin.

As we entered, our ears were greeted by the dulcet strains of "When the Cocoanuts Fall in Hawaii," played by Loon Baylies and his Hot-Cha Loonettes. Among the perspiring musicians, we recognized Lennie Grindrod at the xylophone, and listened to the moaning of Ritchie Jenny's sax.

"What ho! Rather jolly party!" We turned quickly and beheld our old schoolmate, Doctor Charlotte Gidley, who had lately returned from Oxford with a long disarrangement of the alphabet after her name, and an English accent. The good doctor continued: "Just before I left England, I ran into Sir Edward Fielding and his charming wife — you know, Florence Gorman. You remember Edward inherited his title from Lord El—"

This enlightening conversation was interrupted by the booming noise of George "Buck" Barclay, the notorious master of ceremonies announcing the arrival of Pret Sherman, Olympic runner; Ernie Kobza, Chicago Papooses' third baseman; Walt, "What-a-man" Machado, who pitched that team from the cellar position to pennant; and Stewie Campbell, Davis Cup player. Other members of this party of shining lights of the sporting world were Norman Blaha and Ray Law, president and secretary respectively, of the International Basketball League, Inc., together with the rival coaches, Hanson of Dartmouth and Tobin of Westport.

As soon as the hubbub occasioned by the arrival of these celebrities had subsided, the program for the remainder of the evening began. Loon and his boys broke into the haunting melody, "I Love You for Your Mind Alone", and Andy Sylvia's beautiful tenor voice brought back to us memories of locker room days. The crooner was followed by Gladys Gifford, The Happiness Girl, assuring the assembled multitude that she lived only for her "Dream Boy"!

During the intermission, while wandering aimlessly about the room, we came upon that inseparable quintet of Wall Street Stenographers, Margaret McLeod, Elvera Erickson, Maude Mosher, Dolores Cole, and Madeline Beaudry, in animated discussion of "LaBelle Dame" cosmetics. We gathered from their conversation that this new line was manufactured by Muriel Westgate, whose beauty parlors were spreading from coast to coast. They had become acquainted with the product through demonstrators Clara Dexter and Helen Padelford.

Dolores, noticing us for the first time, asked us if we had seen the latest Warner-Mount hit, "Desert Passion" with that inimitable combination, Luiz and Lewis.

Not wishing to be drawn into any such discussion, we beat a hasty retreat through the nearest doorway and found ourselves in a small private dining-room. Sleeping soundly in a chair in the corner was "Cupie" Slocum, Broadway's leading columnist. When we recovered from the shock, we realized that a radio in another corner was announcing, "Ladies and Gentlemen, you have just heard the Weekly Foreign Relations Review sponsored by the Holstius Firearms Corporation. Tonight you have listened to Secretary of the Treasury, Radcliffe; Secretary of Agriculture, Gamans, Congresswoman Ryder of Cuttyhunk district, and President of the Society for the Prevention of

Cruelty to Crooners, Mary Trepanier (who by the way, is the wife of Secretary Radcliffe). These eminent people have given you the inside dope on the deplorable condition of the starving Armenians".

We shut the radio off, and Slocum woke up. Seizing our opportunity, we questioned him about the phenomenal rise of Jack Winterbottom to the position of Attorney General.

"Huh!" grunted Cupie, "That's easy. His wife did that. You known Gerry McGowan always was a good organizer".

"By the way", he continued, "Did you know that Betty Andrews and Helen Braley are doing four-a-day on the Keith circuit?"

That reminded us of another popular actress, Helen Sheard. In regard to her retirement from the stage, Slocum told us that the real reason was her love for Richard Patasini, Chairman of the National Forestry Commission.

"Here's a little news on the side," resumed the columnist. "Russ Smalley and Jennie Crampton who have been co-starring in the Musical Comedy, "Sharps and Flats", were actually married three or four months ago by the Reverend Eliot Bennett.

"Say, Cupie", we asked, "Whatever became of Bernard Rioux?"

"Oh, he's living in a penthouse. Spends all his time avoiding women and collecting objects d'art."

We thanked this human information bureau, and backed more or less gracefully out of the door into the main dance hall just in time to see Areletha Flatten, who gained fame for her interpretation of "Aida" entering the hall followed as usual by her faithful chauffeur and bodyguard, Bruce Spooner.

Areletha, as was her custom, proceeded immediately to the piano, where her accompanist, Doris Shelmerdine, was waiting, and broke into that semi-familiar melody, "The Lark and the Bumblebee" from "Pastorale" by Frances Roos. Walter Dixon, the eminent concert violinist, supplied a beautifully played obligato. Miss Flatten and Miss Shelmerdine wore gowns of contrasting colors by Pflug and Rioux, Parisienne modistes.

After the deafening applause subsided, Carol Tripp presented a spirited imitation of a four-cornered conference between Richard Young, Republican senator from Massachusetts; his amanuensis, Ruth Dutton; Senator John Dennis Mendell, Jr. (Democrat from Tennessee); and his confidential secretary, Helen Anesti.

Not caring to trip the light fantastic after all this, we adjourned to the little room with the radio. Finding ourselves alone, we tried to dial some music, but instead, we heard an unfamiliar bass voice bellowing, "The Haywire News Service. Joseph Hayes, President, now brings to you the latest bulletins.

"Daytona Beach, Florida. Major William Andrews, well known speed king, crashed here today while attempting to break his own record of 285.69541 miles per hour. He was given emergency treatment by Doctor Mitchell Jackson of the Florida Benevolent Association Hospital, Doctor Frances Norris, director. Nurses Veronica Blechinger, Doris Woolley, Agnes Goggin, and Lillian Livesey ably assisted Doctor Jackson.

"On board transatlantic airliner, "Spirit of Mattapoisett", by William Cabral, radio operator. Pilot Armand Quintin, two hours ago, discovered a stowaway hiding in an empty tool box in the person of Tom Halsall, soldier of fortune and big game hunter. On the passenger list are President Joseph Welsh of Trans-Oceanic Airways Inc., and his private secretary Kathleen Mulvey; Audrey Tabor, who has just completed her contract with Superhuman Pictures, Ltd., and Natalie Lowe, winner of the 1942 Pulitzer Prize novel, "The Monkey and the Man".

"New York City. Police Commissioner Edward Francis personally led a raid on the "Vingt et Un", fashionable night club run by Fern Wolschendorf and Anne Bradbury. No incriminating evidence was found.

"This concludes the news bulletin from station W. A. P. P. Your announcer is Kenneth Healy". So great was the shock of hearing "Pat" Healy's voice that we turned off the radio.

We then both dove for the only magazine in the room, "Piffle", one of the C. A. Baker, Inc. publications. In the corner of the cover we noticed an inscription which we recognized as Ruth Bamber's artistic signature. The featured article by Pauline Perry was "Are Commedians Sane?" It carried, by way of illustration, a photograph of Bill Odiorne, the life of many a party, in one of his craziest costumes. Occupying the double page in the center was the ad—

BILL RAYMOND'S OLD FASHIONED GROCERY STORES

ONE IN EVERY COMMUNITY

On another page we came across an article telling how three girls built up a flourishing candy business from a recipe learned in the high school cooking class. The three girls proved to be Louise Silveira. Gladys Silver, and Emily Sylvia, who operate the Triple S. Candy Shops. As we glanced nonchalantly over the editorial page, we noticed the names of Genevieve Marston, Ida Withee, and Eleanor Cobb prominently displayed.

Having lost our interest at the sight of the editorials, we made a hurried departure from the room. Just outside the door we came upon Sheila McKoan expounding to Pauline Gonsalves her system of teaching Latin in the grade schools.

This was the last straw. We hastened to the cashier's desk where Barbara Reeves was ensconced behind the steel bars. We asked her if she was to have the responsibility for the finances of the organization. She informed us that Frank Chemiel, the certified public accountant, was to audit the books weekly.

On the way to the outside door we were encountered by Lovina Stetson and Ellen Whitworth, president and vice president respectively of the Stetson Jig Saw Puzzle Company, who presented each of us with a souvenir puzzle showing Elmer Diggle delivering his Super-High-Quality Ice to the Pink Elephant.

Underneath the uniform of a Swiss Admiral we recognized the doorman, Simmie Freitas. At his summons, Ernest Portas drove up his cab to carry us far from this palace of jazz and frivolity.

Francis Tyler, '33,
Earl Dias, '33.

SENIOR PLAY CAST



Sitting:—Left to right:—Pauline Perry, Tom Halsall, Betty Andrews.
Standing:—Left to right:—Charles Radcliffe, Helen Stetson, Helen Sheard, Fern Wolschendorf, Frances Roos, Mitchell Jackson.

"Senior Sallies" of 1933

Music gradually died away, lights dimmed, and blue velvet curtains swept apart, commanding a momentary hush throughout the house. Nervous flutterings backstage subsided, and many eager parents in the audience sat back to await with a certain degree of anxiety the arrival of their sons or daughters upon the stage. After months of rehearsals, plans, and endless hunting for "props", the evening of April twenty-first had finally arrived. The first act of the "Senior Sallies" was on!

It was reunion sketch, done by some of the most prominent of the boys here, Emile Dubiel, John Mendell, "Simmie" Freitas, Russell Smalley, Cupie Slocum, Bill Andrews, Pret Sherman, and Johnny Plant, all faultlessly attired in what we believe is the approved collegiate fashion. Johnny, in his versatile capacity of piano, violin, banjo, guitar, and saxophone player, was what might well have been termed a pillar of the entire performance.

A tumbling act followed the reunion, and was carried off by Herbert Burns and Norman Blaha in a manner quite professional.

"Two Tickets to Georgia" was a musical skit in which Helen Braley and Bill Andrews played the parts of bride and bridegroom, while Genevieve Marston and Walter Machado blacked up and capered around as porters. They all danced and sang, and seemed to get a good deal of fun out of it.

Sheila McKoan and Russell Smalley assumed the roles of young and brilliantly dressed Spaniards for the evening, fandangoing colorfully to the strains of "Thrill Me".

And now the play itself--"Elmer", a comedy in one act. The cast numbered nine, including Pansy, the dog. It was a modern Cinderella type of story, so very real and human that it delighted the audience. To we who watched breathlessly from the wings, it seemed that our classmates had forgotten us, and were really part of the Collier household, living a humorous everyday incident which had to do with a little evening jacket, given to Susan as her first "new thing", and promptly pounced upon by the beautiful twins. Betty Andrews was a wistful, lovable Susan, with Helen Stetson and Fern Wolschendorf very stunning as her twin sisters. As the newspapers remarked the next morning, the latter were really "remarkably matched".

The story rolled along smoothly. Helen Sheard, her blonde curls made silvery with powder, was charming as Mrs. Collier, even when she received the upsetting news that there had been a robbery, and that her son was running around firing off a revolver at random.

Pauline Perry's actions and dialect as Fannie Belle, the colored maid, brought appreciative roars from the audience, especially when she emerged from under the dining-room table during the hunt for the thief.

Miss Pinney, rheumatic old seamstress to whose lot it fell to make over Jeanie's and Janie's cast-off clothing for Susy, was equally flustered by the exciting course of events. Grayed and aging, she didn't look much like the Fran Roos that we know.

Charles Radcliffe, as Janie's young Beau Brummel, and Mitchell Jackson, his friend, were both good.

Tom Halsall, in his leading role of Elmer, was proclaimed by audience and critics as "great"! He looked disreputable, growled at his spoiled sisters, and slammed around to perfection. In one of the final scenes, when it was discovered that he had donned the jacket in question under his bathrobe, to thwart Janie's intention of wearing it, and that there had been no burglar at all, we in the wings thought him truly admirable. By that time, our hearts beat more or less normally, for the success of the play was assured.

Our form of entertainment this year was different in several respects, all due directly or indirectly to the renowned "depression". It is doubtful whether any senior class before us has ever given a combination vaudeville show and play, and it is quite certain that not for a long time has there been a program presented by the graduating class for the one price of fifty cents.

However, we feel that the evening was a great success, we hope that everyone who supported us was pleased, and we know that the "Senior Sallies" will live long in the hearts of the class of 1933.

Natalie Lowe, '33.

Here and There in Our Building

On December 15, 1906, the following four-column headline appeared in the Fairhaven Star: "High School with College Equipment". There ensued a complete description of the building which, due to the generosity and civic pride of Henry H. Rogers, caused what might well have been termed a sensation in Fairhaven.

This magnificent structure, of flawless exterior, and with each minute detail of the interior carefully planned, rose, as a gift from the gods, out of a mosquito-infested swamp. How interesting the first steps leading to its construction must have been. A narrow-gauge railroad running from the head of Bridge Street, carried soil to fill in this swamp and also to remedy a similar condition on the site which is now Cushman Park.

It was not long before the High School began to take shape. As we know — and how gloriously unique is this phrase — no expense was spared. The exterior of the building, as far up as the second floor, is of granite ashlar, quarried at Fort Phoenix. The remainder of the walls, forming a beautiful contrast with the gray ashlar, are of face brick — 1,600,000 bricks to be exact.

The interesting facts about some of the most commonplace features in our building, the majority of which are probably unknown, are almost innumerable. Every day we gaze out of the windows, but we seldom, if ever, realize that they are of French plate glass. Perhaps if we did it would not make a very great impression. If that be the case, plunder your penny bank and set out to price a pane of it!

Do you ever notice the skylights in the locker-rooms? They are of glazed ground glass, and therefore give valuable additional light to the section. While we are in this part of the school, there are a great many things to be noticed particularly.

Make a mental comparison with other schools in which you have been. It is doubtful whether you have ever seen locker rooms completely finished in Italian marble before. Also, there is almost no piping visible, but it is laid in such a way that it is not difficult to get at in case of trouble. Perhaps the fact that there is no ugly plumbing running through the locker sections does not seem wonderful to you. But it should. Enormous expense was incurred to make this feature of the building possible.

Another exceptional point is the variety of material used on the ground floor of the school. An immense amount of time must have been spent in its selection. For example, in the refectory, the ceiling is a Guastavino vault, the drinking fountain, which is really an individual and beautiful piece of work, is of Tennessee marble, and the columns are of grey brick. It was originally intended that the limestone caps at the tops of the columns should be carved, the figures to represent the seasons and the four ages of man, but for some reason or other this project was not completed. It is the only part of the building which is not finished. In all the other departments throughout the school, the finest equipment to be found anywhere was bought, under the direction of a man who was unquestionably an expert in that line. It almost seems difficult to believe in these days of economy, doesn't it?

We are now on the first floor. There is a brief story connected with the ceiling in Room 7, which you may like to hear. It is said that at the time of construction of the school, the tendency on the part of older students was to forsake education for remunerative fields, namely, the mills, in which conditions were much more flourishing than at present. Those especially interested in the new high school were anxious that Room 7, originally intended for a senior room, be very attractive. Accordingly, sculptors were imported, and the ceiling was molded into all the little cherub's heads, with other queer and lovely figures, which we see today. Previous to the time of this accomplishment, such a thing was practically unheard of. I think that that is very interesting, and I believe that it is authentic.

In the lower corridors, immediately outside of the front door to Room 7, hangs Mr. Rogers high school diploma, dated 1856.

When the building of the Rogers School was finished, this diploma, at the suggestion of its benefactor, was placed in a box and sealed in a cornerstone there. At that time Mr. Rogers undoubtedly thought that he would never construct another building. Later, however, when he built our school, the cornerstone containing the diploma was removed, the box unsealed, and the document framed to hang in our hall-way.

No article concerning the high school would be complete without mention of the auditorium and the library, both containing splendid types of architecture. The former, of Gothic style, has been described and commented upon so often that it is unnecessary to speak further of it.

Perhaps you do not appreciate quite so much, however, our library. It is of oak, but not of the heavy quartered oak which is used in other parts of the building. This is bog oak, a rare and very expensive type of material imported from the British Isles. It is obtained from trees which have been dead and buried underground for centuries. It is age, and the condition which arises from contact with the soil that makes the wood so rare. This material is used entirely in the library; not only for floors and hand-carved walls, but for chairs and tables as well. It is estimated that the cost of the library nearly equals that of our Junior High School.

I could go into detail, exclaiming over each little nook and crevice which merits attention, but this article must cease somewhere! Why not discover for yourself some of the things that I have not included? There are so many of them, all to be admired and appreciated for their beauty, their intricate mechanism, or the careful thought which they represent. Keep in mind the fact that we are often most blind to the magnanimity of the things which surround us and you will succeed in acquiring a keener appreciation of our school than you have ever before known.

Genevieve B. Marston, '33.

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Second row, left to right: -Charles Radcliffe, Helen Thornley, Agnes Pflug, Ruth Dutton, Genevieve Marston.

Third row, left to right:—Leonard Grindrod, Helen Stetson, Eleanor Pope, Frances Roos, Betty Andrews, William Raymond.

Fourth row, left to right:—Lloyd Gamans, Francis Holstius, Elmer Diggle, Charlotte Gidley, Francis Tyler, Mitchell Jackson, Norman Blaha, Edward Francis.

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Sitting:—Left to right:—Genevieve Marston, Helen Sheard, Natalie Lowe.
Standing:—Left to right:—Prescott Sherman, John Mendell, Emile Dubiel, Russell Smalley, Helen Stetson, Edwin Slocum.

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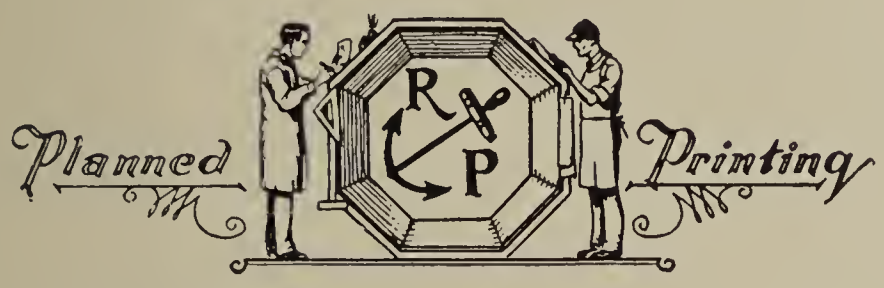
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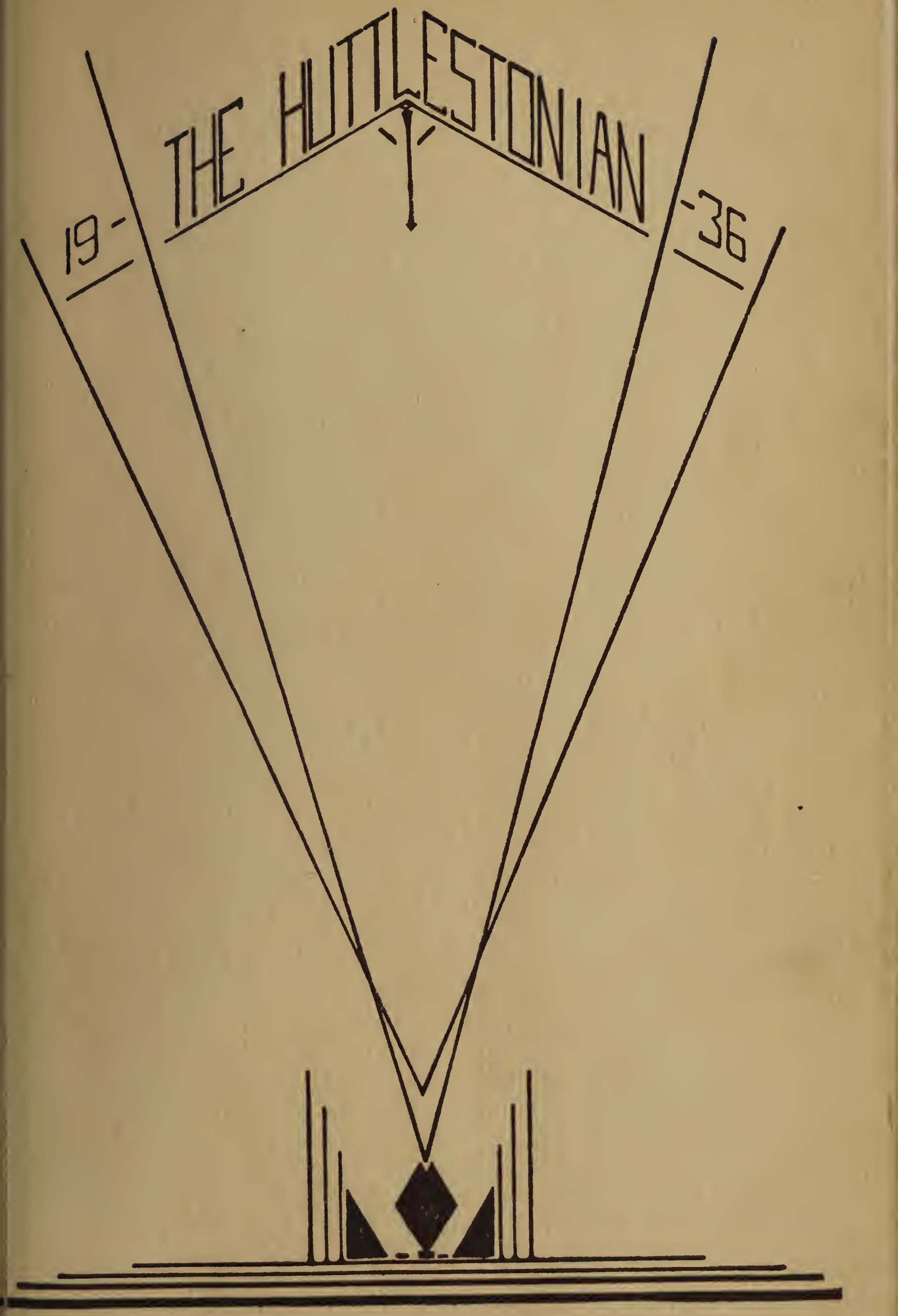
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19-
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Fairhaven High School, Fairhaven, Mass.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

The Wind 6

The Will of the Almighty 8

The Advantages of High School Athletics 10

Futility 13

Smoke 16

The Ways of Men 16

My Pet Pest 17

Concerning Books 18

On Getting Rid of Freckles 19

Boy's Athletics 20

Girls' Athletics 21

Among Our Classes 23

The Universal Story 25

Frenchmen Do Not Cry 26

Night 29

Aspirations and Inspirations 30

Exchanges 31

Movie Title Inspirations 33

Poor Billy Anglin 34

Locker Roomers 35

The Contributors' Page 36

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The Wind

The wind
Blows about the house
Bends the bushes
Sways the trees—
The wind
Rattles the windows
Comes in
Under the door
Sets the shutters to creaking —
When I am out
The wind
Tousles my hair
Whips my jacket
And my skirt
And sways me on my feet—
I have to fight against it
Push forward
Struggle
It challenges me
Makes my blood tingle
It makes me feel alive
And glad that I am—
My eyes are clear
I take on a new self
Forget care and worry
Forget what troubled me
Yesterday—
That is gone
It is today—
And today
I love the wind.

Isabel Tuell, '37

The Will of the Almighty

A BROADSIDE from His Majesty's ship, "Storm Bird", roared like the mighty thunder, as she slowly swung from her anchorage into the open stream. Her yard arms were black with hurrying sailors, who cast the billowing canvas to the gentle nor'west breeze; another broadside burst forth missing its target — the trim little schooner, "Venture" — on all sides.

The captain of the last mentioned vessel, tall, straight, with iron grey locks, stood as a startling contrast to the mean, slouching, little man in command of the mighty frigate. However, as is not often the case, the striking master of the little schooner was running from the law, which was impersonated by the mean little man.

Yet another broadside sent its screaming missels at the fleeing "Venture", but its impassive master neither broke his stride nor missed a puff at his pipe as he paced the quarter-deck, eyeing first his bulging, then the pursuing ship, and last, but not with the least concern, the distant horizon.

They sailed a westward course, while far to windward in the gathering gloom a storm cloud could be discerned. This cloud, at first, had little significance, but soon it assumed menacing proportions; nevertheless, no one on either ship realized how vitally this same cloud would affect both vessels.

So much for the physical position of the parties concerned. Now for the conditions which led these two ships to be flying westward, one pursued, the other pursuing. The mission of the frigate was obvious. She was enforcing the laws of His Majesty, the King, but the case of the "Venture" was not so clear. She was one of those little — shall we say traders — who do such a flourishing business shipping the products of the West Indies through the boop-bales of His Majesty's laws of trade. Captain Sampson, master of the little ship in this dangerous profession, was doing nothing which his conscience deemed to be wrong. What could the King know of the needs of this Yankee trader?

Both ships sped onward into the gathering night and the oncoming storm. The smaller vessel having a fore an'aft rig, had a decided advantage over the picturesque, but ponderous square sails of the "Storm Bird", at least, in beating to windward. Forward rushed the ships, the night, and the storm. The wind was rising, the sky was darkening, and even the stolid British seamen eyed their taut canvas with apprehension. Finally, the order came. "Aloft and furl the royals", roared the mate, and before the last words were fully uttered, nimble sailors were swinging in the rigging. A look at the schooner showed that her fear of elements was not much less than her fear of the frigate. Even her small topsails were evidently more than her creaking hull could stand, for a few hauls on the clews and they were firmly brailed to the trunk from whence no ordinary wind could dislodge them.

The tiny "Venture" was soon out of reach of even the great long Tom mounted on the fore hatch of the King's ship. The storm and the night were to her advantage, for who could trail a black smudge through all these little islands? The fury of the elements was not long in striking. Soon with a shine and a roar, the rain and blackness were upon them, blotting out even the faintest trace of the frigate, now far astern and a good two miles to lee'ward.

Captain Sampson, being by nature a cautious man, felt the force of the wind and took warning. Down tumbled the jib and the slatting main'sl as he reduced his vessel to storm canvas, tacked her about on another course, and set out, safe from the reach of the long arm of the law.

The storms and the law, however, are not the only enemies of a ship sailing the reef infested waters of the windward islands. Soon at the captain's order, was heard the periodical call of the heavers of the lead. "Six fathoms by the mark, Sir," came the cry, and then a pause broken only by the howling wind and the beating rain. "Four by the mark, Sir," rang the voice, "she's shallowing." The next report was comforting to the master. "No bottom, Sir," sang the voice. The captain heaved a sigh of relief; at least, he knew his position.

He was over the spot known as the "Great Hole". From now on it was dead reckoning.

With a hasty glance at the wake, the captain fumbled for his watch. Doing six knots, course nearly north, thought he. In just ten minutes he would have to tack abruptly and beat out of a treacherous channel. Nine minutes passed. "Five by the mark, Sir", came the voice that was like Gabriel blowing his horn for the judgment day; and the captain, muttering that they must be doing a little better than six ordered the helm put down, and slowly the "Venture" swung up into the pelting wind. She came to, heading in the West nor'-westerly direction. Again came the judicial cry, "Three and a half by the mark", and the captain glancing apprehensively at the dancing waves spoke a few words to the helmsman, who crammed the straining ship a point nearer the wind.

"Two fathoms, Sir, and rocks ahead!" rang a startled cry, and as the "Venture" turned slowly around she lowered in a trough grating against a coral reef, with a sickening sound. With the next swell, however, she slid free into the open water and headed for a hidden harbor used so often in a case like this when man and the elements seem to hinder the progress of "traders".

A shock, even though slight, may have disasterous effects upon the garboards of old ships, and this one was no exception. Much to the concern of the captain and crew, the water rose steadily in the hole. The men sweat at the pumps, but still the water rose. There was no alternative but to beach her in some hidden cove, such as abounded in this part of the sea.

And so she lay, high and dry on the sands; the sea and the storm had accomplished what man could not. The sailors of this unfortunate ship called it luck, but the London Board of Trade called it the will of The Almighty.

David Swett, '36

The Advantages of High School Athletics

THE title should be more appropriately termed "the advantages vs. the disadvantages of High School athletics," due to the fact that both sides present strong arguments.

In dealing with a subject like this, there are several aspects of college life which must be taken into consideration. One should ask himself the question, "What do I want to get out of college?" And in asking himself this question one runs into difficulties. Some people go to college merely to benefit from the education which the university offers. Others, to take advantage of the associations, contacts and the general prestige which they receive upon graduating from such an institution. In my opinion, the happy medium is attained when the person benefits equally from the educational standpoint, as well as from the advantages which the associations and mingling with other people and types offer.

The relation with fellow students cannot be attained in any better fashion, I believe, than it can upon, let us say, the basketball court, the football field, in the gymnasium or even on the debating team. There you are put through a test, your companions are put through a test, and that test is as difficult and worthy of consideration as a mid-year examination which tests your knowledge of the studies you have pursued.

Upon the athletic field, the individual is embodied with the spirit of cooperation, the task of facing problems and meeting them in the right manner, of carrying out what has been assigned, without flaw, with the joy at trying his strength, physical and mental, against that of his opponents and with the ecstacy he feels upon finding that he is superior. Are not these factors important in molding life for the future, when one is to encounter the same problems out in the business world?

Of course, we must take into consideration again, the person's future. If a boy or girl is interested solely in the art of

coaching or instructing physical games and sports, then there are colleges in the country to receive such prospective entrants. Here athletics are stressed in the preparation of youth to go out and develop the younger generation in the proper manner. It cannot be denied that a body, in order to exist as a healthy organism, must have a certain amount of exercise.

Then we have other institutions throughout the world whose sole offer is educational. However, the majority of our universities offer both education and physical training to their students. They realize the advantages that one confers upon the other.

I am quite certain that I am justified in saying that there is too much stress laid upon the outcome of high school contests. Of course, every organized team wants to outdo an opponent, but one must consider how needless it is to condemn a team and its instructor because it has proven inferior to another team. The primary advantage derived from the contest is the same on both the losing and the winning side. The loser learns how to take defeat and come back fighting the next time with improvements enabling him to win. The winner must learn how to control his joy at winning and try to maintain that joy. In either case, a benefit is derived. Then why all the discontent on the losing side?

It would be needless to enumerate the advantages which high school athletics offer. Judge for yourself by appraising the products which this department is now putting forth. Who are the leaders of your classes? Who are the healthy individuals in the school? Who has all the friends? Who is enjoying his four years in high school? The answer is quite apparent.

If a fellow has participated in high school athletics and intends to pursue the same sports while in college or even out of college, he naturally has that advantage over the fellow who had no previous experience.

Every person is entitled to his or her own opinions, however, and if he feels that athletics will be just a waste of time in the pursuance of his vocation, in which athletics will

play no part, then that person should not be made to participate. He can get his exercise by pleasant walks through the meadows or by an afternoon at cycling now and then. But does not a person like that regret, after he gets out of school, that he did not take part in athletics with his former classmates? I am inclined to say, from previous experience with this type of person, yes. He always has an unpleasant memory in his mind of pleasant Saturday afternoons, when everybody was headed for the stadium, or evenings in the gym when people hung their heads over the bannister to watch a basketball game or gym meet, and of always being on the outside of a circle of a laughing and bantering group, discussing some past contest.

Are you on the outside of that circle? If you are, why not get inside and see what is going on there? If you do not like it, you can step out again. My guess is that you will stay in!

Emile Dubiel,
Harvard University, '37

Futility

"I WANT to hear all about him, Dr. Rocheau."

"Well sir, he is a remarkable student. In fact, I don't believe I have ever known a student his equal."

"And his nerves, Dr. Rocheau, his nerves?"

"Dr. Attouni, his nerves even during the most gruesome operations are tempered with such coolness that it approaches the inhuman. Please don't think I exaggerate, Doctor."

"Then he'll be a good heart specialist?"

"One of the best in the world, sir."

"Steady?"

"Very."

"Umn. I'd say he was about perfect."

"I, I wouldn't say that. As a surgeon he is great, but as a man he is, he is—well, Doctor, he's queer. That's the only word by which I can describe him. He's always aloof and withdrawn. Sort of makes a man hate him and pity him. At times he appears lost, and looks dazed, almost as though he existed only physically. I've heard he's had a tough time of things. To my knowledge he has never laughed, or even smiled."

"Too bad, Dr. Rocheau, that a man of his ability must be like that. Ironic, isn't it, that although his life is going to be a huge success, it is at the same time, going to be a dismal failure. Oh come now, don't look so downcast. After all, what we're concerned with is his professional, not his personal life."

And leaning back in his chair, the questioning Dr. Attouni beamed on his aid. Now all his years spent in a medical school didn't seem in vain. In a few months he would be able to present a great heart specialist to the world. That specialist would be Pierre Nevin.

* * * * * *

The Zero Hour crept on inevitably, bearing in its wake death and destruction.

The trench was permeated with a hushed and strained undertone of activity. It was the activity of men who were trying to forget the horror that awaited them — inspecting rifles, fastening bayonets, adjusting gas masks, while their thoughts raced home to loved ones; attempting to appear nonchalent and unconcerned, while their stomachs tightened and their hearts beat in slow plummets. Such were the men who were "going over," many separated from eternity by but a few minutes.

Only one did not ostensibly join in the bustle. As though deprived of any human emotion, he sat on a box, supporting his back against the slimp wall of the trench. Although obscured by an encasement of grime, his clear-cut features were easily discernable. He, too, was thinking, but not of home and family. He had no home or family to think of, not even a friend. A vivid picture of his mother and father being shot by a Turkish firing squad on suspicion of espionage flashed through his mind, causing the grim set of his lips to lower perceptibly. He was then fifteen years of age. From that day he had fended for himself — always with one aim, one object, one consummate desire in his early matured mind — to become a great surgeon. This had been his venered mother's wish. Without friends, or money, life had not been easy. At night he studied incessantly and this, coupled with an abnormal intellect, gained him, after some years of hard work, a scholarship to one of the leading medical schools of Europe. Here neither his talent or determination lay latent. Wizened professors with years of learning stored within their gray skulls imparted obsolete and yet valuable bits of knowledge to him when the class had departed. And then, just as he was coming down the last lap, just as the fulfillment of years of courageous endeavor loomed before him, Fate had beaten him back. Europe was plunged into the deadly whirlpool of 1914, and into its very vertex, by power of conscription, he was sucked. Such were the reflections which Pierre Nevin milled over.

He gazed at his hands, and for a brief instance he felt an overpowering urge to laugh, uproariously and abandonedly; his hands — long, tapering, well-kept, clean in this oozing,

dripping filth of a trench seeped in dismal January rains. What was it Attouni had said? Something like, "Take care of those hands; the world needs them." Involuntarily his eyes wandered up to the cold steel of his bayonet. Yes, the world did need his hands. But it was evident that it prized their efficiency with the bayonet more than with the scalpel. Breaking his immobility of form, he took his weapon across his knees and felt the edge and point. Shortly he would find it necessary to use this. He! He who had learned to save lives with intricate instruments and delicate touch, would plunge this cruel blade into some heart. Well, he had been going to be a heart specialist, and if this was what the world called specializing on the heart, he would fulfill requirements. Small wonder he was tempted to laugh; the situation did contain humor—

* * * * * *

Nature was painting dusk into night on a field in France when a screaming whistle split the silence attendant to this quiet occupation. It was the Zero Hour and Nature's handiwork was spoiled by soldiers clambering over fortifications and through barbed wire, by the eery whistling of shells, and by agonized cries. Ceres was banished and Mars stood triumphant as men, in confirmation with his wish, proceeded to kill each other.

* * * * * *

The sun, as had been its custom since the outbreak of the war, peered fearfully over a horizon of hideous skeletons which had once been trees clothed in verdant green, to see what havoc the night had wrought. The fear was not unjustified. Huddled in pitiful brown bundles were those who short hours before had been living men. They were all alike — with their coatings of mud mingled with blood. One stood out from this slaughter. His hands were so white against the drab background.

Paul Fisher, '36

Smoke

Soft, curling wisps floating lazily,
creeping silently up an unknown staircase;
spirals clutching space
until they are blotted out,
never to return.

Thick, acrid columns rushing skyward—
Masses of visible energy shooting higher.
Blue-black velvet puffing;
then gaseous denseness is
absorbed in the skyline.

Marjorie Stitt, '36

The Ways of Men

You always say tomorrow
And put it off again.
And then you find with sorrow
That that's the way with men.

With teachers it is different.
Their hearts are hard and cruel.
They think it is indifference —
And keep you after school.

Someday, you may be master.
The tables will be turned!
And they'll meet with disaster
Until their lesson's learned.

Gladys Raymond, '37

My Pet Pest

No matter when or where I go,
I run into a radio,
The same old, noisy, pesky box,
That pesters me with its loud squawks.

Advertisements — day in, day out,
I wonder what they're all about!
Which products really are the best?
When, oh when, will we ever rest?

Bread, and beans, and new Ford cars,
Candy, cigarettes, cigars,
Toothpaste, liver pills, and ink,
Bathtubs, faucets, kitchen sinks!

To me, the radio is bunk!
Oh, how I wish it could be sunk
Down to the bottom of the sea,
So it would never bother me!

Janice T. Eldredge, '37

CONCERNING BOOKS

Members of the Junior College English Class have found the following current books to their liking -- and recommend them for your reading.

Of– *Thank You, Jeeves* by P. G. Wodehouse

Charles Arnold says — "This is very humorous reading. Jeeves, the perfect butler, pulls his employer through many adventures and his reward is always, 'Thank you, Jeeves'."

Red Saunders by Alyward E. Dingle

Mr. Arnold continues — "A very worthwhile novel; it depicts the thrilling adventures of an English social outcast in the South Seas."

Vein of Iron by Ellen Glasgow

Catherine Morey writes — "A real tribute to courage. The most widely read of her current books!"

End of the Chapter by John Galsworthy

Isabel Tuell advises — "A realistic trilogy of modern English middle class life."

Salah and This American by Leland Hall

Miss Tuell also counsels—"A story that makes you angry and sympathetic. It concerns a hero-worshipping negro and the cruel master whom he adores."

Young Renny by Mazo De La Roche

Shirley Kanter declares—"*Young Renny* is the latest addition to the delightful Jalna Saga, which takes place before the time of the first book. Gran, the beloved tyrant, is again the center of all action, and also Renny no longer the master of Jalna, but a young man sowing his wild oats."

Asylum by William Seabrook

Jean Marks announces—"after seven months confinement as a confirmed drunkard, in a 'mental hospital,' William Seabrook has written a book, which excellently carries out the proverb that truth is often stranger than fiction."

Discovery by Richard E. Byrd

Richard Carpenter asserts—"Discovery shows the love of a man for Antarctic life, and pictures the vivid experience of those who wintered there."

On Getting Rid of Freckles

ARE you cursed with freckles? If you are, or ever have been, you will understand my plight.

Ever since I was old enough to look into a mirror and realize that the spotted thing at which I was peering was a reflection of my own speckled face, I have been confronted with the problem of how to remove my freckles. My mother once told me that by eating carrots I would be able to get rid of these unwelcome spots, so thereafter, I ate the vegetable until I thought I would turn into one. My mother must have been mistaken, as I have not lost any of my constant companions.

At one time I removed a freckle from the very tip of my nose, but as the method was not very pleasant, I have not tried it since. The miracle happened while I was roller skating. It seems that I took a spill and as I did so, I scraped my nose against a stone wall, taking off the biggest and most obvious of all my spots.

Since then, I have resorted to drastic methods such as buying freckle creams, and applying them every night before going to bed. As none of the means I have ever tried have proved to be of any value, I suppose I will just have to be content with them or try to laugh them off.

Cecelia Barnes, '37

BOYS' ATHLETICS

Football is undoubtedly the most important sport at Fairhaven High School. We have always been proud, and justly so, of our football teams. We have cause for honorable pride, too, in the team that showed such cooperative spirit, and such fine playing ability during the past season under the able leadership of Joseph Gomes, Captain. The following is the record achieved by that team:

Fairhaven	42	Colt Memorial	0
Fairhaven	13	Coyle	0
Fairhaven	21	Dartmouth	0
Fairhaven	7	Durfee	6
Fairhaven	6	Bridgewater	0
Fairhaven	0	Whitman	13
Fairhaven	26	Burrilville	6
Fairhaven	13	Attleboro	0
Fairhaven	2	New Bedford	6
Fairhaven	26	Kingston	0

The student body should also be complimented for its fine support of its teams and for its excellent conduct at the games.

In almost every school there is one student, at least, who distinguishes himself extraordinarily in athletics. Fairhaven has more than its share of these, but like other schools it has one student who, because of his versatility in all of the major sports, and marked ability in each, deserves a spot a little above the others.

We salute you, Frank Perry, Bristol County Football Team, Captain of the basketball team, miler on the track team, and member of the baseball team.

Commendation on their prowess should be given, in addition, to:

Alfred Wylodyka—Bristol County Football Team, Captain of the track team, co-captain of the gym team.

Nathaniel Guy—basketball star forward, tennis (Junior Champion), baseball pitcher.

Henry McGowan—center on the basketball team, star pole vaulter and high jumper.

Edmund Freitas—halfback on the football team, third baseman on the baseball team.

Otto Blaha—Bristol County Football Team, track.

Very little is said about the managers of our various teams; they are the unsung heroes of sport. Few of us realize their duties and responsibilities. They have charge of the equipment, and the transportation and condition of such depends greatly upon them. So, in order to partly compensate them for their labors, we think it fitting to dedicate this column to the managers of our various activities and may they profit by the realization that we, at least, think of them!

Harold W. Woodcock, '37.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Basketball

After a successful hockey season, the girls of the Fairhaven High School formed their regular basketball teams. Although there have always been girls' basketball teams, these teams are different from those of other years. In the past only a varsity team and class teams were formed. Now, however, every girl who wishes is allowed to join a team. This plan seems to be working out very successfully.

Bowling

Something new and different has been started by the girls' gym instructor, Miss Anna E. Simmons, — a bowling team. The girls who have joined this team meet every Wednesday

afternoon at Vera's Bowling Alleys. The enthusiasts are: Isabel Tuell, Cecelia Barnes, Eleanor Pierce, Roberta Howland, Janice Eldredge, Priscilla Place, Adra Allan, Elizabeth Smith, Shirley Davis, and Eleanor Wood.

Hockey

The girls' hockey season opened last fall with an exciting game against Taber. This and one other game, in which Wareham was the opponent, were the only games lost by the Fairhaven varsity team.

The schedule of the games is as follows:

Fairhaven 0	Tabor 4
Fairhaven 1	Dartmouth 0
Fairhaven 3	Tabor 1
Fairhaven 1	Wareham 2
Fairhaven 1	Dartmouth 1

The girls chosen for the varsity team were:

M. Tripp—Left Wing
L. Sylvia—Right Inside
E. Smith—Center Bully
P. Place—Left Inside
E. Pearce—Right Wing
E. Wood—Left Halfback
I. Johnson—Center Halfback
C. Barnes—Right Halfback
E. Heuberger—Left Fullback
M. Lewis—Right Wing
E. Gregory—Right Fullback
M. Klambt—Left Wing
M. Perry—Goal
J. Bouley—Left Fullback

Jean C. McKoan, '37



Among Our Classes

Miss Cheney: "Today, in club meeting, we'll try to work out a sentence written in a science code. This is the sentence — copy it down as I read — S-8-P-Q-4-5-"

Voice from rear:—"Beano!"

o-o-O-o-o

Question in a science test: "What do we need in a room beside proper temperature to insure health and comfort?"

Answer: "We need humanity!"

o-o-O-o-o

Chemistry class reciting on *Matter* and *Energy*.

Teacher: "Joe, what is matter?"

Joe: "Nothing! I was changing my seat."

o-o-O-o-o

Miss Applin: "After heating bituminous coal, the by-products received are coal tar, charcoal, dyes and coke."

Mitchell: "Phew, all we get up to our house is ashes!"

o-o-O-o-o

Miss Gifford: "What does the word 'quackery' mean?" (practice of a fake doctor).

Shirley: "A duck farm."

o-o-O-o-o

Handsome Senior Lad: "Would you like to go to the Senior Hop?"

Little Freshman Lassie: (all aflutter): "Oh — yes".

Handsome Senior Lad: "O. K. Buy your ticket from me!"

From one of our science test papers:

"The four ways of cooking food are boiling, broiling, frying, and baconing."

o-o-O-o-o

During a discussion on presidents in Miss Robinson's history class:

First Pupil: "Was Blaine a well-liked President?"

Second Pupil: "I don't think he was."

Third Pupil: "He couldn't have been; he never was president!"

o-o-O-o-o

Overheard in Miss Williams' Room during home room period.

Miss Williams: "The duties of the chairman of the Citizenship Committee are"

"Now Perry, What are you going to do?"

Perry: "Resign."

o-o-O-o-o

Miss Talley: "When did Gaius Gracchus die?"

Roberta: "I don't know, Miss Talley; he didn't die in this book."

Compiled by

The Staff.

The Universal Story

(AN ARRANGEMENT OF SONG TITLES)

LONG, long ago, in the good old summer time, I was all alone, down by the old mill stream, near the road to Mandalay, sitting on the old covered bridge under the shade of the old apple tree, fishing with a glow worm for bait. But not even this choice temptation stopped Master Trout from saying "No, no, a thousand times no!" Looking up, I perceived a cloud of dust (in fact some dust got in my eyes) that finally appeared in the form of a bicycle built for two, with Barnacle Bill, the retired village blacksmith, pedaling furiously away. Following him as contented as could be, on the back of the old grey mare, were three little pigs, sleeping (baby, were they sleeping!) for the AAA doesn't live here any more! I knew the destination of the ancient hammer wielder well, for his courtship of sweet Adeline, whose massa was in the cold, cold ground was well publicized (oh, for that old sweet mystery of life!) With my eyes wide open, and my mind going round and round, I followed him up the long, long trail awinding, and unnoticed we reached, simultaneously, the house by the side of the road, and I'm sure I heard those three little pigs mutter, "Thanks for the buggy ride, Nelly Gray." Now comes the sad part of this story, for just as the jubilant blacksmith was about to mount the stairs, over there, near the gate, a shout was heard, "Here comes the bride!" What do you think had happened? Yes, that naughty Adeline had gone and married the principal of the little, red schoolhouse, and was to live in his home sweet home forever more, while Barnacle Bill, now disgusted, joined that old gang of mine. So, fare thee well, fare thee well, Annabelle.

Harold Woodcock, '37

Frenchmen Do Not Cry

It was a warm spring day in the year 1893, and the small village of Cogéac was bubbling over with excitement. Many leading citizens of the district were leaving for AMERICA — the land of hope and success.

However, it was a sad day for Paul Lecour and his sister Jeanine. They sat down unhappily on the steps of the orphanage. Paul took the girl's hand in his. "Don't cry, Jeanine — everything will be all right. America is not far away. They say it is beautiful there — no pain, no hunger. And, Uncle Charles is very kind. I know he'll try to make you happy. It is not his fault he can take only one of us. But it's going to be so lonely here without you." Paul Lecour was very manly for his nine years, but he could not hold back the tears which forced themselves to his eyes. "Oh, Jeanine!" he said, brokenly.

"Come now, you must not act like this," remonstrated a kindly voice, "Frenchmen do not cry!"

"Yes, Uncle Charles", answered Paul, "Frenchmen do not cry." And he hastily wiped away two large tears that were trickling down his cheek.

"You know, m'boy, things like this come in every man's life — sacrifices to make others happy. You want Jeanine to be happy, don't you? Of course. But there is no future for her if she stays here. You are a boy and will soon be able to take care of yourself. But your sister needs comfort and protection. Now do you understand, Paul?" Uncle Charles put his hand on the boy's shoulder. "You'd better say goodbye now. We must depart soon. He walked quickly down the steps to the stage-coach.

"Goodbye, my brother," whispered Jeanine as she placed her soft lips against her brother's cheek.

"Goodbye, Jeanine. Remember what papa used to say, 'Over the dark hill the sun is shining!' I will see you again, soon."

* * * * * *

A crisp wintry breeze toyed playfully with the thick black hair of Mrs. Jeanine Dalton, as she walked with graceful strides towards her home. She was a tall, well-built woman about fifty years of age, with delicate but well defined features. Her limpid grey eyes had a meditative look. "The atmosphere is strange today", she thought. "I feel as if something were going to happen. But no, nothing ever happens here. I am content though. I have a fine son, a good home, and kind friends. Life has not been so hard with me." She let her gaze wander dreamily along the high stone wall that surrounded her house.

James, his eyes shining with excitement, was waiting on the veranda for her. "Mother!" he cried. "I'm so darn glad you've come. Honestly, I don't know what we fellows would do without our mothers." He gave her an affectionate hug.

"Kindly stop the Galahad attitude, and tell me what has prompted this sudden flow of compliments," said his mother in mock severity.

"Well, to begin at the beginning. There is a new chap down at the office, a Frenchman everyone calls "Le Père." He's a sort of critic on writing. Just staying here temporarily; wanted to get away from the big city. Anyway, he saw that short story I'd been working on and thought it was pretty good. Says I have great possibilities. He told me to stick to writing as if it were a Siamese twin. Oh, Mom, I'm so happy!"

"I always knew you'd make something of yourself", said Mrs. Dalton, a lump of pride coming to her throat.

"That's not all. I invited him to dine with us tonight. Sort of lonely here for him, not knowing anybody. It's all right, isn't it?" James glanced at his mother's face.

"Of course", she answered. "I'm always glad to meet a friend of yours. I'll see that we have something special for our guest tonight."

The dinner was a success in every way, for Le Père proved to be a most delightful person. It was, perhaps, due to his

congenial manner, typical of his race, or the way his smile lit up his handsome face, even making his alert, brown eyes crinkle at the corners. At any rate, Mrs. Dalton found a soft spot in her heart for him. Looking at his broad, reassuring shoulders, she remembered how much she missed John, and the long years she had been without her husband's staunch partnership. She gazed at her guest from beneath lowered lids. "What a fine man he is! I seem to know him well, even though we just met."

Le Père was thinking, "I like that woman. She is real and sincere."

The dinner was finished in a leisurely fashion, and they retired to the long low-ceilinged living room. A cheery blaze from the fireplace lent its warm glow throughout the room.

James excused himself, saying he would return after he finished a special assignment. The other two discussed current topics pleasantly for half an hour or so, when the shrill blast of a fire whistle sounded nearby.

Le Père leaned his head back on the soft cushioned chair and smiled reminiscently. "You know, I remember as a youngster the manner in which a fire was announced where I lived. In the center of the village was an enormous steel ring, which was struck with a club, whenever a fire broke out. Rather a novel idea!"

Mrs. Dalton sat up rigidly. "That's odd", she said; "they did that where I came from, too. Where did you say this was?"

"Cogéac, France."

"Cogéac!" She leaned forward with eager interest. "May I be so bold as to inquire your real name?"

"Certainly. Paul Lecour."

Mrs. Dalton's eyes snapped wide open. Le Père — Paul! —No, No, It could not be! And yet — was it too much to hope? "Mr. Lecour, did you once have a sister?" she asked.

Lecour glanced at her curiously for a moment, and then said, "Yes, but she came to this country long ago. That is

why I came later, to find her. But I lost track of her during our long separation. I remember her now as I last saw her, in a white dress, with her long, black curls, dangling down to her shoulders." He seemed to be looking a thousand miles away. "I wish I could find her. It would make me the happiest man on earth."

Mrs. Dalton was not able to form the words that were in her heart, when she saw the tears glistening in his eyes. All she could say was, "Oh Paul! Frenchmen do not cry."

Her brother looked at her intently. "Jeanine!" The old familiar name came easily to his lips. "Yes, it is you. Your eyes have not changed." He took her hands, "Oh, Jeanine, God is good to us."

Shirley Kanter, '37

Night

When the darkness comes acreeping,
And the birds have ceased their peeping,
When the yellow moon is rising,
That's when night is so enticing!

When the stars are shining brightly,
And the trees are whispering slightly,
When the wind has ceased to moan,
That's when folks are wending home!

Eunice Nerbonne, '37

Aspirations and Inspirations

"Wisdom is oft-times nearer when we stoop than when we soar."—Wordsworth.

"Saints for heaven, but, for earth, heroes."—Hardy.

"The boaster sees nothing but himself, having a veil of conceit before his eyes. If he was endowed with an eye capable of discerning God, he would not discover any person weaker than himself."—Saadi.

"It is better to be nobly remembered than to be nobly born."—Ruskin.

"The very cloud that shades the life may be the means of irrigating it."—Anonymous.

"You are where your thoughts are, and the truer these thoughts are, the nobler your world will be."—Anonymous.

"We are in danger of looking too far for opportunities of doing good and communicating. In reaching for rhododendrons, we trample down the daisies."—Marion Harland.

"The best man is he who tries most to perfect himself; and the happiest man is he who feels most that he is perfecting himself."—Socrates.

"Wisdom is better than rubies; and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it."—Solomon.

"We judge ourselves by what we can do; we are judged by what we have done."—Longfellow.

"Judge not thy fellowman till thou art similarly situated."—Jewish Talmud.

"Composure is often the highest result of power."—W. E. Channing.

"Great souls have wills, feeble ones have only wishes."—Chinese Proverb.

Priscilla F. Place '37

EXCHANGES

One afternoon with nothing to do,
I dug out my magazines and had a review.

One of the first to catch my eye
Was "*The Memory Chest*" from Kingston High.
There was wonderful poetry and many short stories,
While an excellent sport page told of their glories.

"*The Clipper*" from Esk Hopkins Junior High,
(Situated in Providence, R. I.)
Had an interesting puzzle in the issue of '34
Called "Book Jamboree Titles"—Fun galore!

If you wish for good manners, just follow the rule
Written in the editorials from Barnstable's school.
The cartoons in "*The Clipper*" added a pile
To one of the best magazines on file.

"*The Blue Owl*" from Attleboro, Mass.
Was a magazine with a lot of class.
All its departments were well done, 'tis true,
And the credit should go where credit is due.

"*The Sea Chest*" of Nantucket's Academy Hill
Was one magazine that gave me a thrill.
Its strong school spirit just flowed from the pages,
And its memory should last throughout the ages.

"*Sachem*" from Memorial High of Middleboro
Had only one thing I could find in error.
The advertisements were mixed with poems and jest,
To have them separate, I think would be best.

"*The Harbor Beacon*", Harbor School, New London
Is a book young people find much fun in.
As for mistakes, I found no other
Except for advertisements on the back cover.

In my wanderings, I next found,
"*The Pilgrim*", 'way from Plymouth town.
Its literary department, I could not overlook,
And I found much joy in this well-written book.

In my mind will never cease
The memory of "*Sunny Days*", from Athens, Greece.
Its poetry told of a by-gone day,
Written in interesting and fascinating way.

"*The Brown and White*", from Stonington
Was an abundant source of fun.
Its literary department surely was fine,
But I'd strive for better editorials, if the job were mine.

The next book I found was "*The Gazette*".
Lynn Classical High should be proud of it!
Its literary department and cartoons were fine,
But at advertisements on the back — I draw the line!

From Richmond Hill, I found "*The Dome*".
This New York poetry certainly hits home.
The "Classroom Capers", were full of jest,
And the magazine rates as one of the best.

Through these magazines, our friendships will start —
Friendships that will grow, though we're far apart.

Cecelia Barnes, '37

Movie Title Inspirations

"Ah, Wilderness" George Scott
"Mr. Hobo" "Pete" Blaha
"It's the Irish in Us" Cecelia Barnes
"Gay Deception" Priscilla Place
"Thanks a Million" Janice Eldredge
"Hands Across the Table", Emily Bettencourt and David Swett
"Six Day Bike Rider" Gordon Crook
"I Dream Too Much" Barbara Holdsworth
"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" Harold Woodcock
"In Person" Stella Nunes
"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" Clare Shurtleff
"Our Little Girl" Sue Wilbur (school mascot)
"Woman Wanted" David Pierce
"His Night Out" Charles Tickle
"The Littlest Rebel" Manuel Cabral
"The Dark Angel" Roberta Howland
"Splendor" Marjorie Stitt
"Crime and Punishment" The office
"Chatterbox" Evelyn Renaud
"A Tale of Two Cities" Fairhaven vs. New Bedford
"The Man on the Flying Trapeze" Alfred Wlodyka
"The Nitwits" Tom Murray and Mitchell Klubowitz
"Fighting Youth" All students
"Here Comes the Band" . . Arthur Milhench and Orchestra
"The Perfect Gentleman" Standish Kelly
"The Scoundrel" Napoleon Holmes
"Pursuit" Roy Birtwistle
"The Struggle for Life" Freshmen
"Wings over Ethiopia" Colombo Gubellini
"This is the Life" Seniors
"Break of Hearts" Report Cards

"She's One in a Million" Marion Browne
"The Case of the Missing Man" Absent again!!
"The Thin Man" Russell Tinkham
"Smiling Thru" Jean McKoan
"Little Caesar" Carl Blechinger
"First a Girl" Shirley Kanter
"Little Man, What Now?" Charles Arnold
"Freckles" Louise Spooner
"G-Men" The traffic squad
"Public Hero No. 1" Nathaniel Guy
"Daddy Long Legs" Henry McGowan
"Page Miss Glory" Elizabeth Church

Compiled by

The Staff

Poor Billy Anglin

Him Billy Anglin
On a wharf,
Two feet danglin',
Got pushed off.
Water was deep,
He no could swim,
Goodbye, Billy! You know him?

Lawrence Pope, '36

Locker Roomers

It isn't often that Benny Freitas plays the whole second team basketball game. There is a rule against fouling, which greatly affects Benny!

The "League of Nations" still holds its position in this institution.

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Locker room ambassadors — "Mike" McGowan, "Little Mussi" Patasini, "O'Brien" Guy, "Horace" Gifford, "Connie" Pappas, "Four Fouls" Silva, and "Farmer" Perry.

Al Wlodyka has been losing his voice since his regular attendance at the basketball games.

Coyne and Mitchell, "Inventors and Destroyers."

Tom Murray will soon be manager of the Metropolitan Theater in Boston, if he "sticks" to the film industry.

Shall we call a special doctor to care for all Nat Guy's ailments?

We often wonder why the new gym team members have such a difficult time finding things such as mat stretchers, mat salve, track rope, horse brush, tumbling shirts, et cetera.

Robert Jackson, '37.
Frederic Morgan, '37.

The Contributors' Page

Isabel Tuell (page 6), whose name appears twice in this issue of "The Huttlestonian", is the business manager of the magazine. Versatile, indeed, is Miss Tuell, for in addition to her literary and business affiliations she is a member of the school orchestra, plays basketball and hockey, and is an enthusiastic bowler.

David Swett (page 9), one of the outstanding members of the Class of '36, is president of the Student Council, a member of the Varsity Football Team, of the High School Orchestra, the Band, and the Traffic Squad. Incidentally, out side of school, he heads the worthy Y. P. R. U.

Emile Dubiel, (page 12), Captain-elect of the Harvard football team for 1936, is a graduate of Fairhaven High School of whom we are justly proud. His enviable record at Harvard in track and football as well as his feats in other departments of athletics has gained signal honors for him. The article in this magazine introduces him in the field of writing.

Paul Fisher (page 15) is a winner of the coveted Competitive National Medal in Latin offered yearly by the Auxilium Latinum (Association for the Promotion of the Study of Latin). He plans to enter Harvard University next Fall.

Marjorie Stitt, author of "Smoke" (page 16) is a prominent member of the class of 1936. She is an all-around girl and says her favorite sport is swimming.

Gladys Raymond (page 16) and Eunice Nerbonne (page 29) are two petite young ladies of the College Junior group whose clever works are found in our poets' corner.

Janice Eldredge (page 17) Editor-in-chief of "The Huttlestonian" is a great lover of sports. She indulges in hockey, basketball, badminton and bowling, and is one of the school's cheerleaders. Miss Eldredge became a member of the Honor Society this year.

Charles Arnold, our art editor, is the clever designer of "The Huttlestonian" cover. He is also very musical and plays

in the High School Orchestra, Band, and Symphony. His Traffic Squad duties keep him busy between times.

Among our enthusiastic readers of contemporary writers are Jean Marks, Catherine Morey, and Richard Carpenter, whose remarks on current books appear on pages 18 and 19.

Cecelia Barnes (page 32), our exchange editor, is one of our very active classmates. She is not only the author of the novel Exchange page but also contributes a short essay on Freckles. She is a junior lieutenant of the Traffic Squad, vice-president of the G. A. A., a cheerleader, a member of the Student Council and of the Junior Executive Committee, and a participant in all the major sports.

Harold Woodcock (page 25) evidences his originality in "The Universal Story" and in his sports write-up. As a member of the Student Council and the Junior Executive Committee, and as reportorial editor of the magazine, he is, indeed, a very busy man.

Jean McKoan (page 22), assistant reportorial editor of the magazine, is known by her contagious smile and fascinating dimples. She is a great lover of sports.

Shirley Kanter (page 29), indispensable advertising manager of "The Huttlestonian", excels in many lines. She has won recognition in essay contests during the last few years, and at the same time is a member of most of the school athletic teams.

Priscilla Place compiled "Aspirations and Inspirations" on page 30. Although she is kept quite busy as associate editor of "The Huttlestonian", she finds time to engage in many other interesting activities. She is drum major, a member of the hockey, basketball, badminton, and bowling teams, and is a recently initiated member of the Honor Society.

Lawrence Pope declares that his poem on page 34 is his first publication. Mr. Pope's chief interest is boats.

It would be difficult to find better qualified students than Robert Jackson and Frederic Morgan, (page 35), to write up the spicy gossip circulated in the boys' locker rooms.

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